



By Fra: Quarles.

LONDON

Printed by G.M. and Sold at Iohn Marriots  
shoppe in S<sup>t</sup> Dunstons Church yard fleetstreet -  
William Marshall Sculprit. 1635.

Hæc Laus, hic Apex Sapien-  
tiæ est, ea viventem appe-  
tere, quæ morienti forènt  
appetenda.

T O M Y M V C H  
HONOUR ED, AND NO  
lesse truly beloved Friend  
EDVV. BENLOVVES  
*Esquire.*

My deare Friend,



*You have put the The-  
orboe into my hand;  
and I have playd: You  
gave the Musitian the  
first encouragement; the Musicke  
returnes to you for Patronage. Had  
it beene a light Ayre, no doubt but it  
had taken the most; and, among  
them, the worst: But being a grave*

*A 2 Strayne,*

Strayne, my hopes are, that it will  
please the best; and, among them,  
You. Toyish Ayres please triviall  
eares; They kisse the fancy, and be-  
tray it: They cry, Haile, first; and,  
after, Crucifie: Let Dorrs  
delight to immerd themselves in  
dung, whilst Eagles scorne so poore  
a Game as Flies. Sir, You have  
Art, and Candor: Let the one  
judge, let the other excuse

Your most affecti-  
onate Friend,

F R A . Q U A R L E S .

## TO THE READER.

**A**N Embleme is but a silent Parable. Let not the tender Eye checke, to see the allusion to our blessed S A V I O U R figured, in these Types. In holy Scripture, He is sometimes called a Sower; sometimes, a Fisher; sometimes, a Physician: And why not presented so, as well to the eye, as to the eare? Before the knowledge of letters, G o d was knowne by *Hieroglyphicks*; And, indeed, what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblemes* of His Glory? I have no more to say. I wish thee as much pleasure in the reading, as I had in the writing. Farewell Reader.

**B**T Fathers, backt; by Holy Writ, led on,  
Thou shew'st a way to Heav'n, by Helicon:  
The Muses Fount is consecrate by Thee,  
And Poesie, baptiz'd Divinitie:  
Blest soule, that here embark'st: Thou say'st apace,  
'Tis hard to say, mou'd more by Wit, or Grace,  
Each Muse so plyes her Oare: But O, the Sayle  
Is fill'd from heav'n with a Diviner Gale:  
When Poets prove Divines, wly should not I  
Approve, in Verse, this Divine Poetry?  
Let this suffice to licence ike the Preffe;  
I must no more, nor could the Truth say leſſe.

Sic approbavit RICH. LOVE

Procan. Cantabrigiensis.

Tot Flores, Quarles, quot Paradisus, habet.

Lectori bene-male-volo.

Qui legit ex Horto hoc Flores, Qui carpit, Ut ergo

Iure potest VIOLAS dicere, jure ROSAS.

Non è Parnasso VIOLAM, Festivè ROSETO

Carpit Apollo, magis quæ sit amœna, ROSAM.

Quot Versus, VIOLAS legis; & Quem verba locutum

Credis, verba dedit; Nam dedit Ille ROSAS.

Vtq; Ego non dicam hæc VIOLAS suavissima; Tuis

Ipse facis VIOLAS, Livide, si violas.

Nam velut è VIOLIS sibi fugit Aranea virus:

Vertis ita in succos Hasq;, ROSASq; tuos.

Quas violas Musas, VIOLAS puto; quasq; recusas

Dente tuo rosas, has, reor, esse ROSAS.

Sic rosas, facis esse ROSAS, dum, Zoile, rodis:

Sic facis, has, VIOLAS, Livide, dum violas.

Brent-Hall. 1634.

EDVV. BENLOVVES.

# EMBLEMES.

Book IX



Dum Cœlum aspicio, Solum despicio.  
will: marshall scul:

# THE FIRST BOOKE.

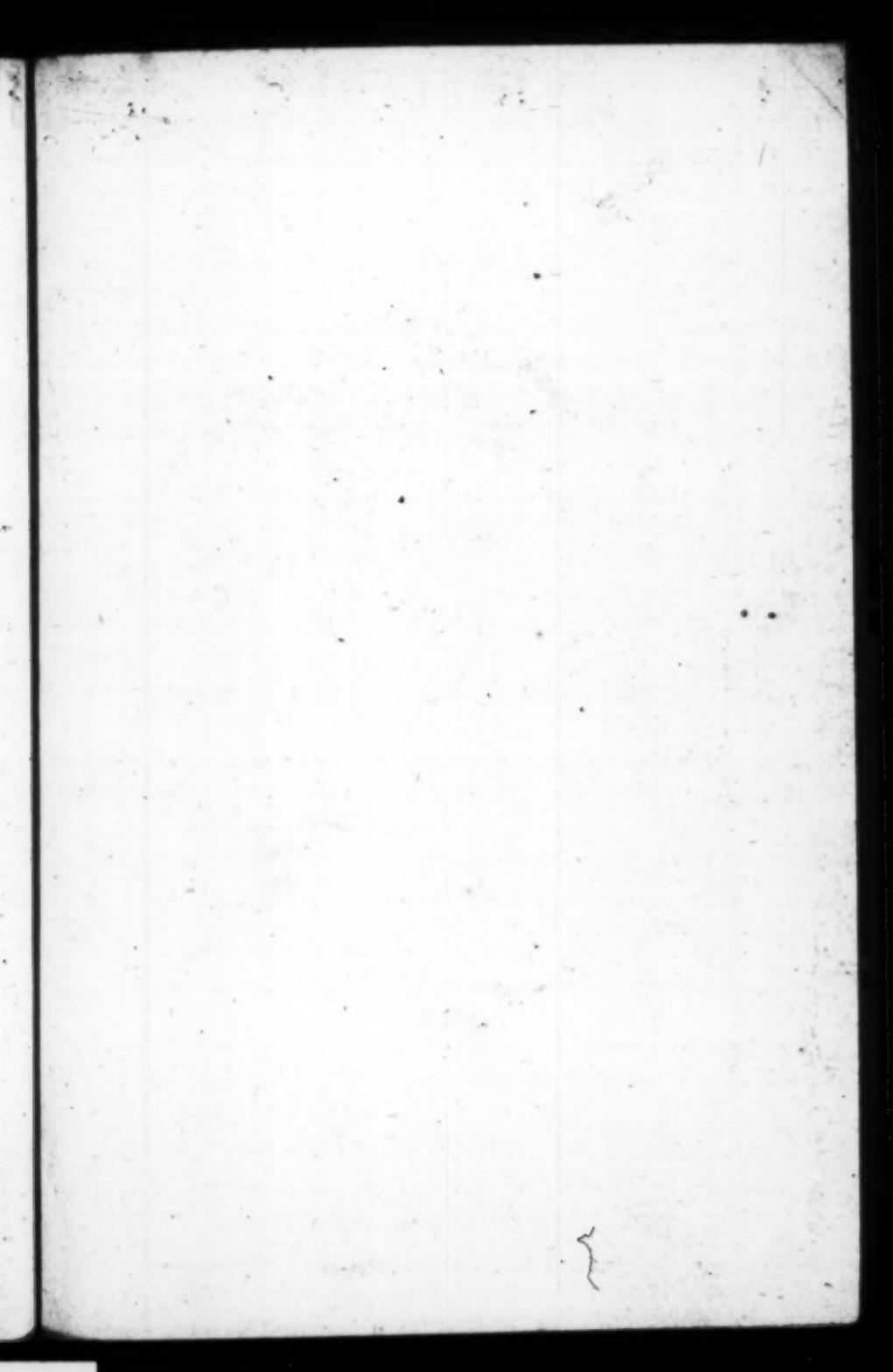
## *The Invocation.*

**R**Owze thee, my soul, and dreine thee from the dregs  
Of vulgar thoughts : Skrue up the heighthned pegs  
Of thy Sublime Theorboe foure notes higher,  
And higher yet ; that so, the shrill-mouth'd Quire  
Of swift-wing'd Seraphim's may come and joyne,  
And make thy Confort more than halfe divine :  
Invoke no Muse ; Let heav'n be thy *Apollo* ;  
And let his sacred Influences hallow  
Thy high-bred Strayne's ; Let his full beames inspire  
Thy ravisht braines with more heroick fire ;  
Snatch thee a Quill from the spread Eagles wing,  
And, like the morning Lark, mount up and sing :  
Cast off these dangling Plummets, that so clog  
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog  
Of dungeon earth ; Let flesh and blood forbear  
To stop thy flight, till this base world appeare  
A thin blew Lanskip ; Let thy pineons sore  
So high a pitch, that men may seeme no more  
Than Pisnires, crawling on this Mole-hill earth,  
Thy eare untroubled with their frantick mirth ;  
Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturbe  
Thy new-concluded peace ; Let Reason curbe

Thy

Thy hot-mouth'd Passion ; and let heav'ns fire season  
The fresh Concets of thy corrected Reason ;  
Disdaine to warme thee at Lusts smoaky fires,  
Scorne,scorne to feed on thy old bloat desies :  
Come ; come,my Soule, hoysē up thy higher Sayles,  
The wind bloyves faire : Shall we still crepe like Snayles,  
That gild their wayes with their owne native Slimes ?  
No,we must flie like Eagles, and our Rhimes  
Muſt mount to heav'n, and reach th'Olympick eare :  
Our heav'n-blowne fire must seek no other Spheare :

Thou great *Theanthropos*, that giv'st and crown'st  
Thy gifts in dust ; and,from our dunghill, own'st  
Reflected Honour, taking by Retayle,  
(What thou hast giv'n in grosse) from lapsed,fruile,  
And sinfull man, that drink'st full draughts,wherein  
Thy Childrens leprous fingers, scurf'd with Sin,  
Have padled, cleanse, O cleanse my crafty Soule  
From secret Crimes, and let my thoughts controule  
My thoughts : O,teach me stoutly to deny  
My selfe, that I may be no longer I ;  
Enrich my Fancy, clarifie my thoughts,  
Refine my drosse, O,wink at humane faults,  
And, through this slender Conduit of my Quill,  
Convey thy Current, whose cleare stremes may fill  
The hearts of men with love,their tongues with praise ;  
Crown me with Glory : Take,who list, the Bayes.



## I.



*Frus mundus in maligno (mali ligno) positus est.*

*Will Marshall sculp:*

## I.

## IAM. I. XIV.

*Every man is tempted, when he is drawne away by his own lust, and enticed.*

Serpent.

Eve.

*Serp. N*ot eat? Not tast? Not touch? Not cast an eye  
 Upon the Fruit of this faire Tree? And why?  
 Why eat't thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?  
 Or canst thou think that bad, which heav'n cal'd Good?  
 Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?  
 Neglect of favours makes a favour voyd:  
 Blefings unus'd pervert into a Waſt,  
 As well as Surfeits; Woman, Do but tast:  
 See how the laden boughs make silent Suit  
 To be enjoyd; Look, how their bending Fruit  
 Meet thee halfe way; Obſerve but how they crouch  
 To kiffe thy hand; Coy woman, Do but touch:  
 Mark what a pure Vermilian blush has dy'd  
 Their ſwelling Cheeks, and how, for shame, they hide  
 Their palfie heads, to fee themſelves stand by  
 Neglected: Woman, Do but cast an eye;  
 What bounteous heav'n ordain'd for uſe, refuse not;  
 Come, pull and eat; y'abuse the things ye uſe not.

*Eve.* Wiſeſt of Beasts, our great Creator did,  
 Reserve this Tree, and this alone forbid;  
 The rest are freely ours, which, doubtleſſo, are  
 As pleaſing to the Tafte, to th'eye, as faire;

But

But touching this, his strict commands are such,  
 'Tis death to eat, no less than death, to touch.

**Serp.** P'sh; death's a fable. Did not heav'n inspire  
 Your equall Elements with living Fire,  
 Blowne from the Spring of life? Is not that breath  
 Immortall? Come; ye are as free from death  
 As He that made ye: Can the flames expire  
 Which He has kindled? Can ye quench His fire?  
 Did not the great Creators voice proclaiming  
 What ere he made (from the blue spangled frame  
 To the poore leafe that trembles) very Good?  
 Blest He not both the Feeder, and the Food?  
 Tell, tell me, then, what danger can accrue  
 From such blest Food, to such Halfe-gods as you?  
 Curb needless feares, and let no fond conceit  
 Abuse your freedome; woman, Take and eat.

**Eve.** 'Tis true; we are immortall; death is yet  
 Vnborne; and, till Rebellion make it debt,  
 Vndue; I know the Fruit is good, untill  
 Presumptuous disobedience make it ill:  
 The lips that open to this Fruit's a portall  
 To let in death, and makes immortall, mortall.

**Serp.** You cannot die; Come, woman, Eat and feare not:

**Eve.** Shall Eve transgresse? I dare not, O I dare not.

**Serp.** Afraid? why draw'ft thou back thy tim'rous Arme?

Harme onely fals on such as feare a Harmie:  
 Heav'n knowes and feares the vertue of this Tree:  
 'Twill make ye perfect Gods as well as He;  
 Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondnesse never  
 Feare death; Do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

**Eve.** 'Tis but an Apple; and it is as good.

To do as to desire: Fruit's made for food:

Ile pull, and eat, and tempt my *Adam* too

To know the secrets of this dainty; **Serp.** Doe,

S. C H R Y S. sup. Matth.

*He forc'd him not : He touch'd him not : Onely said, Cast thy  
elfe downe ; that we may know, whosoever obeys the Divel,  
cast himselfe downe ; For the Divel may suggest ; compell, he  
cannot.*

S. B E R N. in Ser.

*It is the Divel's part to suggest ; Ours, not to consent : As oft  
as we resist him, so often we overcome him : as often as we over-  
came him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to Gods.  
Who proposes us, that we may contend, and affast us, that we may  
conquer.*

## E P I C . I .

Vnluckie Parliament ! wherein, at last,  
Both Houses are agreed, and firmly past  
An Act of death, confirm'd by higher Powres :  
O had it had but such successe as Ours.

## II.



*Sic malum circuit unicum in omne malum.*

*Will: Marshall sculpsit*

## II.

## I AM I. XV.

*Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin ; and sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death.*

<sup>1</sup>  
 Lament, lament ; Looke, looke what thou haft done !  
 Lament the worlds, lament thy owne Estate ;  
 Looke, looke, by doing, how thou art vndone ;  
 Lament thy fall ; lament thy change of State :  
 Thy Faith is broken, and thy Freedome gone,  
 See, see too foone, what thou lament' st too late :  
 O thou that wert so many men ; nay, all  
 Abridg'd in one, how has thy desp'rate fall  
 Destroid thy unborne seed, destroid thy selfe withall !

<sup>2</sup>  
 Vxorious *Adam*, whom thy Maker made  
 Equall to Angels, that excell in pow'r ;  
 What hast thou done ? O why hast thou obayd  
 Thy owne destruction ? Like a new-cropt flowre  
 How does the glory of thy beauty fade !  
 How are thy fortunes blasted in an houre !  
 How art thou cow'd, that hadst the pow'r to quell  
 The spite of new-faln Angels ; baffle Hell,  
 And vye with those that stood, and vanquish those that fell !

3

See how the world (whose chaste and pregnant wombe,  
Of late, conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)  
Is now degenerated, and become  
A base Adultresse, whose false Births do fill  
The Earth with Monsters, Monsters that do ryme  
And rage about, and make a Trade, to kill:  
Now Glutt'ny paunches; Lust begins to spawne;  
Wrath takes revenge; and Avarice, a pawne;  
Pale Envy pines; Pride swells; and Sloth begins to yawne.

4

The Ayre, that whisper'd, now begins to roare,  
And blustring Boreas blowes the boyling Tide;  
The white-mouth'd Water now usurpes the Shore,  
And scornes the pow'r of her trydentall Guide;  
The Fire now burnes, that did but warme before,  
And rules her Ruler with resistlesse Pride;  
Fire, Water, Earth and Ayre, that first were made  
To be subdu'd, see, how they now invade;  
They rule whom once they serv'd; command, where once obaid.

5

Behold; that nakednesse, that late bewraid  
Thy Glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder;  
Behold; those Trees whose various Fruits were made  
For food, now turn'd a Shade to shrowd thee under:  
Behold; That voice (which thou hast disobayd)  
That late was Musick, now affrights like Thunder:  
Poore man! Are not thy Ioynts grown sore with shaking  
To view th' effect of thy bold undertaking, (king?  
That in one houre didst marre, what heav'n six dayes was ma-

S. A v g v s t. lib. i de lib. arbit.

*It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that Freedome which man would not use, yet had power to keep if he would; And that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right; And that he who would not doe righteously when he had the power, should lose the power to do it, when he had the will.*

H v G o de anima.

*They are justly punished that abuse lawfull things, but they are more justly punished, that use unlawfull things; Thus Lucifer fell from heaven; thus Adam lost his Paradise.*

### E P I C . 2 .

See how these fruitfull kernels, being cast  
Upon the earth, how thick they spring ! how fast !  
A full-ear'd Crop, and thriving ; rank and proud ;  
Prepost'rous man first sown'd, and then he plough'd.

## III.



*Cit potior, patior. Patioris, non potioris.*

Will. Marshall sculpsit.

## III.

## PROV. XIV. XIII.

*Even in laughter the heart is sorrowfull, and  
the end of that mirth is heaviness;*

**A**las fond Child,  
How are thy thoughts beguil'd,  
To hope for Hony from a nest of wasps?  
Thou maist as well  
Go seek for ease in Hell,  
Or sprightly Nectar from the mouthes of Asps.

**2**  
The world's a Hive,  
From whence thou canst derive  
No good, but what thy soules vexation brings:  
Put case thou meet  
Some peti-peti-sweet,  
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

3

Why dost thou make  
These murm'ring Troupes forsake  
The safe Protection of their waxen Homes?  
This Hive containes  
No sweet that's worth thy paines;  
There's nothing here, alas, but empty Combes.

B 3

For

4

For trash and Toyes,  
 And griefe-ingendring Ioyes  
 What torment seemes too sharpe for flesh and blood !  
 What bitter Pills,  
 Compos'd of reall Ills,  
 Man swallows downe, to purchase one false Good !

5

The dainties here,  
 Are least what they appeare ;  
 Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition, sowre :  
 The fruit that's yellow,  
 Is found not alwayes mellow,  
 The fairest Tulip's not the sweetest flowre.

6

Fond youth, give ore,  
 And vexe thy soule no moare,  
 In seeking, what were better far unfound ;  
 Alas thy gaines  
 Are onely present paines  
 Togather Scorpions for a future wound.

7

What's earth ? or in it,  
 That longer than a minit  
 Can lend a free delight, that can endure ?  
 O who would droyle,  
 Or delve in such a soyle,  
 Where gaine's uncertainte, and the paine is sure ?

S. Avgvst.

Sweetnesse in temporall matters is deceitfull ; It is a labour  
and a perpetuall feare ; It is a dangerous pleasure, whose beginning  
is without providence, and whose end is not without repentance.

H v g o.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath ho-  
ney in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her taile.

## E P I C . 3 .

What, *Cupid*, Are thy shafts already made ?  
And seeking Honey, to set up thy Trade ?  
True Embleme of thy sweets ! Thy Bees do bring  
Hony in their mouthes, but in their tailes, a sting.

## IV.



*Quis senior? cui pater pondeeris addit amor.*

Will. Marshall sculpit.

## IV.

## PSAL. LXII. IX.

*To be laid in the ballance, it is altogether  
lighter than vanitie.*

I

Put in another weight : 'Tis yet, too light :  
And yet . Fond *Cupid*, put another in ;  
And yet, another : Still there's under weight ;  
Put in another Hundred : Put agin :  
Add world to world ; then heape a thousand more  
To that ; then, to renew thy wasted store,  
Take vp more worlds on trust, to draw thy Balance lower,

2

Put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure ;  
Put in great *Mammons* endlesse Inventory ;  
Put in the pondrous Acts of mighty *Cæsar* ;  
Put in the greater weight of *Suedens* Glory ;  
Add *Scipios* gauntlet ; put in *Platos* Gowne ;  
Put *Circes* Charmes, put in the Triple Crown,  
Thy Balance will not draw ; thy Balance will not downe,

3

LORD, what a world is this; which, day and night,  
Men seek with so much toyle, with so much trouble !  
Which, weigh'd in equall Scales, is found so light,  
So poorely over-balanc'd with a Bubble ;

Good

Good G o d ! that frantick mortals should destroy  
 Their higher Hopes, and place their idle Toy  
 Vpon such ayry Trash, vpon so light a Toy !

4  
 Thou bold Imposture, how hast thou befooled  
 The Tribe of Man, with counterfeit desire !  
 How has the breath of thy false bellowes cool'd  
 Heav'ns free-borne flames, and kindled bastard fire !  
 How hast thou vented Drosse instead of treasure,  
 And cheated man with thy false weights and measure,  
 Proclaiming Bad for Good; and gilding death with pleasure!

5  
 The world's a crafty Strumpet, most affecting,  
 And closely following those that most reject her ;  
 But seeming carelesse, nicely disrepecting  
 And cooly flying those that most affect her :  
 If thou be free, shee's strange ; if strange, shee's free ;  
 Flee, and she followes ; Follow, and shee'll flee ;  
 Than she there's none more coy; there's none more fond than

6  
 O, what a Crocadilian world is this,  
 Compos'd of trech'ries, and ensnaring wiles !  
 She cloathes destruction in a formall kisse,  
 And lodges death in her deceitfull smiles :  
 She huggs the soule she hates ; and, there, does prove  
 The veryest Tyrant, where she vovves to love :  
 And is a Serpent most, when most she seemes a Dove.

7  
 Thrice happy He, whose nobler thoughts despise  
 To make an Object of so easie Gaines ;  
 Thrice happy He, who scornes so poore a Prize  
 Should be the Crowne of his heroick paines :  
 Thrice happy He, that nev'r was borne to trie  
 Her frownes or smiles ; or, being borne, did lie  
 In his sad Nurses Armes an hour or two, and die.

S. A V G V S T. lib. Confess.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight ?  
Your hopes can be crown'd with no greater reward than the world  
can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers,  
wherein we travell from lesser to greater perills ? O let all her  
vaine, light, and momentary glory perish with her selfe, and let us  
be conversant with more eternall things : Alas, this world is mi-  
serable ; life is short, and death is sure.

## E P I C. 4.

My soule ; What's lighter than a feather ? Wind :  
Than wind ? The fire : And what than fire ? The mind :  
What's lighter than the mind ? A thought : Than Thought ?  
This bubble-world : What, than this Bubble ? Nought.

V.



*A*lis vertitue orbis.

*Will. Marshall sculpit.*

## V.

## I. COR. VII. XXXI.

*The fashion of this world passeth away.*

**G**one are those golden dayes, wherein  
Pale Conscience started not at ugly sin ;  
When good old *Saturnus* peacefull Throne  
Was unalurped by his beadleſſe Sonne :  
When jealous *Ops* nev'r fear'd th'abuse  
Of her chaſt bed, or breach of nuptiall Truce :  
When just *Aſtreæ* poyſ'd her Scales  
In mortall hearts, whose absence earth bewailes :  
When froth-borne *Venus*, and her Brat,  
With all that ſpurious brood young *Love* begat,  
In horrid shapes, were yet unknownne ;  
Those Halcyon dayes, that golden Age is gone :  
There was no Clyent then, to wait  
The leisure of his long-tayl'd Advocate ;  
The Talion Law was in request,  
And Chaunc'ry Courts were kept in ev'ry brefte ;  
Abuſed Statutes had no Tenters,  
And men could deale ſecure, without Indentures ;  
There was no peeping hole, to cleare  
The Wittol's eye from his incarnate feare ;

There

There were no lustfull Cinders,then,  
To broyle the Carbonado'd hearts of men ;  
The rosie Cheeke did,then,proclaime  
A shame of Guilt, but not a guilt of Shame ;  
There was no whining soule,to start  
At Cupids twang,or curse his flaming dart ;  
The Boy had,then,but callow wings,  
And fell *Erynnis* Scorpions had no stings ;  
The better acted world did move  
Vpon the fixed Poles of Truth and Love ;  
Love effenc'd in the hearts of men ;  
Then,Reason rul'd ; There was no Passion,then ;  
Till Lust and Rage began to enter,  
Love the Circumf'rence was, and Love, the Center ;  
Vntill the wanton dayes of Love,  
The simple world was all compos'd of Love ;  
But *Love* grew fleshly, false,unjust ;  
Inferior Beaury fill'd his veynes with Lust ;  
And Cucqueanc *Iunos* Fury hurl'd  
Fierce Balls of Rage into th'incestuous World :  
*Afre*a fled ; and Love return'd  
From earth : Earth boyld with Lust ; with Rage, it burn'd  
And ever since the world has beene  
Kept going with the scourge of Lust, and Spleene.

S. A M B R O S.

*Lust is a sharpe spurre to vice, which alwayes putteth the Affections into a false Gallop.*

H V G O.

*Lust is an immoderate wantonnesse of the flesh : a sweet poyson ; a cruell pestilence ; a pernicious potion, which weakens the body of man, and effeminatesthe strength of an heroske mind.*

S. A V G V S T.

*Envie is the hatred of anotheres felicity : In respect of Superiors, because they are not equall to them ; In respect of Inferiors, lest they shoulde be equal to them ; In respect of equals, because they are equal to them : Through Envie proceeded the fall of the world, and the death of Christ.*

E P I C . 5 .

What? *Cupid*, must the world be lasht so soone ?  
But made at morning, and be whipt at noone ?  
*'Tis like the Wagg that playes with Venus Doves,*  
*The more 'tis lasht, the more perverse it proves.*

## VII.



*In cœuce tuta quies*

*will. Marshall. Sculpfir.*

## VI.

## ECCLES. II. XVII.

*All is vanitie and vexation of  
spirit.*

## I

How is the anxious soule of man befooled  
In his desire,  
That thinks a Hectick Fever may be cool'd  
In flames of fire,  
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnisht gold  
From nasty myre !  
A whining Lover may as well request  
A scornefull brest  
To melt in gentle teares, as woo the world for rest.

## 2

Let wit, and all her studied plots effect  
The best they can ;  
Let smiling Fortune prosper, and perfect  
What wit began ;  
Let earth advise with both, and so project  
A happy man ;  
Let wit, or fawning Fortune vie their best ;  
He may be blest  
With all that earth can give : but earth can give no Rest.

C

Whose

Whose Gold is double with a carefull hand,  
 His cares are double ;  
 The Pleasure, Honour, Wealth of Sea and Land  
 Bring but a trouble ;  
 The world it selfe, and all the worlds Command  
 Is but a Bubble :  
 The strong desires of mans insatiate brest  
 May stand possell  
 Of all that earth can give ; but earth can give no Rest.

The world's a seeming Par<sup>d</sup>ise, but her owne  
 And Mans Tormenter ;  
 Appearing fixt, yet but a rolling Stone,  
 Without a Tenter ;  
 It is a vast Circumference, where none  
 Can find a Center :  
 Of more than earth, can earth make none possell ;  
 And he that least  
 Regards this restlesse world, shall in this world find Rest.

True Rest consists not in the oft revyng  
 Of worldly drosse ;  
 Earths myry Purchase is not worth the buying ;  
 Her gaine is losse ;  
 Her Rest, but giddy toyle, if not relying  
 Vpon her Crosse ;  
 How worldlings droyle for trouble ! That fond brest  
 That is possell  
 Of earth without a Crosse, has earth without a Rest.

Cass. in Pf.

*The Crosse is the invincible Sanctuary of the humble : The dejection of the proud ; the victory of Christ ; the destruction of the Devil ; the confirmation of the faithfull ; the death of the unbeliever ; the life of the just.*

## DAMASCEN.

*The Crosse of Christ is the key of Paradise ; the weake mans staffe ; the Converts Convoy, the upright mans perfection ; the soule and bodies health ; the prevention of all evill, and the procurer of all Good.*

## EPIG. 6.

Worldling, whose whimpring folly holds the losses  
Of Honour, Pleasure, health and Wealth such Crosses,  
Looke here, and tell me what your Armes engrosse,  
When the best end of what ye hugg's a Crosse.

## VII.



*Latet hostis, et otia ducis?*

*w. Marshall sculp:*

## VII.

## I PET. V. VIII.

*Be sober; Be vigilant, because your adversary the Devil, as a roaring Lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour.*

I  
 Why dost thou suffer lustfull sloth to creepe  
 (Dull Cyprian lad) into thy wanton browes ?  
 Is this a time to pay thine idle vowes  
 At Morpheus Shrine ? Is this a time to steepe  
 Thy braines in wastfull flumbers ? up and rouze  
 Thy leaden spirits ; Is this a time to sleepe ?  
 Adjourne thy sanguine dreames ; Awake, arise ;  
 Call in thy Thoughts, and let them all advise,  
 Hadst thou as many Heads, as thou hast wounded Eyes.

2  
 Looke, looke, what herrid Furies doe await  
 Thy flattring flumbers ; If thy drowzie head  
 But chance to nod, thou falst into a Bed  
 Of sulphurous flames, whose Torments want a date :  
 Fond Boy, be wise ; let not thy thoughts be fed  
 With Phrygian wisdome ; Fooles are wise too late :  
 Beware betimes, and let thy Reason sever  
 Those Gates which passion clos'd ; wake now, or never :  
 For if thou nod'st, thou fal'st ; and, falling, fal'st for ever.

3

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare ;  
 His Bow is bent, and he has notch'd his dart ;  
 He aim's, he levels at thy slumbering heart ;  
 The wound is posting ; O be wise ; Beware :  
 What? has the voice of danger lost the art  
 To raise the spirit of neglected Care ?  
 Well; sleep thy fill ; and take thy soft reposes ;  
 But know withall, sweet tafts have sower closes ;  
 And he repents in Thornes, that sleeps in Beds of Roses.

4

Yet, sluggard, wake, and gull thy soule no more,  
 With earths false pleasure, and the worlds delight,  
 Whose fruit is faire, and pleasing to the sight,  
 But sowre in tast ; false, at the putrid Core :  
 Thy flaring Glasse is Gemms at her halfe light ;  
 She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poore :  
 She boasts a kernell, and bestowes a Shell ;  
 Performes an Inch of her faire promis'd Ell ;  
 Her words protest a Heav'n ; Her works produce a Hell.

5

O thou, the fountaine of whose better part  
 Is earth'd, and gravil'd up with vaine desire,  
 That daily swallow'st in the fleshly mire  
 And base pollution of a lustfull heart,  
 That feel'st no passion but in wanton fire,  
 And own'st no torment but from Cupids dart ;  
 Behold thy Type ; Thou sitst upon this Ball  
 Of earth, secure, while death, that flings at all,  
 Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames attend thy fall.

S. BERN.

*Security is nowhere : It is neither in heaven; nor in Paradise; much lesse in the world : In heaven, the Angels fell from the divine presence ; In Paradise, Adam fell from his place of pleasure ; In the world, Judas fell from the Schoole of our Saviour.*

H V G O.

*I eat secure; I drink secure : I sleepe secure, even as though I had past the day of death, avoided the day of judgement, and escaped the torments of hell fire : I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the kingdome of heaven.*

## EPIC. 7.

Get up, my soule ; Redeeme thy slavish eyes,  
From drowzy Bondage : O beware ; Be wise :  
Thy Foe's before thee ; thou must fight, or flic :  
Life lies most open in a closed Eye.

C 4

## VIII.



*Et risu necat.*

*W. Marshall. Sc.*

## VIII:

## LVKE VI. XXV.

*Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye shall  
mourn and weep.*

The world's a popular disease, that raignes  
Within the froward heart, and franck braines  
Of poore distemper'd mortals, oft arising  
From ill digestion, through th' unequall poysoning  
Of ill-weigh'd Elements, whose light directs  
Malignant humors to maligne Effects :  
One raves, and labours with a boyling Liver ;  
Rends haire by handfuls, curling Cupids Quiver :  
Another, with a Bloody-fluxe of oastes,  
Vowes deepe Revenge , one dotes : the other loathes :  
One frisks and sings, and vyes a Flagon more  
To drench dry Cares ; and makes the Welkin roar ;  
Another droopes ; the sunshine makes him sad ;  
Heav'n cannot please ; One's moap'd ; the tother's mad ,  
One huggs his Gold ; Another lets it flie,  
He knowing not, for whom ; nor, tother, why :  
One spends his day in Plots ; his night, in Play ;  
Another sleeps and slugs both night and day :  
One laughs at this thing ; tother cries for that ;  
But neither one, nor tother knowes for what :  
Wonder of wonders ! What we ought t'evite  
As our disease, we hugg as our delight :

'Tis

\* Tis held a Symptome of approaching danger,  
When disacquainted Sense becomes a stranger,  
And takes no knowledge of an old disease ;  
But when a noysome Griefe begins to please  
The unresisting Sense, it is a feare  
That death has parlyed, and compounded there :  
As when the dreadfull Thund'lers avefull hand  
Powres forth a Viall on th'infected land,  
At first th'affrighted Mortalls, quake, and feare,  
And ev'ry noyle is thought the Thunderer ;  
But when the frequent Soule-departing Bell  
Has pav'd their eares with her familiar knell,  
It is reputed but a nine dayes wonder,  
They neither feare the Thund'rer, nor his Thunder ;  
So when the world(a worse disease) began  
To smart for sin, poore new-created Man  
Could seek for shelter, and his gen'rous Son  
Knew, by his wages, what his hands had done ;  
But bold-fac'd Mortalls, in our blushesse times,  
Can sin and smile, and make a sport of Crimes,  
Transgresse of Custome, and rebell in ease ;  
We false-joy'd fooles can triumph in disease,  
And (as the carelesse pilgrim, being bit  
By the Tarantula, begins a Fit  
Of life-concluding laughter) wast our breath  
In lavish pleasure, till we laugh to death.

H v g o de anima.

What profit is there in vaine Glory, momentary mirth, the worlds power, the fleshes pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and great desires? Where is their laughter? Where is their mirth? Where is their Insolence? their Arrogance? From how much joy, to how much sadnesse! After how much mirth, how much misery? From how great glory are they fallen to how great torments! What hat fallen to them, may besall thee, because thou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou livest of earth; Thou shalt returne to earth. Death expectts thee every where; be wise therefore, and expect death every where.

## E P I G . 8.

What ayles the foole to laugh? Does somthing please  
His vaine conceit? Or is't a meere disease?  
Foole, giggle on, And waft thy wanton breath;  
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

## IX.



*Festra quis stabilem figat in orbe gradum?*

Will: Marshall. sculps.

## IX.

## I IOH. II. XVII.

*The world passeth away, and all the  
lusts thereof.*

1  
 Draw neare, brave sparks, whose spirits scorne to light  
 Your hallow'd Tapours, but at Honours flame ;  
 You, whose heroick Actions take delight  
 To varnish over a new painted name ;  
 Whose high-bred thoughts disdaine to take their flight,  
 But on th' Icarian wings of babbling Fame,  
 Behold, how tottring are your high-built stories  
 Of earth, whereon you trust the groundwork of your Glories,

2  
 And you, more braine-sick Lovers, that can prize  
 A wanton simile before eternall Toyes ;  
 That know no heav'n but in your Mistresse eyes ;  
 That feele no pleasure but what sense enjoyes :  
 That can, like crowyne-distemper'd fooles, despise  
 True riches, and like Babies, whine for Toyes ;  
 Think ye, the Pageants of your hopes are able  
 To stand secure on earth, when earth it selfe's unstable ?

3  
 Come dunghill worldlings; you, that root like swine,  
 And cast up golden Trenches, where ye come ;

Whose

Whose onely pleasure is to undermine,  
And view the secrets of your mothers wombe ;  
Come bring your Saint, pouch'd in his leather Shrine,  
And summon all your griping Angels home ;  
Behold your world, the Bank of all your store ;  
The world ye so admire, the world ye so adore.

## 4

A feeble world ; whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tyre  
Before the Race, before the start, retreat ;  
A faithlesse world, whose false delights expire  
Before the terme of halfe their promis'd Date ;  
A fickle world, not worth the least desire,  
Where ev'ry Chance proclaines a Change of State :  
A feeble, faithlesse, fickle world, wherein  
Each motion proves a vice, and ev'ry Act, a Sin.

## 5

The Beauty, that of late, was in her flowre,  
Is now a ruine, not to raise a Lust ;  
He that was lately denc'h'd in *Danae's* shewre,  
Is Master, now, of neither Gold, nor Trust ;  
Whose Honour, late, was mannd with princely pow'r,  
His glory now lies buried in the dust ;  
O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,  
That gives and takes, and chops, and changes ev'ry minit !

## 6

Nor length of dayes, nor solid strength of Braine  
Can find a place wherein to rest secure ;  
The world is various, and the Earth is vaine ;  
There's nothing certaine here, there's nothing sure :  
We trudge, we travell but from paine to paine,  
And what's our onely griefe's our onely Cure :  
The World's a Torment, he that would endeavour  
To find the way to Rest, must seek the way to leave her.

S. G R E G. in ho.

Behold, the world is withered in it selfe , yet flourishes in our  
hearts ; every where, death ; every where grieve ; every where,  
desolation : On every side we are smitten ; on every side fill'd with  
bitternesse, and yet with the blind mind of carnall desire we love  
her bitterness ; It flies, and we follow it ; it fals, yet we sticke  
to it : And because we cannot enjoy it fallen, we fall with it ; and  
enjoy it, fallen.

## E P I G . 9 .

If Fortune hale, or envious Time but spurne,  
The world turnes round ; and, with the world, we turnes  
When Fortune sees, and Lynx-ey'd Time is blind,  
I'le trust thy loyes, O world, Till then, the Wind.

## X.



*Virtus crepundia Merces.*  
Wit: Marshall Sculpsit:

## X.

## IOH. VIII.XLIV.

*Yee are of your father the Devill, and the  
lusts of your father yee will doe:*

H ere's your right ground : Wagge gently ore this Black ;  
 Ti's a short Cast ; y'are quickly at the Lack :  
 Rubbe, rubbe an Inch or two ; Two Crownes to one  
 On this Boules side; Blow wind; T'is firely thowne;  
 The next Boule's worse that comes; Come houle away;  
*Mammon*, you know the ground un-tutor'd, Play;  
 Your last was gone; A yead of strength, well spar'd,  
 Had touch'd the Block ; your hand is still too hard.  
 Brave pastime, Readers, to consume that day,  
 Which, without pastime, flyes too swift away !  
 See how they labour ; as it day and night  
 Were both too short, to serve their loose delights;  
 See how their curved bodies wreath, and skrue  
 Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew :  
 One raps an oath; another deales a curse;  
 Hee never better bould ; this, never worse :  
 One rybbes his itchlesse Elbow, shrugges, and laughs ;  
 The other bends his beetle-browes, and chafes ;  
 Sometime they whoope ; sometimes their Stigian cries  
 Send their Black-Santos to the blushing Skies ;  
 Thus, mingling Humors in a mad confusion,  
 They make bad Premises, and worse Conclusion:

But where's the Palme that Fortunes hand allowes  
To blesse the Victors honourable Browes ?  
Come, Reader, come; Ile light thine eye the way  
To view the Prize, the while the Gamesters play ;  
Close by the Jack, behold Gill Fortune stands  
To wave the game; See, in her partiall hands  
The glorious Garland's held in open shew,  
To cheare the Ladds, and crowne the Conq'rs brow;  
The world's the Jack; The Gamsters that contend,  
Are *Cupid, Manmon*: That juditious Friend,  
That gives the ground, is *Sathan*; and the Boules  
Are sinfull Thoughts : The Prize, a Crowne for Fooles.  
Who breathes that boules not? what bold tongue can say  
Without a blush, he hath not bould to day ?  
It is the Trade of man ; And ev'ry Sinner  
Has plaid his Rubbers, Every Soule's a winner.  
The vulgar Proverb's crost: Hee hardly can  
Be a good Bouler and an Honest man.  
Good God, turne thou my Brazil thoughts anew,  
New soale my Boules, and make their Bias true :  
I'le cease to game, till fairer Ground be given,  
Nor wish to winne untill the Marke be Heaven.

S. BERNARD

S. BERNARD. lib. de Confid.

O you Sonnes of Adam, you covetous Generation, what have  
yee to doe with earthly Riches, which are neither true, nor yours.  
Gold and silver are reall earth red, and white, which the onely  
error of man makes, or rather reputes pretious: In short, If they  
be yours, carry them with you.

S. HIEROME in Ep:

O Lust, thou infernall fire, whose Fuell is Gluttony, whose  
Flame is Pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoake  
is infamie; whose Ashes are uncleanenesse; whose end is Hell.

## EPIG. IO.

Mammon, well follow'd: Cupid bravely ledde;  
Both Touchers; Equall Fortune makes a dead:  
No Reede can measure where the Conquest lies;  
Take my advise; Compound, and share the Prize.

## XI.



*Mundus in exitium euit.*

Wm Marshall sculpsit.

## XI.

## EPH. II. II.

*See walked according to the course of this world, according to the Prince of the Aire.*

<sup>1</sup>  
 Whither will this mad-braine world, at last,  
 Be driv'n ? where will her restlesse wheeles arive?  
 Why hurries on her ill-match'd Payre so fast ?  
 O whether meanes her furious Groome to drive ?  
 What? will her rambling Fits be never past ?  
 For ever ranging ? never once retrive ?  
 Will earths perpetuall Progresse nere expire ?  
 Her Teame continuing in their fresh Careire,  
 And yet they never rest, And yet they never tyre.

<sup>2</sup>  
 ols hot-mouth'd Steeds, whose nostrils vomit flaine,  
 And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,  
 Their twelve houres taske perform'd, grow stiffe and lame,  
 And their immortall Spirits faint and tyre;  
 At th' Azure mountaines foote, their labours claime  
 The priviledge of Rest, where they retyre  
 To quench their burning Fetlocks, and to steepe  
 Their flaming nostrils in the Westerne deepe,  
 And fresh their tyred soules with strength-restoring sleepe.

3

But these prodigious Hackneyes, basely got  
 Twixt Men and Devils, made for Race, nor Flight,  
**C**an dragge the idle world, expecting not  
 The bed of Rest, but travill with delight;  
 Who neither weighing way, nor weather, trott  
 Through dust and dirt, and droyle both night and day;  
 Thus droyle these feinds incarnate, whose free paynes  
 Are fed with dropsies, and veneriall Blaines.  
**N**o need to use the whip; but strength, to rule the raynes.

4

**P**oore Captive world! How has thy lightnesse given  
 A just occasion to thy Foes illusion:  
**O**, how art thou betrayd, thus fayrely driven  
 In seeming Triumph to thy owne confusion?  
 How is thy empty universē bereiven  
 Of all true Joyes, by one false Joyes delusion?  
 So have I scene an unblowne virgin fed  
 With sugard words so full, that shee is led  
 A faire attended Bride, to a false Bankrupts Bed.

5

Pull gratiouſ L o R D; Let not thine Arme forsake  
 The world, impounded in her owne devises;  
 Thinke of that pleasure that thou once did take  
 Amongſt thy Lillies, and sweete Beds of ſpices:  
 Hale ſtrongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to flake  
 The ſwift foot Fury of ten thouſand Vices:  
 Let not that duft-devouring Dragon beaſt,  
 His craft has wonne, what Iudahs Lyon lost;  
 Reſmember what it crav'd; Recount the price it coſt.

ISIODOR: lib. i. De summo bono.

*By how much the nearer Sathan perceives the world to an end,  
by so much the more fiercely Hee troubles it with persecution; that  
knowing himselfe is to be damned, hee may get company in his  
damnation.*

CYPRIAN. in ep:

*Broad and spacious is the road to infernall life: There are enticements and death-bringing pleasures; There the Devill flatters, that bee may deceive; Smiles, that bee may endamage; allure, that he may destroy.*

EPIG. II.

Nay soft and faire, good world; Post not too fast;  
Thy Journeys end requires not halfe this haft:  
Vnlesse that Arme thou so disdainst, reprises thee;  
Alas thou needs must goe: the devill drives thee.

## XII.



*Inopem me abia fecit.*

Wili. Marshall Sculpsit.

## XII.

## ISAY LXVI.XI.

*Yee may suck, but not be satisfied with the  
breast of her Consolation.*

**V**Vhat never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd so fast (seise thee:  
To th'earths full breast? For shime, for shame un-  
Thou tak'st a surfeit, where thou shouldest but tast,  
And mak'st too much not halfe enough, to please thee:  
Ah foole, forbeare; Thou swallow'st at one breath  
Both food and poysон down; Thou drawst both milk & death.

**2**  
The ub'rous breasts, when fairely drawne, repast  
The thriving Infant with their milkie flood,  
But being overstraind, returne, at last,  
Vnholosome Gulps compos'd of wind and blood;  
A mod'rare use does both repast and please;  
Who straincs beyond a meane, drawvs ia and gulps desease.

**3**  
But, O, meane whose good the least abuse  
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed;  
Can Thornes bring grapes, or Crabs a pleasing juce?  
Ther's nothing wholsome, where the whole's infected:  
Vnseise thy lips, Earths milk's a ripned Core  
That drops from her desease, that matters from her Sore.

Thinkest

4  
 Thinkst thou, that Paunch that burlyes out thy Coate,  
 Is thriving Fat; or flesh, that seemes so brawny ?  
 Thy Paunch is dropsied, and thy Cheekes are bloat;  
 Thy lips are white and thy complexion, tawny;  
 Thy skin's a Bladder blowne with watry tumors;  
 Thy flesh, a trembling Bogge, a Quagmire full of humors.

5  
 And thou, whose thriyelesse hands are ever strayning  
 Earths fluent Brests, into an empty Sive,  
 That alwaies hast, yet alwaies art complaining;  
 And whin'ſt for more then earth has pow'r to give,  
 Whose treasure flowes, and flees away as fast,  
 That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou hast;

6  
 Goe choose a Substance, foole, that will remaine  
 Within the limits of thy leaking measure;  
 Or else goe seekē an Vrne that will retaine  
 The liquid Body of thy slipp'ry Treasure:  
 Alas, how poorely are thy labours crownd !  
 Thy liquors neither sweet, nor yet thy vesseſſell ſound.

7  
 What leſſe then Foole is Man, to progge, and plott,  
 And laviſh out the Creame of all his care,  
 To gaine poore ſeeming goods, which, being got,  
 Make firme poſſeſſion, but a Thorowfare:  
 Or if they ſtay, they furrow thoughts the deeper,  
 And being kept with care, they loose their carefull keeper.

S. G R E G. Hom: 3. secund. parte Ezech.

If wee give more to the flesh then wee ought, wee nourish an  
Enemy; If we give not to her necessary what we ought, we destroy  
a Citizen: The flesh is to be satisfied so farre as suffices to our  
good; whosoever allowes so much to her as to make her proud,  
knowes not how to be satisfied: To be satisfied, is a great Art;  
lest by the satiety of the flesh wee breake forth into the Iniquity of  
her Folly.

H y c o. de Anima.

The heart is a small thing, but desires great matters: It is not  
sufficient for a Kites dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient  
for it.

EPI. 12.

What makes thee foole so fat? Foole, thee so Bare?  
Yee suck the selfe same milke; the selfe same aire:  
No meane, betwixt all Paunch; and skinne and bone?  
The meane's a vertue, and the world has none.

## XIII.



*Da mihi frena timor; Da mihi calcar amor.*  
Ro. Vaughan fecit.

## XIII.

## IOH. III. XIX.

*Men love darknesse rather then light, because their deeds are evill.*

Lord, when we leave the World and come to Thee,  
 How dull! how slugge are wee?  
 How backward ! how preposterous is the motion  
 Of our ungaine devotion!  
 Our thoughts are Milstones, and our soules are lead,  
 And our desires are dead :  
 Our vowes are fairely promised, faintly paid;  
 Or broken, or not made :  
 Our better worke (if any good ) attends  
 Vpon our private ends :  
 In whose performance one poore worldly scoffe  
 Foyles us, or beates us off :  
 If thy sharpe scourge finde out some secret fault,  
 Wee grumble, or revolt :  
 And if thy gentle hand forbearc, wee stray,  
 Or idly loose the way:  
 Is the Roade faire? wee loyter : clogg'd With myre?  
 Wee sticke, or else retyre :  
 A Lambe appeares a Lyon; and wee feare,  
 Each bush wee see's a Beare.

Whe

When our dull soules direct their thoughts to Thee,  
The soft-pac'd Snayle is not so slow as wee:  
But when at earth wee dart our wing'd desire,

We burne, we burne like fire:

Like as the am'rous needle joyes to bend

To her Magneticke Friend;

Or as the greedy Lover eye-balls flye

At his faire Mistres eye,

So, so we cling to earth; wee fly, and puff,

Yet fly not fast enough;

If Pleasure becken with her balmey hand,

Her becke's a strong command;

If Honour call us with her courtly breath,

An hour's delay is death:

If profits golden fingerd Charmes enveigle's;

Wee clip more swift then Eagles.

Let Auster weep, or blustring Boreas rore

Till eyes or lungs be bore:

Let Neptune fwell untill his dropsie sides

Burst into broken Tides;

Nor threatning Rockes, nor windes, nor waves, nor Fyre

Can curbe our fierce desire;

Nor Fire nor Rocks can stop our furious mindes,

Nor waves, nor windes;

How fast and fearelesse doe our footsteps flee!

The lightfoot Roc-buck's not so swift as wee.

S. A V G V S T. sup: Psal: 64.

Two severall Loves built two severall Cities; The love of God builds a Jerusalem; The love of the world builds a Babylon: Let every one enquire of himselfe what he loves, and bee shall resolve himselfe, of whence bee is a Citizen.

S. A V G V S T. lib. 3. Confess.

All things are driven by their owne weight, and tend to their own Center: My weight is my love; By that I am driven, whither-soever I am driven,

Ibidem.

L O R D , he loves thee the leſſe that loves any thing with thee, which he loves not for thee.

### E P I C . 13.

Lord scourge my Ass if ſhee ſhould make no haſt,  
And curbe my Stagge if hee ſhould flee too haſt:  
If hee be over ſwift, or ſhee prove idle,  
Let Love lend him a ſpurre: Feare, her, a Bridle,

## XIV.



*Prospere reddo dicm.*

Will: Marshall Sculpsit.

## XIV.]

## PSAL. XIII. III.

*Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleepe  
the sleepe of death.*

Will'nt nere be morning? Will that promis'd light  
Nere breake, and cleare these Clouds of night?  
Sweet Phospher bring the day,  
Whose conqu'ring Ray  
May chase these fogges: Sweet Phospher bring the day.

How long! how long shall these benighted eyes  
Languish in shades, like feeble Flies  
Expecting Spring! How long shall darknesse soyle  
The face of earth, and thus beguile  
Our soules of iightfull action? when will day  
Begin to dawne, whose new-borne Ray  
May gild the Wether-cocks of our devotion,  
And give our unsoul'd soules new motion?  
Sweet Phospher bring the day,  
Thy light will fray  
These horrid Mists; Sweet Phospher bring the day:

Let those have night, that sily love t'immure  
Their cloystered Crimes, and sinne secure;

Let those have night that blush to let men know  
 The basenesse they nere blush to do;  
 Let those have night, that love to take a Nappe  
 And loll in Ignorances lappe;  
 Let those, whose eyes, like Oules abhorre the light,  
 Let those have Night that love the Night;  
 Sweet *Phospher* bring the day;  
 How sad delay  
 Afflicts dull hopes! Sweet *Phospher* bring the day.

Alas! my light-invaine-expecting eyes  
 Can finde no Objecis but what rise  
 From this poore morall blaze, a dying sparke  
 Of Vulcans forge,whose flames are darke  
 And dangeroits, a dull blue burning light,  
 As melancholly as the night:  
 Here's all the Sunnes that glister in the Spheare  
 Of earth: Ah mee! what comfort's here:  
 Sweet *Phospher* bring the day;  
 Haste, haste away,  
 Heav'ns loyning lampe; Sweet *Phospher* bring the day.

Blow Ignorance,O thou, whose idle knee  
 Rocks earth into a Lethargie,  
 And with thy sooty fingers hast bedight  
 The worlds faire cheeke,blow,blow thy spite;  
 Since thou hast pufft our greater Tapour doe  
 Puffe on, and out the lesser too:  
 If ere that breath-exiled flame returne,  
 Thou hast not blowne, as it will burne:  
 Sweete *Phospher* bring the day  
 Light will repay  
 The wrongs of night: Sweet *Phospher* bring the day.

S. Au g u s t . in Ioh. Ser. 19.

*God is all to thee; If thou be hungry, bee is bread; If thirstlie,  
bee is water; If in darknesse, bee is light; If naked bee is a Robe  
of Immortalitie.*

ALANUS de conq. nat.

*God is a light that is never darkned; An unwearied life, that  
cannot die; a Fountaine alwaies flowing; a garden of life, a Se-  
minary of wisdom, a radicall beginning of all goodness.*

E P I G . 14.

My Soule, if Ignorance pisse out this light  
She'll do a favour that extends a spight:  
It seemes darke abroad; But take this light awaie,  
Thy windowes will discover breake a day.

## XV.



*Debilitata fides: Tendras Astraea reliquit.*

*W: M: scul:*

## XV.

## REVEL. XII. XII.

*The Devill is come unto you, having great  
wrath, because hee knoweth that hee  
hath but a short time.*

2  
**L**O RD! canst thou see and suffer? Is thy hand  
Still bound to th' peace? Shall earthis black Monarch take  
A full possession of thy Wasted land?

**O**, will thy flumbring vengeance never wake,  
Till full-ag'd law-resisting Custome shake  
The pillours of thy Right, by false command?  
Unlocke thy Clouds, great Thund'rer, and come downe;  
Behold whose Temples weare thy sacred Crown'e;  
Redresse, redresse our wrongs; revenge, reve nge thy owne.

2  
See, how the bold Vsurper mounts the seat  
Of royall Majestie; How overstrawing  
Perils with pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat  
With bugbeare death; by torments over-awing  
Thy frightened subjects; or, by favours, drawing  
Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat,  
Lord, canst thou be so mild? and hee so bold?  
Or can thy flockes be thriving, when the fold  
Is govern'd by a Fox? Lord, canst thou see and hold?

3

That swift-wing'd Advocate, that did commence  
 Our welcomme Suits before the King of Kings,  
 That sweet Embassadour, that hurries hence  
 What Ayres th'harmonious soule or sighs or sings,  
 See how shee flutters with her idle wings;  
 Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by Sense:  
 Sense-conq'ring Faith is now grovne blind, and cold.  
 And basely cravend, that, in times of old,  
 Did conquer heav'n it selfe, do what th'Almighty could.

4

Behold, how double fraud does scourge and teare  
*Astrea*s wounded sides, plough'd up, and rent  
 With knotted cords, whose fury has no eare;  
 See how shee stands a Pris'ner, to be sent  
 A Slave, into eternall banishment,  
 I know not whither, O, I know not where:  
 Her Patent must be cancel'd in disgrace;  
 And sweet-lipt Fraud, with her divided face,  
 Must act *Astrea*s part, must take *Astrea*s place.

5

*Faith* pinscons clipt? And faire *Astrea* gone?  
 Quick-seeing *Faith* now blind? And *Justice* see?  
 Has *Justice* now found wings? And has *Faith* none?  
 What do wee here? who would net wish to bee  
 Dissolv'd from earth; and, with *Astrea*, flee  
 From this blind dungeon, to that Sunne-bright Throne?  
 Lord, is thy Scepter lost, or laid aside?  
 Is hell broke loose, and all her Fiends untyed?  
 Lord rise, and rowze, and rule; and crush their furious Pride.

P E T R. R A V. in Math.

The Devill is the author of evill; the fountaine of wickednesse; the Adversary of the Truth; the corrupter of the world; mans perpetuall Enemy; Hee plants snares; digs ditches; spurres bodies; be goads soules; Hee suggestes thoughts, belches Anger; exposes vertues to hatred; makes vices beloved; sowes Erreurs, nourishes contention; disturbes peace, and scatters Affections.

## M A C A R:

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that wee may be glorified, with those that are glorified.

## S A V A N A R.

If there be no enemy, no fight, If no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crowne,

## E P I C . 15.

My Soule, sit thou a patient looker on;  
Judge not the Play before the Play be done:  
Her Plot has many Changes. Every Day  
Speakes a new Scene; The last Act crownes the Play.

## I.



*Sic lumine lumen ademptum:*

*W<sup>t</sup> marshall scu:*

# THE SECOND BOOKE.

## I.

### ESAY. L. XI.

You that walke in the light of your owne fire,  
and in the sparkes that yee have kindled,  
yee shall lie downe in sorrow.

1  
**D**oe silly Cupiſſe, and trimme  
 Thy false, thy feeble light,  
 And make her ſelue-consuming flames more bright;  
 Mee thinke, ſhee burns too dimme:  
 Is th<sup>s</sup> that ſprightly fire,  
 Whose more then ſacred Beames inspire  
 The rayliſt hearts of men, and ſo inflame desire?

2  
 See, Boy, how thy unthrifty blaze  
 Consumes, how fast ſhee waines;  
 She ſpends her ſelue, and her, whose wealth maintaines  
 Her weake, her idle Rayes;  
 Cannot thy luſtfull blaſt,  
 Which gave it luſter, make it laſt?  
 What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure ſpends ſo laſt?

Gog

**Goe, Wanton,** place thy pale-fac'd light  
 Where never breaking day  
**Intends to visit mortals, or display**  
 The sullen shades of night :  
**Thy Torch will burne more cleare**  
**In nights un-Titand Hemisphære ;**  
**Heav'ns scornfull flames and thine can never co-appeare :**

**In vainē thy busie hands addressē**  
 Their labour, to display  
**Thy easie blaze, within the veirge of day ;**  
 The greater drownes the lesse :  
**If heav'ns bright glory shine,**  
 Thy glimring sparks must needs refigne ;  
**Puffe out heav'ns glory then, or heav'n will worke out thine :**

**Goe, Cupids rammish Pander, goe,**  
 Whose dull, whose low desire  
**Can finde sufficient warmth from Natures fire,**  
 Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,  
 Blow winde, made strong with spite,  
 When thou hast pufft the greater light,  
**Thy lesser sparke may shine, and warme the new made night ;**

**6**  
 Deluded mortals, tell mee, when  
 Your daring breath has blowne  
**Heav'ns Tapour out, and you have spent your owne,**  
 What fire shall warme yee then ?  
**Ah Fooles, perpetuall night**  
 Shall haunt your soules with Stigian fright, (light,  
 Where they shall broile in flames, but flames shall bring no

S. AUGUST.

*The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.*

S. GREG. Mor. 25.

*By how much the lesse, man sees himselfe, by so much the lesse bee displeases himselfe; And by how much the more bee sees the light of Grace, by so much the more bee disdaines the light of nature.*

S. GREG. Mor.

*The light of the understanding humilitie kindles and pride covers.*

## EPIC. I.

Thou blowst heav'ns fire, the whilst thou goest about,  
Rebellious foole, in vaine, to blow it out:  
Thy Folly addes confusion to thy death,  
Heav'ns fire confounds, when fann'd with Follies breath,

II.



(*Donec totum expletat oabem.*)

will: Marshall sculpsit.

## II.

## ECCLES. IV. VIII.

*There is no end of all his labour, neither is  
his eye satisfied with riches.*

O, How our wid'ned Armes can over-stretch  
Their owne dimensions! How our hands can retch  
Beyond their distance! How our yeelding brest  
Can shrinke, to be more full, and full possest  
Of this inferiour Orbe! How earth refinde  
Can cling to sordid earth! How kinde to kinde!  
Wee gape, wee grapse, wee gripe; adde store to store,  
Enough requires too much; too much craves more;  
Wee charge our Soules so farre beyond our stint,  
That wee recoyle or burst; The busie Mint  
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,  
And coyning new desires; desires, not knowing  
Where next to pitch; but, like the boundlesse Ocean  
Gaine, and gaine ground, and grow more strong by motion,  
The pale-fac'd Lady of the black-eyed night  
First tips her horned browes with easie light,  
Whose curious traine of spangled Nymphs attire  
Her next nights Glory with encreasing Fire;  
Each ev'ning addes more luster, and adornes  
The growing beautie of her grasping horns;

Shee suckes and drawes her brothers golden store;  
Vntill her glutted Orbe can sucke no more,  
Ev'n so the Vulture of insatiate mindes,  
Still wants, and wanting seekes; and seeking, findes  
New fuell to encrease her rav'nois fire,  
The grave is sooner cloyd then mans desire  
Wee crossle the Seas, and midst her waves we burne,  
Transporting lises, perchance that nere returne.  
Wee lache, wee ransacke to the utmost lands  
Of native kingdomes, and cf forraigne lands;  
Wee travill Sea, and Soyle; wee pry, wee proule,  
Wee progresse, and wee proge from pole to pole;  
Wee spend our mid-day sweat, our mid-night oyle;  
Wee tyre the night in thought; the day, in toyle;  
Wee make Att servill, and the Trade gentile,  
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)  
To compasse earth, and with her empie store,  
To fill our Armes, and grafpe one hanfull more,  
Thus seeking Rest, our labours never cease,  
But as our yeares, our hot desires encrease;  
Thus wee poore little worlds (with blood and sweat)  
In vaine artempt to comprehend the great;  
Thus, in our gaine, become wee gainfull losers,  
And what's enclos'd, encloses the enclosers.  
Now, reader, close thy Booke, and then advise:  
Be wisely worldly; be not worldly wise;  
Let not thy nobler thoughts be alwaires raking  
The worldsbase dunhill; Vermins took, by taking;  
Take heede thou trust not the deceitfull Lappe  
Of wanton *Detilah*; The world's a Trappe.

H y c o de anima.

Tell mee where bee tho'c now that so lately loved, and buzz'd  
the world? Nothing remaines of them but dust and wormes; Ob-  
serve what those men were; & what those men are: They were like  
thee; They did eate, drinke, laugh, and led merry dayes, and in a  
moment slipt into Hell: Here their flesh is good for wormes:  
There, their soules are full for fire, till they shall be rejoyned in  
an unhappy fellowship, and ca'l into eternall torments; where they  
that were once companions in sinne shall be hereafter partners in  
punishment.

## E P I C. 2.

Gripe, Cupid, and gripe still untill that wind,  
That's pent before, find secret vent behind:  
And when th'ast done, hark here, I tell thee what,  
Before I'le trust thy Armefull I'le trust that,

## III.



*Non amat iste; sed hamat amor.*

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

## III.

## IOB XVIII. VIII.

*He is cast into a net by his owne feet, and walketh upon a snare.*

What? Nets and Quiver too? what need there all  
 These sly devices to betray poore men ?  
 Die they not fast enough, when thousands fall  
 Before thy Dart? what need these Engins then ?  
 Attend they not, and answer to thy Call  
 Like nightly Coveyes, where thou list? and when ?  
 What needs a Stratagem where strength can swy ?  
 Or what need strength compell, where none gainesay ?  
 Or what need stratagem or strength, where hearts obey ?

Husband thy sleights : It is but vaine to wast  
 Hony on those that will be catcht with Gall ;  
 Thou canst not, ah, thou canst not bid so fast  
 As men obey ; Thou art more slow to call,  
 Than they to come ; Thou canst not make such hast  
 To strike; as they, being struck, make hast to fall ;  
 Go save thy Nets for that rebellious heart  
 That scornes thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the Art  
 To avoid thy flying shaft, to quench thy fi'ry Dart.

3

Lost mortall, how is thy destruction sure,  
 Between two Bawds, and both without remorse ;  
 The one's a Linc, the other is a Lure ;  
 This, to entice thy soule ; that, to enforce ;  
 Way-laid by both, how canst thou stand seure ?  
 That drawes ; this woos thee to th'eternall curse ;  
 O charming Tyrant, how hast thou befoo'l'd  
 And slav'd poore man, that would not, if he could  
 Avoid thy Linc, thy Lure ; nay, could not, if he would !

4

Alas, thy sweet perfidious voice betrays  
 His wanton eares with thy Syrenian baits ;  
 Thou wrapst his eyes in niifts, then boldly layes  
 Thy lethall Gynns before their Christall Gates ;  
 Thou lock'st up ev'ry Sense with thy false kayes,  
 All willing Prisners to thy close deceipts ;  
 His eare most nimble where it deafc should be,  
 His Eye most blind where most it ought to see,  
 And when his heart's most bound, the thinks it self most free.

5

Thou grand Imposter, how hast thou obtain'd  
 The wardship of the world ! Are all men turn'd  
 Ideots, and Lunaticks ? Are all retain'd  
 Beneath thy servile bands ? Is none return'd  
 To his forgotten selfe ? Has none regain'd  
 His senses ? Are their senses all adjourn'd ?  
 What none dismiss thy Court ? will no plump Fee  
 Bifte thy false fists, to make a glad Decree,  
 T'unfoole whom thou hast fool'd, and set thy prisners free ?

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much trecherie, little truth ; here, all things are traps ; here, every thing is beset with snares ; here soules are endanger'd, bodies are afflicted ; Here all things are vanity, and vexation offpirit.

## EPIC. 3.

Nay, Cupid, pitch thy Trammill where thou please,  
Thou canst not faile to take such fish as these ;  
Thy thriving sport will nev'r be spent, no need  
To feare, when ev'ry Cork's a world ; Thou'll speed.

F 2

## IV.



*Quam graue seruitium est, quod sevis cesa parit.*

## IV.

## HOS. XIII. III.

*They shalbe as the chaffe that is driven with  
a whirlewind out of the floore, and as the  
smoke out of the chimney.*

Flint-breasted Stoicks, you, whose marble eyes  
Contemne a wrinkle, and whose soules despise  
To follow Natures too affected Fashion,  
Or travell in the Regent walk of Paſſion;  
Whose rigid hearts disdaine to shrink at Feares,  
Or play at fast and loose with Smiles and Teares ;  
Come burst your spleenes with laughter ; to behold  
A new-found vanity ; which, dayes of old  
Nev'r knew ; A vanity, that has beset  
The world, and made more slaves than Mabomet ;  
That has condemn'd us to the ſervile yoke  
Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke :  
But stay ! why taxe I thus our moderne times,  
For new-blowne Follies, and for new-borne Crimes ?  
Are we ſole guilty, and the firſt Age free ?  
No, they were smoak'd, and flav'd as well as we :  
What's ſweet-lipt Honours blaſt, but smoke ? What's treasures  
But very smoke ? And what more smoke than pleasure ?  
Alas : they're all but shadowes, Fumes, and blaſts ;  
That vanishes ; this fades : the other waſts :

## EMBLEMES.

Book 2.

The restlesse Merchant ; he, that loves to steepe  
His braines in wealth, and layes his soule to sleepe  
In bags of Bullion, sees th'immortall Crowne,  
And faine would mount, but Ingots keep him downe :  
He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow ;  
He lent but now ; wants Credit, now, to borrow :  
Blow wind ? the Treasure's gone ; the Merchant's broke ;  
**A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke :**  
Behold the Glory-vying Child of Fame,  
That from deep wounds sucks forth an honour'd name,  
That thinks no purchace wworth the stile of good,  
But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with blood,  
That for a Poynt, a blast of empty breath,  
Vndaunted, gazes in the face of death ;  
Whose deare-bought Bubble, fild with vaine renouyne,  
Breaks with a Phillip, or a Gen'rals frownie ;  
**His stroke-got Honour staggers with a stroke ;**  
**A Slave to Honour is a Slave to Smoke :**  
And that fond soule which wasts his idle dayes  
In loose delights, and sports about the Blaze  
Of Cupids Candle ; he that daily spies  
Twin Babies in his Mistresse Geminies,  
Whereto his sad devotion does impart  
The sweet burnt offring of a bleeding heart ;  
See, how his wings are sing'd in Cyprian fire,  
Whose flames consume with youth ; in Age, expire ;  
The world's a Bubble ; all the pleasures in it,  
Like morning vapours vanish in a minit :  
The vapours vanish, and the Bubble's broke ;  
**A slave to Pleasure is a slave to smoke.**  
Now, Stoick, cease thy laughter, and rep'st  
Thy pickled cheeks with Teares, and weep as fast.

S. H I E R O N

That rich man is great, who thinkes not himselfe great because he is rich : the proud man (who is the poore man) brags outwardly, but begs inwardly : He is blowne up, but not full.

P E T R. R A V.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour : The pompe of the world and the favour of the people are but smoake, and a blast suddenly vanishing : which, if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance, and for a minut of joy they bring an age of sorrow.

## E P I G . 4.

*Cupid;* thy diet's strange ; It dulls ; It rowzes ;  
 It cooles ; It heats ; it binds, and then it looses :  
 Dull-sprightly-cold-hot Foole, if ev'r it winds thee  
 Into a loosenesse once, take heed ; It binds thee.

## V.



*Non omne, quod hic mict, aurum est.*

Will. Marshall. sculpit.

## V.

## PRO. XXIII. V.

*Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is  
not? for riches make themselves wings,  
they flie away as an Eagle.*

<sup>1</sup>  
 False world, thou ly'st : Thou canst not lend  
     The least delight :  
 Thy favours cannot gaine a Friend,  
     They are so sleight :  
 Thy morning pleasure make an end  
     To please at night :  
 Poore are the wants that thou supply'st,  
 And yet thou vaunt'st and yet thou vy'st  
 With heav'n, Fond earth thou boasts; False world thou ly'st.

<sup>2</sup>  
 Thy babbling Tongue tels golden Tales  
     Of endless Treasures ;  
 Thy bounty offers easie sales  
     Of lasting Pleasure ;  
 Thou asks the Conscience what she ayles,  
     And swear'st to ease her ;  
 There's none can want where thou supply'st ;  
 There's none can give where thou deny'st :  
 Alas, fond world thou boasts ; false world thou ly'st.

What

What well advised eare regards  
What earth can say ?  
Thy words are Gold, but thy rewards  
Are painted Clay ;  
Thy cunning can but pack the Cards ;  
Thou canst not play :  
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st ,  
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st ;  
Thou art not what thou seem'st : False world thou ly'st.

4

Thy tinsill boosome seems a Mint  
Of new-coynd treasure ;  
A Paradise, that has no stint,  
No change, no measure ;  
A painted Cask, but nothing in't,  
Nor wealth nor pleasure :  
Vaine earth ! that falsely thus comply st  
With man ; Vaine man ! that thus rely st  
On earth : Vaine man thou dot'st : Vaine earth thou sly st.

5

What meane dull soules, in this high measure  
To haberdash  
In earths base wares, whose greatest treasure  
Is drosse and trash ?  
The height of whose enchaunting pleasure  
Is but a Flash ?  
Are these the Goods that thou supply'st  
Vs mortalls with ? Are these the high'st ?  
Can these bring cordiall peace ? False world thou ly'st.

PET. BLSS.

This world is deceitfull; Her end is doubtful; Her conclusions  
is horrible; Her Judge is terrible; And her punishment is intol-  
erable.

S. A Y C V S T. lib. Confess.

The vaine glory of this world is a deceitfull sweetnesse, a fruit-  
leſſe labour, a perpetuall yeare, a dangerous honour; Her begin-  
ning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.

## E P I C . 5.

World; th'art a Traitor; Thon hast stamp't thy base  
And Chymick metall with great Cæſars face;  
And with thy bastard Bullion thou hast bartered  
For wares of price; How justly drawne, and quarterd!

## VI.



*Sic decipit orbis.*

Will. Marshall sculpsit.

## VI.

## JOB XV. XXXI.

*Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity,  
for vanity shalbe his recompence.*

<sup>1</sup>  
 Believe her not : Her Glasse diffuses  
 False Portraitures : Thou canst espie  
 No true reflection : She abuses  
 Her mis-inform'd beholders eye ;  
 Her Chrystal's falsly Steel'd : It scatters  
 Deceitfull beames ; Believe her not : She flatters.

<sup>2</sup>  
 This flaring Mirrour representes  
 No right Proportion, hiew, nor Feature :  
 Her very looks are Complements ;  
 They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater ;  
 The skilfull Glosse of her reflection  
 But paints the Context of thy course Complexion.

<sup>3</sup>  
 Were thy dimension but a stride,  
 Nay, wert thou statur'd but a span,  
 Such as the long-bill'd Troopes defi'd,  
 A very Fragment of a Man ;  
 Shee'l make thee *Mimas*, which ye will,  
 The *love-slaine Tyrant*, or th' *lonely Hill*.

Had

4

Had surfeits, or th' ungratiouſe Starre  
 Conſpir'd to make one Common place  
 Of all deformities, that are  
 Within the Volume of thy face,  
 Shee'd lend thee favour, ſhould out-move  
 The Troy-bane *Hellen*, or the Queene of Love.

5

Were thy conſum'd estate as poore  
 As *Lazars*, or affliſted *Jobs*,  
 Shee'l change thy wants to ſeeming ſtore,  
 And turne thy Raggs to purple Robes ;  
 Shee'l make thy hide-bound flanck appeare  
 As plump as theirs that eaſt it all the yeare.

6

Leoke off ; let not thy Opticks be  
 Abus'd ; thou ſeeſt not what thou ſhouldſt :  
 Thy ſelue's the Object thou ſhouldſt ſee,  
 But 'tis thy shadow thou beholdſt :  
 And shadowes thrive the more in ſtature,  
 The nearer we approach the light of nature.

7

Where heav'ns bright beames look more direct,  
 The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger ;  
 But when they glaunce their faire aspect,  
 The bold-fac'd shade growes larger, longer ;  
 And when their lamp begins to fall,  
 Th'increasing shadowes lengthen moſt of all.

8

The ſoule that ſeeks the noone of Grace,  
 Shrinks in ; but ſwels, if Grace retreat ;  
 As heav'n lifts up, or veiles his Face,  
 Our ſelue-esteemeſe grow leſſe, or great ;  
 The leaſt is greateſt ; And who ſhall  
 Appear the greateſt, are the leaſt of all.

H u g o lib.3 de anima.

In vaine he lifts up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who  
is not first rightly advised to behold himselfe : First thou must  
see the visible things of thy selfe, before thou canst be prepared to  
know the invisible things of God, for if thou canst not apprehend  
the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things a-  
bove thee : The best looking glasse wherein to see thy God, is per-  
fectly to see thy selfe.

## E P I C . 6 .

Be not deceiv'd, great Foole ; There is no losse  
In being small : Great bulks but swell with drosse :  
Man is heav'ns Master-pecece ; If it appeare  
More great, the valu's lesse ; If lesse, more deare.

## VII.



*Sic pessima, sic optima seruat.*

Will: Marshall sculpſt.

## VII.

## DEVT. XXX. XIX.

*I have set before thee life and death, blessing  
and cursing, therefore choose life, that thou  
and thy seed may live.*

<sup>1</sup>  
 The world's a Floore, whose swelling heapes retaine  
 The mingled wages of the Ploughmans toyle :  
 The world's a Heape, whose yet unwinnowed graine  
 Is lodg'd with chaffe and buried in her soyle ;  
 All things are mixt ; the usefull with the vaine ;  
 The good with bad ; the noble with the vile ;  
 The world's an Ark, wherein things pure and grosse  
 Present their lossefull gaine, and gainfull losse,  
 Where ev'ry dram of Gold containes a pound of drossie.

<sup>2</sup>  
 This furnisht Ark presents the greedy view  
 With all that earth can give, or heav'n can add ;  
 Here, lasting joyes ; here, pleasures hourelly new,  
 And hourelly fading, may be wisht and had :  
 All points of Honour, counterfeit and true  
 Salute thy soule, and wealth both good and bad :  
 Here maist thou ope n wide the two-leav'd doore  
 Of all thy wishes, to receive that store  
 Which being emptied most; does overflow the more.

3

Come then, my soule, approach this royall Burse,  
 And see what wares our great Exchange retaines ;  
 Come, come ; here's that shall make a firme divorce  
 Betwixt thy Wants and thee, if want complaines ;  
 No need to sit in councell with thy purse,  
 Here's nothing, good, shall cost more price than paines ;  
 But O my soule, take heed ; If thou relie  
 Vpon thy faithlesse Opticks, thou wilt buy  
 Too blind a bargaine : know, Fooles onely trade by th'Eye.

4

The worldly wisdome of the foolish man  
 Is like a Sive, that does, alone, retaine  
 The grosser substance of the worthlesse Bran ;  
 But thou, my soule, let thy brave thoughts disdaine  
 So course a purchace ; O, be thou a Fan  
 To purge the Chaffe, and keep the winnow'd Graine ;  
 Make cleane thy thoughts, and dress thy mixt desires ;  
 Thou art heav'ns Tasker ; and thy G o D requires  
 The purest of thy Floore, as well as of thy fires.

5

Let Grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,  
 And wisdome blesse thy soule's unblemisht wayes,  
 No matter, then, how short or long's the Lease,  
 Whose date determins thy selfe-numbred dayes ;  
 No need to care for wealths or Fames increase,  
 Nor Mars his Palme, nor high Apollos Bayes :  
 Lo R D, If thy gracious bounty please to fill  
 The floore of my desires, and teach me skill  
 To dress: and chuse the Corn, take those the Chaffe that will.

S. AUGUST. lib. i de doct. Christi.

*Temporall things more ravish in the expectation, than in fruition: but bringes eternall more in the fruition than expectation.*

Ibid.

*The life of man is the middle betweene Angels and beasts: If man takes pleasure in carnall things, he is compared to beasts; But if he delights in spirituall things, he is suited with Angels.*

EPIG. 7.

Art thou a Child? Thou wilt not then be fed,  
But like a Child, and with the Childrens bread:  
But thou art fed with chaffe, or corne undrest:  
My soule thou favour'st too much of the Beast.

G 2

## VIII.



*Hoc animant pueros cymbala; at illa viros.*

*will: marshall. sculpsit.*

## VIII.

## PHIL. III. XIX.

*They minde earthly things, but our con-  
versation is in heaven.*

VENUS.

DIV. CUPID.

V.E. **W**HAT means this peevish Brat ? Whish,Lullaby ;  
 What ailes my Babe ? What ayles my Babe to cry ?  
 Will nothing still it ? Will it neither be  
 Pleas'd with the Nurses brest nor Mothers knee ?  
 What ayles my Bird ? What moves my foward Boy  
 To make such whimpring faces ? Peace,my Icy :  
 Will nothing doe ? Come,come,this pettish Brat,  
 Thus cry and bawle, and cannot tell for what ?  
 Come busie and friends,my lambe ; whish,lullaby,  
 What ayles my Babe ? What ayles my Babe to cry ?  
 Peace,peace my deare ; alas, thy early yeares  
 Had never faults to merit halfe these teares :  
 Come smile upon me : Let thy mother spie  
 Thy Fathers Image in her Babies eye :  
 Husband these guiltlesse drops against the rage  
 Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of Age ;  
 Thine eye's not ripe for teares : whish,lullaby ;  
 What ayles my Babe,mine syweet-fac'd Babe to cry ?  
 Look,look,what's here ! A dainty Golden thing :  
 See how the dauncing Bells turn round and ring

To please my Bantling ! Here's a knack will breed  
 A hundred kisles : Here's a knack indeed :  
 So, now my bird is white, and looks as faire  
*As Pelops* shoulder, or my milkwhite payre :  
 Here'e right the Fathers smile ; when *Mars* beguil'd  
 Sick *Venus* of her heart, just thus he smil'd.

## DIVIN. CUPID.

Well may they smile alike: Thy base-bred Boy  
 And his base Syre had both one Cause ; A Toy :  
 How well their subjects and their smiles agree ?  
 Thy Cupid finds a Toy, and Mars found thee :  
 False Queene of Beauty, Queene of false delights,  
 Thy knee presents an Embleme, that invites  
 Man to himselfe, whose selfe-transported heart  
 (Ov'rwhelm'd with native sorrowes, and the smart  
 Of purchas'd griefes) lies whining night and day,  
 Not knowing why, till heavy-heeld delay  
 The dull-brow'd Pander of despaire, layes by  
 His leaden Buskins, and presents his eye  
 With antick Trifles, which th' indulgent earth  
 Makes proper Objects of mans childish mirth :  
 These be the coyne that passe ; the sweets that please ;  
 There's nothing good, there's nothing great but these :  
 These be the Pipes that base-borne minds daunce after,  
 And turne immod'rate teares to lavish laughter ;  
 Whilst heav'ly Raptures passe without regard ;  
 Their Strings are harsh, and their high straines unheard :  
 The ploughmans Whistle, or the triviall Flute  
 Find more respect than great Apollo's Lute :  
 Wee'l look to heav'n, and trust to higher Ioyes ;  
 Let Swine love Husks, and children whine for Toyes.

S. BERN,

That is the true and chie' e joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator; which (being once possēt therēof) none can take from thee, wherēo all pleasure being compared, is torment; all joy is grieſe: sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseneſſe, and all delectable things are despīcable.

S. BERN,

Joy in a changeable ſubject muſt neceſſarily change, as the ſubject changes.

## EPIG. 2.

Peace, childiſh Cupid, peace: Thy finger'd eye  
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry:  
But are thy peevish wranglings thus appeas'd?  
Well mayſt thou cry, that art ſo poorely pleas'd.

Q. 4.

## IX.



*Venturum exhorresco diem.*

*Will: Marshal sculpsit.*

## IX.

## ESAY X. III.

*What will ye do in the day of your visitation?  
to whom will ye flie for help, and where  
will ye leave your glory?*

<sup>1</sup>  
Is this that jolly God, whose Cyprian Bow  
Has shot so many flaming darts,  
And made so many wounded Beauties goe  
Sadly perplext with whimpring hearts?  
Is this that Sov'reigne Deity that brings  
The slavish world in awe, and stings  
The blundring souls of swains, and stoops the hearts of kings

<sup>2</sup>  
What Circean Charme? what Hecatèan spight  
Has thus abus'd the God of love?  
Great *love* was vanquisht by his greater might;  
(And who is stronger-arm'd than *love*?)  
Or has our lustfull God perform'd a Rape,  
And (fearing *Argus* eyes) would scape  
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

<sup>3</sup>  
Where be those Rosie Cheeks, that lately scorn'd  
The malice of injurious Fates?  
Ah, where's that pearle Percullis, that adorn'd  
Those dainty two-leay'd Ruby gates?

Where

Where be those killing eyes, that so controll  
The world ? And locks, that did infold  
Like knots of flaming wyre, like Curles of burnisht Gold ?

4  
No, no ; 'Twas neither Hecatean spite  
Nor Charme below, nor pow'r above ;  
'Twas neither *Circes* spell, nor Stygian sprite,  
That thus transform'd our God of Love ;  
'Twas owle-ey'd Lust (more potent far than they)  
Whose eyes and actions hate the day ;

Whom all the world observe ; whom all the world obey.

5  
See how the latter Trumpets dreadfull blast  
Affrights stout Mars his trembling Son !  
See, how he startles ! how he stands agast,  
And scrambles from his melting Throne !  
Hark, how the direfull hand of vengeance teares  
The sweltring Clouds, whilst heav'n appears  
A Circle fil'd with flame, and centerd with his feares.

6  
This is that day, whose oft report hath worne  
Neglected Tongues of Prophets bare ;  
The faithlesse subjeft of the worldlings scorne,  
The summe of men and Angels pray'r :  
This, this the day whose All-descerning light  
Ransacks the secret dens of night,  
And severs Good from Bad ; true Ioyes from false Delight.

7  
You grov'ling Worldlings, you whose wiſdome trades,  
Where light nev'r shot his Golden Ray ;  
That hide your Actions in Cymerian shades,  
How will your eyes endure this day ?  
Hils wilbe deafe, and mountaines will not heare ;  
There be no Caves, no Corners there,  
To shade your souls from fire, to shield your hearts from feare.

H U G O .

O the extreme loathsonneſſe of fleshly luſt, which not onely effeminateſ the minde, but enervet the body; which not onely diſtaineſ the ſoule, but diſguifeſ the perſon! It is uſher'd with fury and wantonneſſe, It is accompanied with filthineſſe and uncleanneſſe, and it is followed with grieſe and repenſance.

## E P I C H . 9.

What? ſweet-fac'd Cupid, has thy baſtard-treasure,  
Thy boated Honours, and thy bold-fac'd pleasure  
Perplext thee now? I told thee long ago,  
To what they'd bring thee, foole, To muſtowes.

## X.



Tinnit : inane est.

## X.

## NAH. II. X.

*Shee is emptie, and rvoid,  
and waste.*

<sup>1</sup>  
 Shee's empty: Hark; she sounds : There's nothing there,  
 But noise to fill thy eare,  
 Thy vaine enquiry can,at length, but find  
 A blast of murmur'ring wind :  
 It is a Cask, that seems as full, as faire ;  
 But mereley tunn'd with Ayre :  
 Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds :  
 The soule that vainly founds  
 Her Ioyes upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds :

<sup>2</sup>  
 Shee's empty : Hark; she sounds : There's nothing in't :  
 The spark-ingendring Flint  
 Shall sooner melt, and hardest Raunce shall, first,  
 Dissolve and quench thy thirst,  
 Ere this false world shall still thy stormy brest  
 With smooth-fac'd Calmes of Rest :  
 Thou mayst, as well, expect Meridian light  
 From shades of black-mouth'd night,  
 As in this empty world to find a full delight.

Shee's

Shee's empty : Hark ; she sounds ; \* Tis void and vast ;  
 What if some flatt'ring blast  
 Of flatuous Honour should perchance be there ;  
 And whisper in thine eare,  
 It is but wind ; and blowes but where it list,  
 And vanishes like a Mist :  
 Poore Honour earth can give ! What gen'rous mind  
 Would be so base, to bind  
 Her heav'n-bred soule a slave, to serve a Blast of wind ?

4  
 Shee's empty : Hark ; She sounds : \* Tis but a Ball  
 For Fooles to play withall ;  
 The painted filme but of a stronger Bubble,  
 That's lin'd with silken trouble ;  
 It is a world, whose Work, and Recreation  
 Is vanity, and vexation ;  
 A Hagg, repair'd with vice-complexion, paint :  
 A Questhouse of complaint ;  
 It is a Saint ; a Fiend : worse Fiend, when most a Saint.

5  
 Shee's empty : Hark ; she sounds : \* Tis vaine and void ;  
 What's here to be enjoy'd,  
 But Griefe, and sicknesse, and large bills of sorrow,  
 Drawne now, and crost to morrow ?  
 Or what are Men, but puffs of dying breath,  
 Reviv'd with living death ?  
 Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds  
 Than what dull flesh propounds ;  
 Trust not this hollow world, shee's empty : Hark ; she sounds

S. C H R Y S. in Ep.ad Heb.

Contemne riches, and thou shalt be rich ; Contemne glory, and thou shalt be glorious ; Contemne injuries, and thou shalt be a conqueror ; Contemne rest, and thou shalt gaine rest ; Contemne earth, and thou shalt find Heaven.

H u g o lib.de Vanit.mundi.

The world is a vanity which affords neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the industrious.

#### EPIG. 10.

This House is to be let ; for life or yeares ;  
Her Rent is sorrow, and her In-come, Teares :  
Cupid, 't as long stood void : Her bills make knownde,  
She must be dearly Let ; or let alone.

## XI.



*Erras: hanc itur ad illam.*

*will. Marshall sculpsit.*

## X I.

## MAT. VII. XIV.

*Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life,  
and few there be that find it.*

Repost'rons foole, thou trou'l'st athisse :  
 Thou err'st ; That's not the way, 'Tis this :  
 Thy hopes, instructed by thine Eye,  
 Make thee appeare more neare than I ;  
 My floore is not so flat, so fine,  
 And has more obvious Rubbs than thine ;  
 'Tis true ; my way is hard, and strait,  
 And leads me through a thorny Gate ;  
 Whose ranckling pricks are sharp, and fell ;  
 The common way to heav'n's by Hell :  
 'Tis true ; Thy path is short and faire,  
 And free of Rubbs : Ah, foole, beware,  
 The safest Road's not alwayes ev'n ;  
 The way to Hell's a seeming Heav'n ;  
 Think'st thou, the Crowne of Glory's had  
 With idle ease, fond Cyprian Lad ?  
 Think'st thou, that mirth, and vaine delights,  
 High feed, and shadow-shortning nights,  
 Soft knees, full bones, and Beds of Downe  
 Are proper Prologues to a Crowne ?

Or canst thou hope to come, and view,  
Like prosperous *Cæsar*, and subdue ?  
The bond-slave Vsurer will trudge  
In spite of Gouts, will turne a-drudge,  
And serve his soule-condemning purse,  
To increase it with the widowes Curse ;  
And shall the Crowne of glory stand  
Not worth the waving of a hand ?  
The fleshly wanton, to obtaine  
His minit-lust, will count it gaine  
To lose his freedome, his Estate  
Upon so deare, so sweet a rate ;  
Shall pleasures thus be priz'd, and must  
Heav'ns Palme be cheaper than a lust ?  
The true-bred Spark, to hoysc his nasne  
Upon the waxen wings of Fame,  
Will fight, undaunted, in a Flood  
That's rais'd with brackish drops, and blood :  
And shall the promis'd Crowne of life  
Be thought a Toy, not worth a Strife ?  
An easie Good brings easie Gaines,  
But things of price are bought with paines :  
The pleasing way is not the right :  
He that would conquer heav'n, must fight.

S. HIBRON.

S. H I E R O M. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long; wherein the glory of Eternity  
is the mark we levell at.

S. G R E G. lib. 8. Mor.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his owne will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contenne the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the seares of adverfity.

## EPIG. II.

O Cupid, if thy smoother way were right,  
I should mistrust this Crowne were counterfeit;  
The way's not easie where the Prize is great;  
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.

H 2

## XII.



*In cruce stat securus amor.*  
Will: Marshal sculpit.

## XII.

## GAL. VI. XIV.

*God forbid that I should glory, save  
in the Crosse.*

C An nothing settle my uncertaine brest,  
And fix my rambling Love?  
Can my Affections find out nothing best?  
But still, and still remove?  
Has earth no mercy? Will no Ark of Rest  
Receive my restlesse Dove?  
Is there no Good, than which there's nothing higher,  
To bleste my full desire  
With Ioyes that never change; with Ioyes that nev'r expire?  
I wanted wealth; and, at my deare request,  
Earth lent a quick supply;  
I wanted Mirth, to charme my sullen brest;  
And who more brisk than I?  
I wanted Fame, to glorisie the rest;  
My Fame flew Eagle high;

My Ioy not fully ripe, but all decaid;  
Wealth vanisht like a shade;  
My mirth began to flag, my Fame began to fade.

3

The world's an Ocean, hurried to and fro,  
     With ev'ry blast of passion :  
 Her lustfull streames, wher either ebb or flow,  
     Are tides of mans vexation :  
 They alter daily, and they daily grow  
     The worse by alteration :  
 The Earth's a Cask full tun'd, yet wanting measure ;  
     Her precious wine, is pleasure ;  
 Her Nest is Honours pufie ; Her Lees are worldly treasure.

4

My trust is in the Croſſe : Let Beauty flag  
     Her loose, her wanton ſaile ;  
 Let count'nance-gilding Honour cease to brag  
     In courtly termes, and vale ;  
 Let ditch-bred wealth, henceforth, forget to wag  
     Her base, though golden taile ;  
 False beauties conqueſt is but reall losſe,  
     And wealth but golden drosſe ;  
 Best Honour's but a blaſt : my truſt is in the Croſſe.

5

My truſt is in the Croſſe : There lies my reſt ;  
     My fast, my ſole delight ;  
 Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd East  
     Blow till they burſt with ſpight ;  
 Let earth and hell conſpire their worſt, their beſt,  
     And joyne their twiſted might :  
 Let ſhoweres of Thunderbolts dart down, and wound me,  
     And troupes of Fiends ſurround me,  
 All this may well confront, all this ſhall nev'r confound me.

## S. AUGUST.

*Christ's Croffe is the Christcroffe of all our happynesse; It delivers us from all blindnesse of errour, and enriches our darkenesse with light; It restores the troubled soule to rest; It brings strangers to Gods Acquaintance; It makes remote forreiners neare neighbours; It cuts off discord, concludes a league of everlasting peace, and is the bounteous Author of all Good.*

S. BERN. in Scr. de resur.

*We find glory in the Croffe; To us that are saved it is the power of God, and the fulnesse of all vertues.*

## EPIE. 12.

I follow'd Rest, Rest fled, and soone forsooke me;  
I ran from Griefe, Griefe ran, and over-tooke me,  
What shall I doe? Lest I be too much tost  
On worldly Crosses, L O R D, let me be crost.

F 2 2 1 3 1

## XIII.



*Post Vulnera: Dolor*

*Wili Marshall: Sculptor*

*John Stow: Author*

## XIII.

## PRO. XXVI. XI.

*As a Dog returneth to his vomit, so a people returneth to his folly.*

O I am wounded ! And my wounds do smart  
Beyond my patience, or great Chirurgie Art ;  
I yield, I yeeld ; The day, the Palme is thine ;  
Thy Bow's more true ; thy shafts more fierce than mine ;  
Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand : What need  
To send more darts ; The first has done the deed :  
Oft have we struggled, when our equall Armes  
Shot equall shafts ; inflicted equall harmes ;  
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,  
Twyfork'd with death, has struck my Conscience dead :  
But must I die ? Ah me ! If that were all,  
Then, then I'd stroke my bleeding wounds and call  
This dart a Cordiall ; and with joy, endure  
These harsh Ingredients, where my Griefe's my Cure.  
But something whispers in my dying eare,  
There is an After-day ; which day I feare :  
The slender debt to Nature's quickly payd,  
Discharg'd, perchance, with greater ease than made ;  
But if that pale-fac'd Sergeant make Arrest,  
Ten thousand Actions would (whereof the least  
Is more than all this lower world can bayle)  
Accentre, and condemne me to the Layle.

Of Stygian darknesse, bound in red-hot Chaines,  
And grip'd with Tortures worse than Tytian paines :  
Farewell my vaine, farewell my loose delights ;  
Farewell my rambling dayes ; my rev'ling nights ;  
'Twas you betraid me first, and when ye found  
My soule at vantage, gave my soule the wound :  
Farewell my Bullion Gods, whose sov'reigne lookes  
So often catch'd me with their golden hookes,  
Go, seek another slave ; ye must all go :  
I cannot serve my God, and Bullion too :  
Farewell false Honour ; you, whose ayry wings  
Did mount my soule above the Thrones of kings ;  
Then flatter'd me ; tooke pet ; and, in disdaine,  
Nipt my greene Buds, then kickt me down againe :  
Farewell my Bow : Farewell my Cyprian Quiver ;  
Farewell, deare world ; farewell, deare world, for ever.  
O, but this most delicious world, how sweet  
Her pleasures relish ! Ah ! How jump they meet  
The grasping soule ! And, with their sprightly fire,  
Revive, and raise, and rowze the rapt desire !  
For ever ? O, to part so long ? What never  
Meet more ? Another yeare ; and then, for ever :  
Too quick resolves do resolution wrong ;  
What part soone, to be divorc'd so long ?  
Things to be done are long to be debated ;  
Heav'n is not day'd : Repentance is not dated.

S. A U G U S T. lib.de util.agen.pæn.

*Go up my soule into the Tribunall of thy Conscience ; There  
seest thou guilty selfe before thy selfe : Hide not thy selfe behind thy  
selfe, least God bring thee forth before thy selfe.*

S. A U G U S T. in Soliloq.

*In vaine is that washing, where the next sin defiles : He bath  
ill-repent'd whose finnes are repeated : That stomack is the worse  
for vomiting, that licks up his vomit.*

A N S E L M.

*God bath promised pardon to him that repenteith, but he bath nor  
promised repentance to him that sinneith.*

E P I G . 13.

Braine-wounded Cupid, had this hasty dart  
As it hath prickt thy Fancy, pierc'd thy heart,  
'T had been thy Friend : O how has it deceiv'd thee ?  
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had say'd thee.

## XIV.



*Post lapsum fortius asto.*

Will·Marshall·Sculpsit.

## XIV.

## PRO. XXIV. XVI.

A just man falleth seven times and riseth up  
againe ; but the wicked shall fall  
into mischiefe.

<sup>1</sup>  
Tis but a Foyle at best ; And that's the most  
Your skill can boast :  
My slippry footing fail'd me ; and you tript,  
Iust as I slipt :  
My wanton weaknesse did her selfe betray  
With too much play :  
I was too bold : He never yet stood sure,  
That stands secure :  
Who ever trusted to his native strength,  
But fell at length ?  
The Title's craz'd, the Tenour is not good,  
That claimes by th' Evidence of flesh and Blood.

<sup>2</sup>  
Boast not thy skill ; The Righteous man fals oft,  
Yet fals but soft :  
There may be dirt to mirre him ; but no stones,  
To crush his bones :  
What if he staggers ? Nay, put case he be  
Foyl'd on his knee ;

That

That very knee will bend to heav'n, and weo  
For mercy too.

The true-bred Gamester ups a fresh ; and then,  
Falls to't agen ;

Whereas the leiden-hearted Coward lies,  
And yeelds his conquer'd life ; or cravend,dies :

B  
Boast not thy Conquest ; thou, that ev'ry houre,  
Falst ten times lower ;

Nay, hast not pow'r to risc, if not, in case,  
To fall more base :

Thou wallow'st where I slip ; and thou dost tumble,  
Where I butt stumble :

Thou glory'st in thy slav'ries dirty Badges,  
And fal'st for wages :

Sowre griefe, and sad repentance scovres and cleares  
My staines with teares ;

Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure ;  
But when I slip, I stand the more secure.

4  
L O R D what a nothing is this little Span,  
We call a Man !

What fenny trash maintaines the smooth'ring fires  
Of his desires !

How sleight and short are his Resolves at longest !  
How weake, at strongest !

O if a Sinner, held by thy fast hand

Can hardly stand,

Good G o d ! in what a desp'rate case are they  
That have no stay !

Mans state implies a necessary Curse ;

When not himself hee's mad, when most himself hee's worse,

Book 22 EMBLEMES.

119

S. A M B R O S. in Serm.ad vincula;

Peter stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall, than before he fell: In somuch that he found more grace than he lost grace.

S. C H R Y S. in Ep. ad Heliod.monach.

It is no such heinous matter to fall, afflicted; as, being downe, to be dejected: It is no danger for a souldier to receive a wound in battell; but after the wound received through despaire of recovery, to refuse a Remedy; For we often see wounded Champions weare the Palme at last, and after flight, crown'd with victory.

EPIG. 14.

Triumph not, Cupid, His mischance does show  
Thy Trade, does once; what thou dost always do:  
Brag not too soone: Has thy prevailing hand  
Foyld him? Ah, Foele, Th'ast taught him how to stand,

## XV.



*Patet ætheræ; clauditur orbi.*

Will: marshall sculpsit  
in excusione v.  
N. for me and my wife

## XV.

## IER. XXXII. XL.

*I will put my feare in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.*

SO, now the soule's sublim'd : Her sowre desires  
Are re-calcin'd in heav'ns well tempered Fires :  
The heart restor'd and purg'd from drossie Nature,  
Now finds the freedome of a new-borne Creature :  
It lives another life, it breathes new Breath ;  
It neither feeles nor feares the sting of death :  
Like as the idle vagrant(having none)  
That boldly dopts each house he viewes, his owne ;  
Makes ev'ry purse his Chequer ; and, at pleasure,  
Walks forth, and taxes all the world, like Cesar,  
At length, by virtue of a just Command,  
His sides are lent to a sever'r hand ;  
Whereon, his Passe, not fully understood,  
Is texted in a Manuscript of Blood ;  
Thus paſt from towne to towne, untill he come  
Aſore. Repentant to his native home :  
Ev'n ſo the rambling heart, that idly roves  
From Crime to Sin ; and, uncontroll'd, removes  
From Iuft to Iuft, when wanton flesh invites  
From old-worne pleasures to new choice delights,  
At length corrected by the filiall Rod  
Of his offended(but his gracious G o D)

And laſt from Sinnes to sighs, and by degrees,  
From sighs to vowes; From vowes, to bended knees,  
From bended knees, to a true peniſe breſt;  
From thence, to torments, not by tongues expreſt,  
Returnes, and (from his ſinfull ſelue exil'd)  
Finds a glad Father; He, a welcome Child:  
O, then, it lives; O then, it lives involv'd  
In ſecret Raptures; pants to be diſſolv'd:  
The roiall Ofſpring of a ſecond Birth  
Sets ope to heav'n, and shuts the doores to earth:  
If loveſick Love-commanded Clouds ſhould hap  
To raine ſuch ſhow'rs as quickned Danae's lap:  
Or dogs (far kinder than their purple Maſter)  
Should lick his ſores, he laughs nor weeps the faster,  
If Earth (Heav'n's Rivall) dart her idle Ray,  
To heav'n, 'tis Wax, and to the world, 'tis Clay:  
If earth preſent delights, it ſcrones to draw,  
But, like the Iet unribb'd, diſdaines that straw:  
No hope deceives it, and no doubt diuides it;  
No Griefe diſturbes it; and no Errour guides it;  
No Feare diſtractſ it; and no Rage inflames it;  
No Guilt condemnes it; and no Folly ſhames it;  
No floth beſorts it; and no luſt inthrals it;  
No Scorne afflicts it; and no Paſſion gawles it:  
It is a Carknet of immortall life;  
An Arke of peace; The Lifs of ſacred Strife;  
A purer Peece of endleſſe Transitory;  
A Shrine of Grace; A little Throne of Glory;  
A heav'n-borne Ofſpring of a new-borne birth;  
An earthly Heav'a; An ounce of heav'nly Earth.

S. AUGUST. de spir. &amp; anima.

O happy heart, where piety affects ; where, humility subjects ; where, repentance corrects ; where, obedience directs ; where, perseverance perfects ; where, power protects ; where, devotion protects ; where, charity connects .

## S. GREG.

Which way soever the heart turnes it selfe (if carefully) it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose God, in those very things we shall find God ; It shall find the heat of his power in consideration of those things, in the love of which things he was most cold ; and by what things it fell, perverted, by those things it is raised, converted .

## EPI. 15.

My heart, but wherefore do I call thee so ?  
I have renounc'd my Intrest long ago ;  
When thou wert false, and fleshly, I was thine ;  
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.



Lord all my Desire is before Thee, & my  
groaning is not hid from Thee: Ps 38

# THE THIRD BOOKE.

## *The Entertainment.*

**A**LL you whose better thoughts are newly born,  
 And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can scorn  
 The worlds base Trash; whose necks disdain to bear  
 Th'imperious yoke of Sathan ; whose chaste eare  
 No wanton Songs of Syrens can surprize  
 With false delight ; whose more than Eagle-eyes  
 Can view the glorious flames of Gold, and gaze  
 Onglittring beames of Honour, and not daze,  
 Whose soules can spurne at pleasure, and deny  
 The loose Suggestions of the Flesh. draw nigh :  
 And you, whose am'rous, whose select desires  
 Would feele the warmth of those transcendent fires,  
 Which (like the rising Sun) put out the light  
 Of *Venus* starre, and turne her day to night ;  
 You that would love, and have your passions crown'd  
 With greater happiness than can be found  
 In your own wishes ; you, that would affect  
 Where neither scorne, nor guile, nor disrespect  
 Shall wound your tortur'd Soules ; that would enjoy,  
 Where neither want can pinch, nor fulnesse cloy ;  
 Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser Feare  
 Ynflames your courage in pursuit ; draw neare :

Shake hands with earth, and let your soule respect  
Her Ioyes no further than her Ioyes reflect  
Vpon her Makers Glory, if thou swim  
In wealth, See him in all ; See all in Him :  
Sink'st thou in want, and is thy small Cruise spent ?  
See Him in want ; Enjoy Him in Centent :  
Conceiv'st Him lodg'd in Crofle, or lost in paine ?  
In Pray'r and Patience find Him out againe :  
Make Heav'n thy Mistresse, Let no Change remove  
Thy loyall heart : Be fond ; be sick of Love :  
What if he stop his eare, or knit his Brow ?  
At length hee'l be as fond, as sick as thou :  
Dart up thy Soule in Groanes : Thy secreet Grone  
Shall pierce his Eare, shall pierce his Eare, alone :  
Dart up thy Soule in vowes ; Thy sacred Vow  
Shall find him out, where heav'n alone shall know :  
Dart up thy soule in sighs : Thy whispring sigh  
Shall rouze his eares, and feare no listner nigh :  
Send up thy Grones, thy Sighs, thy closet Vow ;  
There's none, there's none shall know but Heav'n and thou ;  
Grones fresht with vowes, and vowes made salt with teares,  
Vnscale his eyes, and scale his conquer'd eares :  
Shoot up the bosome Shafts of thy desire,  
Feather'd with Faith, and double fork't with Fire,  
And they will hit ; Fearc not, where heav'n bids Come !  
Heav'ns never deafe, but when mans heart is dumb.



3

I



My Soul hath desired Thee in y<sup>e</sup> Night  
W. Simpson Sc.

Esav. 26

## L.

## ESSAY XXIX. VI.

*My soule bath desired thee in  
the night.*

Good God ! what horrid darknesse do's surround  
My groping soule ! How are my Senses bound  
In utter shades ; and, muffled from the light,  
Lusk in the bosome of eternall night !  
The bold-fac'd Lamp of heav'n can set and rise ;  
And, with his morning glory, fill the eyes  
Of gazing Mortals ; his victorious Ray  
Can chase the shadowes, and restore the day :  
Nights bashfull Empresse, though the often wayne,  
As oft repents her darknesse ; primes againe ;  
And with her circling Hornes does re-embrace  
Her brothers wealth, and orbs her silver face :  
But, ah, my Sun, deep swallow'd in his Fall,  
Is set, and cannot shine, not rise at all :  
My bankrupt Waine can beg nor borrow light :  
Alas, my darknesse is perpetuall night :  
Fals have their Risings, Wainings have their Primes,  
And desp'rate sorrowes wait their better times,  
Edds have their Floods, and Autumnes have their Springs ;  
All States have Changes hurried with the synges  
Of Chance, and Time, still tiding to and fro :  
Terrestriall Bodies and Celestiall too :

How

How often have I vainly grop'd about,  
With lengthned Armes, to find a passage out,  
That I might catch those Beames mine eye desites,  
And bathe my soule in those Celestiall fires :  
Like as the Hagard, cloyster'd in her Mue,  
To scowre her downy Robes, and to renew  
Her broken Flags, preparing t' overlooke  
The tim'rous Malard at the sliding Brooke,  
Iets oft from Perch to Perch ; from Stock to ground ;  
From ground to Window, thus surveying round  
Her dove-befetherd Prison, till, at length,  
(Calling her noble Birth to mind, and strength  
Whereto her wing was borne) her ragged Beake  
Nips off her dangling Iesses, strives to breake.  
Her gingling Fetters, and begins to bate  
At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate :  
Ev'n so my wearie soule, that long has bin  
An Inmate in this Tenement of Sin,  
Lockt up by Cloud-brov'd Error, which invites  
My cloystred Thoughts to feed on black delights,  
Now scornes her shadowes, and begins to dart  
Her wing'd desires at Thee, that onely art  
The Sun she seeks, whose rising beames can fright  
These duskie Clouds that make so dark a night :  
Shine forth, great Glory, shine ; that I may see  
Both how to loath my selfe, and honour Thee :  
But if my weaknesse force Thee to deny  
Thy Flames, yet lend the Twilight of thine Eye :  
If I must want those Beames I wish, yet grant,  
That I, at least, may wish those Beames I want.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq cap. 33.

There was a great and darke cloud of vanity before mine eyes,  
so that I coulde not see the Sun of Justice and the light of Truth: &  
being the Son of darknesse, was involved in darknesse: I loved  
my darknesse, because I knew not thy Light: I was blind, and lo-  
ved my blinckesse, and did walke from darkenesse to ddarkenesse:  
But Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me from darkenesse, and  
the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and  
behold, I see.



## EPIG. I.

My soule, cheare up: What if the night be long?  
Heav'n finds an eare, when sinners find a tongue:  
Thy teares are Morning shew'rs: Heav'n bids me say,  
When Peters Cock begins to crow, 'tis Day.

## II.



O Lord Thou knowest my foolishnesse,  
& my Sins are not hid fro Thee Ps:  
w. Newson sc:

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## II.

## PSAL. LXIX. III.

*O Lord, thou knowest my foolishnesse, and my  
finnes are not hid from thee.*

Seest thou this fulsome Ideot ? In what measure  
He seemes transported with the antick pleasure  
Of childish Baubles ? Canst thou but admire  
The empty fulnesse of his vaine desire ?  
Canst thou conceive such poore delights as these  
Can fill th'insatiate soule of Man, or please  
The fond Aspect of his deluded eye ?  
Reader, such very fooles are thou and I :  
False puffs of Honour ; the deceirfull streames  
Of wealth ; the idle, vaine, and empty dreames  
Of pleasure, are our Traffick, and ensnare  
Our soules ; the threefold subject of our Care :  
We toyle for Trash, we barter solid Ioyes  
For ayry Trifles ; sell our Heav'n for Toyes :  
We snatch at Barly graines, whilst Pearles stand by  
Despis'd ; Such very Fooles are Thou and I :  
Aym'st thou at Honour ? Does not th'Ideot shake it  
In his left hand ? Fond man, step forth and take it :  
Or wouldst thou Wealth ? See how the foole presents thee  
With a full Basket, if such Wealth contents thee :  
Wouldst thou take pleasure ? If the Foole unstride  
His prauincing Stallion, thou mayst up, and ride :

Fond

Fond man : Such is the Pleasure, Wealth, and Honour  
 That earth affords such Fooles as dote upon her ;  
 Such is the Game wherat earths Ideots flic ;  
 Such Ideots, ah, such Fooles are thou and I :  
 Had rebell-mans Foole-hardinesse extended  
 No furthier than himselfe, and there, had ended,  
 It had been Iust ; but, thus, enrag'd to flic  
 Vpon th'eternall eyes of M<sup>i</sup>esty,  
 And drag the Son of Glory, from the brest  
 Of his indulgent Father, to arrest  
 His great and sacred Person ; in disgrace,  
 To spit and spangle upon his Sun-bright face ;  
 To taunt him with base termes ; and, being bound,  
 To scourge his soft, his trembling sides ; to wound  
 His head with Thornes ; his heart, with humane feares ;  
 His hands, with nayles ; and his pale Flanck with speares ;  
 And, then, to paddle in the purer streme  
 Of his spilt Blood, is more than most extreame :  
 Great Builder of mankind, canst thou propound  
 All this to thy bright eyes, and not confonnd  
 Thy handy-work ? O, canst Thou choose but see,  
 That mad'st the Eye ? Can ought be hid from Thee ?  
 Thou seest our persons, L O R D, and not our Guilt ;  
 Thou seest not what thou maist ; but what thou wilt :  
 The Hand, that form'd us, is enforc'd to be  
 A Screene set up betwixt thy Work and Thee :  
 Looke, looke upon that Hand, and thou shalt spy  
 An open wound, a Throughfare for thine Eye,  
 Or if that wound be clos'd, that passage be  
 Deny'd betweene Thy gracious eyes, and me,  
 Yet view the Scarre, That Scarre will countermand  
 Thy Wrath : O read my Fortune in thy Hand.

ook 3. EMBLEMES.

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S. C H R Y S. Hom. 4. Ioan.

Fooles seeme to abound in wealth, when they want all things ;  
they seeme to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are onely most mi-  
serable ; neither do they understand that they are deluded by their  
fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. G R E G. in mo.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we  
tive to seeme outwardly wise.

EPIG. 2.

Rebellious foole, what has thy Folly done ?  
Controld thy G O D, and crucified His Son :  
How sweetly has the L O R D of life deceiv'd thee ?  
Thou shedst His Blood, and that shed Blood has sav'd thee.

## III.



W. Simpson Sculp.

Haue mercy on me o<sup>l</sup> for I am weake  
o<sup>l</sup> heal<sup>e</sup> me for my bones art vexed

## III.

## PSAL. VI. II.

*H*ave mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak;  
*O* Lord heale me, for my bones  
 are vexed.

*Soule.**Iesu.*

- Soul.* A H, Son of David, help : *Ies.* What sinfull crie  
*Ies.* Implores the Son of David ? *Soul.* It is I :  
*Ies.* Who art thou ? *Soul.* Oh, a deeply wounded brest  
 That's heavy laden, and would faine have rest.  
*Ies.* I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed  
 Like hounshold Children, with the childrens bread :  
*Soul.* True Lord ; yet tolerate a hungry whelp  
 To lick thsir crums : O, Son of David, help.  
*Ies.* Poore Soule, what ail'st thou ? *Soul.* O I burne, I fry ;  
 I cannot rest ; I know not where to fly  
 To find some ease ; I turne my blubber'd face  
 From man to man ; I roule from place to place,  
 T'avoid my tortures, to obtaine relieve,  
 But still am dogg'd and haunted with my griefe :  
 My midnight torments call the sluggish light,  
 And when the morning's come, they woo the night.  
*Ies.* Surcease thy teares, and speake thy free desires ;  
*Soul.* Quench, quench my flames, & swage these scorching fires:

K

*Ies.*

*Ies.* Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy griefe :

*Soul.* Lord, I believe ; Lord, help my unbelieve :

*Ies.* Hold forth thy Arme, and let my fingers try

Thy Pulse ; where (chiefly) does thy torment lie ?

*Soul.* From head to foot; it raignes in ev'ry part,  
But playes the selfe-law'd Tyrant in my heart.

*Ies.* Canst thou digest? canst relish wholsome food ?

How stands thy tast ? *Soul.* To nothing that is good;

All sinfull trash, and earths unsav'ry stufte

I can digest, and relish well enough :

*Ies.* Is not thy bloud as cold as hot, by turves ?

*Soul.* Cold to what's good ; to what is bad, it burns :

*Ies.* How old's thy griefe ? *Soul.* I tooke it at the Fall

With eating Fruit. *Ies.* 'Tis Epidemicall ;

Thy blood's infected, and th'Infection sprung

From a bad Liver : 'Tis a Fever strong,

And full of death, unlesse, with present speed,

A veine be op'ned ; Thou must die, or bleed.

*Soul.* O I am faint, and spent : That Launce that shall

Let forth my bloud, lets forth my life withall ;

My soule wants Cordialls, and has greater need

Of blood, than (being spent so farre) to bleed :

I faint already : If I bleed, I die :

*Ies.* 'Tis either thou must bleed, sicke soule, or I :

My blood's a cordiall : He that suckes my veines,

Shall cleanse his owne, and conquer greater paines

Than these : Cheere up : this precious Blood of mine

Shall cure thy Griefe ; my heart shall bleed for thine :

Believe, and view me with a faithfull eye ;

Thy soule shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

# EMBLEMES.

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S. A V G V S T. lib. 10. Confess.

Lord, Be mercifull unto me : Ab me : Behold, I bide not my  
wounds : Thou art a Physitian, and I am sicke ; Thou art merci-  
ful, and I am miserable.

S. G R E G. in Pastoral.

O W y s d o m e , w i t h h o w s w e e t a n a r t d o e s t h y w i n e a n d c y l e re-  
m e a h l i b t o m y b e a h l b l e s s e s o u l e ! H o w p o w e r f u l l y m e r c i f u l l y  
m e r c i f u l l y p o w e r f u l l a r t t h o u ! P o w e r f u l l , f o r m e , M e r c i f u l l ,  
m e !

EPIG. 3.

Canst thou be sick, and such a Doctor by ?  
Thou canst not live, unlessle thy Doctor die :  
Strange kind of griefe, that finds no med'cine good  
To swage her paines, but the Physitians Blood.

K 2



Look vpon my affliction & misery  
forgive mee all my sinnes

W.R.S.

## IV.

## PSAL. XXV. XVIII.

*Looke upon my affliction and my paine, and  
forgive all my finnes.*

BOTH worke, and stroakes ? Both lash, and labour too ?  
What more could Edom, or proud Ashur doe ?  
Stripes after stripes ? and blowves succeeding blowes ?  
Lord, has thy scourge no mercy, and my woes  
No end ? My paines no ease ? No intermission ?  
Is this the state ? Is this the sad condition  
Of those that trust thee ? Will thy goodnesse please  
To allow no other favours ? None but these ?  
Will not the Rethrick of my torments move ?  
Are these the symptom<sup>s</sup>? these the signes of love ?  
It's not enough, enough that I fulfill  
The toylsome task of thy laborious Mill ?  
May not this labour expiate, and purge  
My sinne, without th'addition of thy scourge ?  
Looke on my cloudy broyv, how fast it raines  
Sad showers of sweat, the fruits of fruitlesse paines :  
Behold these ridges ; see what purple furrowes  
Thy plow has made ; O think upon those sorrowes,  
That once were thine ; wilt, wilt thou not be woo'd  
To mercy, by the charmes of sweat and blood ?  
Canst thou forget that drowsie Mount, wherein  
Thy dull Disciples slept ? Was not my sinne

There, punish'd in thy soule ? Did not this brow  
Then sweat in thine ? Were not those drops snow ?  
Remember Golgotha, where that spring-tide  
Overflow'd thy sov'raigne Sacramentall side ;  
There was no sinne ; there was no guilt in Thee,  
That call'd those paines ; Thou sweatst ; thou bledst for me.  
Was there not blood enough, when one small drop  
Had pow'r to ransome thousand worlds, and stop  
The mouth of Justice ? Lord, I bled before,  
In thy dee pe wounds : Can Justice challenge more?  
Or doest thou vainly labour to hedge in  
Thy losses from my sides ? My blood is thin ;  
And thy free bounty scornes such easie thrift ;  
No, no, thy blood came not as lone, but gift :  
But must I ever grinde ? And must I earne  
Nothing but stripes ? O, wilt thou disalterne  
The rest thou gav'st ? Hast thou perus'd the curse  
Thou laidst on Adams fall, and made it worse ?  
Canst thou repent of mercy ? Heav'n thought good  
Lost man should feed in sweat; not work in blood :  
Why dost thou wound th' already wounded brest ?  
Ah me ; my life is but a paine at best ?  
I am but dying dust : my dayes, a span ;  
What pleasure tak'st thou in the blood of man ?  
Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere ;  
Send fewer stroakes, or lend more strength to beare.

S. BERN. Hom. 81 in Cant.

Miserable man ! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this  
shamefull bondage ? I am a miserable man ; but a free man ; free,  
because a man ; Miserable, because a servant : In regard of my  
bondage, miserable ; In regard of my will, inexcusable : For my  
will, that was free, bestrode it selfe to sinne, by assenting to sinne ;  
where that commits sin, is the servant to sinne.

## EPIG. 4.

Taxe not thy God : Thine owne defaults did urge  
This twofold punishment; the Mill, the Scourge :  
Thy sin's the Author of thy selfe-tormenting :  
Thou grind'it for sinning ; scourg'd for not repenting;



Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast  
made me as the clay, & wilt thou bring  
me into dust againe? Job. 30. 9. will sing. See:

## V.

## IOB X. IX.

*Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast  
made me as the clay, and wilt thou  
bring me to dust againe?*

Thus from the bosome of the new-made earth,  
Poore man was delv'd, and had his unborne birth :  
The same the stiffe; the selfe-same hand does trim  
The Plant that fades; the Beast that dies; and Him :  
One was their Syre; one was their common mother ;  
Plants are his sisters; and the Beast; his brother,  
The elder too, Beasts draw the selfe-same breath,  
Waxe old alike, and die the selfe same-death :  
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes arrayd ;  
Alike they flourish, and alike they fade :  
The beast, in sense, exceeds him; and, in growth,  
The three-ag'd Oake doth thrice exceed them both :  
Why look'st thou then so big, thou little span  
Of earth ? What art thou more, in being man ?  
I; but my great Creator did inspire  
My chosen earth with that diviner fire  
Of Reason ; gave me Judgement, and a Will ;  
That, to know good ; this, to chuse good from ill :  
He put the raines of pow'r in my free hand,  
And jurisdiction over sea and land :

He gave me art, to lengthen out my span  
Of life, and made me all, in being man :  
I ; but thy Passion has committed treason  
Against the sacred person of thy Reason ;  
Thy Judgement is corrupt; perverse thy Will ;  
That knowes no good ; and this makes choice of ill :  
The greater height sends downe the deeper fall,  
And good, declin'd, turnes bad; turnes worst of all :  
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can  
Thy greatness claime the more in being man ?  
O, but my soule transends the pitch of nature,  
Borne up by th' Image of her high Creator ;  
Out-braves the life of reason, and beats downe  
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen Crowne ;  
My earth's a living Temple t'entertaine  
The King of Glory, and his glorious traine :  
How can I mend my Title then ? where can  
Ambition find a higher stile than man ?  
Ah, but that Image is defac'd and soil'd ;  
Her Temple's raz'd, her altars all desil'd ;  
Her vessels are polluted, and distain'd  
With loathed lust ; her ornaments prophan'd ;  
Her oyle-forsaken lamps, and hallow'd Tapours  
Put out ; her incense breaths unsav'ry vapours :  
Why swel'l'st thou then so big, thou little span  
Of earth ? What art thou more in being man ?  
Eternall Potter, whose blest hands did lay  
My course foundation from a sod of clay,  
Thou know'st my slender vessell's apt to leake ;  
Thou know'st my brittle Temper's prone to breake ;  
Are my Bones Brazzill, or my Flesh of Oake ?  
O, mend what thou haft made, what I have broke :  
Looke, looke with gentle eyes, and in thy day  
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. A V G V S T. Soliloq. 32.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madest me, without whom nothing was made: Thou art my Maker, and I thy worke: I thanke thee my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things subsist, because thou madest me: I thanke thee ô my Potter, because thy hands have made me, because thy hands have formed me.

## E P I G. 5.

Why swell'st thou, Man, puffed up with Fame, and Purse?  
Th'art better earth, but borne to dig the worse:  
Thou cam'st from earth, to earth thou must returne;  
And art but earth, cast from the wombe, to th'urne.



What shall I do vnto thee, o thou =  
preserver of men; why hast thou set  
mee as a markē against thee. Job. 7. 20.

*W. Marshall. Sculpsit.*

## VI.

## IOB VII. XX.

*I have sinned: What shall I do unto thee, O  
thou preserver of men; why hast thou  
set me as a marke against thee?*

Lord I have done : and Lord, I have misdone ;  
 Tis folly to contest, to strive with one,  
 That is too strong ; 'tis folly to affaile  
 Or prove an Arme, that will, that must prevaile ?  
 I've done, I've done ; these trembling hands have throwne,  
 Their daring weapons downe : The day's thine owne :  
 Forbear to strike, where thou hast won the field ;  
 The palme, the palme is thine : I yeeld, I yeeld .  
 These treach'rous hands, that were so vainly bold  
 To try a thrivelesse combat, and to hold  
 Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended  
 For mercy from thy hand ; that knee that bended  
 Vpon her guardlesse guard, does now repent  
 Vpon this naked floore ; See, both are bent,  
 And sue for pitie ; O, my ragged wound  
 Is deep and desp'rate ; it is drench'd and drown'd  
 In blood, and briny teares : It does begin  
 To stink without, and putrifie within :  
 Let that victorious hand, that now appeares  
 But in my blood, prove gracious to my teares :

Thou

Thou great Preserver of presumptuous man,  
What shall I do ? What satisfaction can  
Poore dust and ashes make ? O, if that blood  
That yet remaines unshed, were halfe as good  
As blood of Oxen ; if my death might be  
An offring to attone my God and me,  
I would disdaine injurious life, and stand  
A suiter to be wounded from thy hand :  
But may thy wrongs be measur'd by the span  
Of life ? or balanc'd with the blood of man ?  
No, no, eternall sin expects, for guardon,  
Eternall penance, or eternall pardon :  
Lay downe thy weapons ; turne thy wrath away ;  
And pardon him that hath no price to pay ;  
Enlarge that soule, which base presumption binds ;  
Thy justice cannot loose what mercy finds :  
O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,  
Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed :  
Lord, if the peevish Infant fights, and flies,  
With unpar'd weapons, at his mothers eyes,  
Her frownes (halfe mixt with smiles) may chance to show  
An angry love-trick on his armes, or so ;  
Where, if the babe but make a lip, and cry,  
Her heart begins to melt ; and, by and by,  
She coakes his deawy cheeks ; her babe she blisstes,  
And choaks her language with a thousand kisses :  
I am that child ; loe, here I prostrate lie,  
Pleading for mercy : I repent, and cry  
For gracious pardon : let thy gentle eares  
Heare that in words, what mothers judge in teares :  
See not my fraulties, Lord, but through my feare,  
And looke on ev'ry trespass through a teare :  
Then calme thy anger, and appeare more milke :  
Remember, th'art a Father ; I, a child.

S. BERN. Ser. 21 in Cant.

Miserable man! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this  
shamefull bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man: Free,  
because like to God, miserable, because against God: O keeper  
of mankind, why hast thou set me as a marke against thee? Thou  
hast set me, because thou hast not hindre me: It is just that thy  
enemy should be my enemy, and that he who repaignes thee, should  
repaigne me: I who am against thee, am against myselfe.

## EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight? But borne, and then rebell?  
How small a blast will make a bubble swell?  
But dare the floore affront the hand that laid it?  
So apt is dust to fly in's face that made it.



Wherfore hidest thou thy face, or  
holdest mee for thine Enemy. Job: 33.24

w.s.sc.

## VII.

## IOB XIII. XXIV.

*Wherfore hidest thou thy face, and holdest  
me for thy enemie?*

Why dost thou shade thy lovely face ? O why  
Does that ecclipsing hand, so long, deny  
The Sun-shine of thy soule-enliv'ning eye ?

Without that *Light*, what light remaines in me ?  
Thou art my *Life*, my *Way*, my *Light* ; in Thee  
I live, I move, and by thy beames I see :

Thou art my *Life*. If thou but turne away,  
My life's a thousand deaths : thou art my *Way* ;  
Without thee, Lord, I travell not, but stray.

My *Light* thou art ; without thy glorious sight,  
Mine eyes are darkned with perpetuall night .  
My God, thou art my *Way*, my *Life*, my *Light*.

Thou art my *Way* ; I wander, if thou flie :  
Thou art my *Light* ; If hid, how blind am I ?  
Thou art my *Life* ; If thou withdraw, I die :

Mine eyes are blind and darke ; I cannot see ;  
To whom, or whether should my darknesse flee,  
But to the *Light*? And who's that *Light* but Thee ?

My path is lost ; my wandring steps do stray ;  
 I cannot safely go, nor safely stay ;  
 Whom should I seek but Thee, my *Path*, my *Way* ?

O, I am dead : To whom shall I, poore I  
 Repaire ? To whom shall my sad Ashes fly.  
 But *Life* ? And where is *Life* but in thine eye ?

And yet thou turn'st away thy face, and fly'st me ;  
 And yet I sue for Grace, and thou deny'st me ;  
 Speake, art thou angry, Lord, or onely try'st me ?

Vnskeene those heav'ly lamps, or tell me why  
 Thou shad'st thy face ; Perhaps, thou think'st, no eye  
 Can view those flames, and not drop downne and die :

If that be all ; shine forth, and draw thee nigher ;  
 Let me behold and die ; for my desire  
 Is *Phoenix*-like to perish in that Fire.

Death-conquer'd *Laz'rus* was redeem'd by Thee ;  
 If I am dead, Lord set deaths prisner free ;  
 Am I more spent, or stink I worse than he ?

If my pufst light be out, give leave to tine  
 My flamelesse snuffe at that bright *Lamp* of thine ;  
 O what's thy *Light* the lesse for lighting mine ?

If I have lost my *Path*, great Shepheard, say,  
 Shall I still wander in a doubtfull way ?  
 Lord, shall a Lamb of *Isr'el's* sheepfold stray ?

Thou art the Pilgrims *Path*; the blind mans *Eye* ;  
 The dead mans *Life* ; on thec my hopes rely ;  
 If thou remove, I err ; I grope ; I die :

Disclose thy Sun-beames ; close thy wings, and stay ;  
 See see, how I am blind, and dead, and stray,  
 O thou, that art my *Light*, my *Life*, my *Way*.

## S. AVGVST. Soliloq. Cap. 1.

*Why dost thou bide thy face? Happily thou wilt say, none can  
see thy face and live: Ab Lord, let me die, that I may see thee;  
let me see thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; That  
I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, &  
despise life.*

## ANSEL M. Med. Cap. 5.

*O excellent biding, which is become my perfection! My God,  
thou bidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire; Thou bidest thy  
parle, to inflame the seeker; thou delay'st to give, that thou maiest  
lack me to importune; seem'st not to heare, to make me persever;*

## EPIG. 7.

*Theav'n's all-quicnning Eyes vouchsafe to shine  
Vpon our soules, we flignt; If not, we whine:  
Our Equinoctiall hearts can never lie  
True, beneath the Tropicks of that eye.*



O that my Head were waters, and  
mine eyes a fountaine of teares!

Ier: 9.3.

Will. Marshall sculptit.

## VIII.

## JER. IX. I.

O that my head were waters, and mine  
eyes a fountaine of teares, that I might  
weepe day and night.

O That mine eyes were springs, and could transforme  
Their drops to seas ! My sighs, into a storme  
Of Zeale, and sacred Violence, wherein  
This lab'ring vessell, laden with her sin,  
Might suffer sodaine shipwracke, and be split  
Upon that Rock, where my drench'd soule may sit  
Orewhelm'd with plenteous passion ; O, and there  
Drop, drop into an everlasting teare !  
Ah me ! that ev'ry sliding veine that wanders  
Through this vast Isle, did worke her wild Meanders  
In brackish teares, instead of blood, and swell  
This flesh with holy Dropes, from whose Well,  
Made warme with sighs, may tame my wasting breath,  
Whilst I dissolve in steames, and reeke to death !  
These narrow sluices of my dribbling eyes  
Are much too streight for those quick springs that rise,  
And hourly fill my Temples to the top ;  
I cannot shed for ev'ry sin a drop :  
Great builder of mankind, why hast thou sent  
Such swelling floods, and made so small a vent ?

O that this flesh had been compos'd of snow,  
Instead of earth ; and bones of Ice, that so,  
Feeling the Fervor of my sin ; and lothing  
The fire I feele, I might be thaw'd to nothing !  
O thou, that didst, with hopefull joy, entombe  
Me thrice three Moones in thy laborious wombe,  
And then, with joyfull paine, broughtst forth a Son,  
What worth thy labour, has thy labour done ?  
What was there ? Ah ! what was there in my birth  
That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth ?  
A man was borne : Alas, and what's a man ?  
A scuttle full of dust, a measur'd span  
Of flitting Time ; a furnish'd Pack, whose wares  
Are sullen Griefs, and soule-tormenting Cares :  
A vale of teares ; a vessell tunn'd with breath,  
By sicknesse broacht, to be drawne out by death :  
A haplesse, helplesse thing ; that, borne, does cry  
To feed ; that feeds to live ; that lives to die.  
Great God and Man, whose eyes spent drops so often  
For me, that cannot weepe enough ; O soften  
These marble braines, and strike this flinty rock ;  
Or if the musick of thy Peters Cock  
Will more prevaile, fill, fill my hearkning eares  
With that sweet sound, that I may melt in teares :  
I cannot weepe, untill thou broach mine eye ;  
Or give me vent, or els I burst, and die.

S. A M B R O S. in Psal. 118.

*He that committs sinnes to be wept for, cannot weepe for sinnes committed: And being himselfe most lamentable, hath no teares to lament his offences.*

N A Z I A N Z. Orat. 3.

*Teares are the deluge of sinne, and the worl'ds sacrifice.*

S. H I E R O M. in Esaiam.

*Prayer appeaseth God, but a teare compels him: That moves him but this constraines him*

### E P I G . 8.

Earth is an Island ported round with Feares;  
The way to Heav'n is through the Sea of teares:  
It is a stormy passage, where is found  
The wracke of many a ship, but no man drown'd.



The sorroues of hell haue encompas  
sed me the snares of death haue o  
ueraken me - psal. 17: Will Simpson.

## IX.

## PSAL. XVIII. V.

*The sorrowes of hell compassed me about,  
and the snares of death pre-  
vented me.*

Is not this Type well cut ? In ev'ry part  
Full of rich' cunning ? fil'd with Zeuxian Art ?  
Are not the Hunters, and their Stygean Hounds  
Limm'd full to th' life ? Didst ever heare the sounds,  
The musicke, and the lip-divided breaths  
Of the strong-winded Horne, Recheats, and deaths  
Done more exact ? Th' infernall Ni nrods hollow ?  
The lawlesse Purlieus? and the Game they follow ?  
The hidden Engines ? and the snares that lie  
So undiscover'd, so obscure to th' eye ?  
The new-drawne net ? and her entangled Pray ?  
And him that closes it ? Beholder, say,  
Is't not well done ? seemes not an em'lous strife  
Betwixt the rare cut picture, and the life ?  
These Purlieu-men are Devils ; And the Hounds,  
(Those quick-nos'd Canibals that scourre the grounds)  
Temptations ; and the Game these Fiends pursue,  
Are humane soules, which still they have in yiew ;  
Whose Fury if they chance to scape, by flying,  
The skilfull Hunter plants his net, close lying

On th' unsuspected earth, baited with treasure,  
 Ambitions honour, and selfe-wasting pleasure ;  
 Where if the soule but stoope, death stands prepar'd  
 To draw the net, and drawne, the soule's ensnar'd.  
 Poore soule ! how art thou hurried to and fro ?  
 Where canst thou safely stay ? where safely go ?  
 If stay; these hot-mouth'd Hounds are apt to teare thee,  
 If goe ; the snares enclose, the nets ensnare thee :  
 What good in this bad world has pow'r t'invite thee  
 A willing Guest ? wherein can earth delight thee ?  
 Her pleasures are but Itch ; Her wealth, but Cares ;  
 A world of dangers, and a world of snares :  
 The close Pursuers busie hands do plant  
 Snares in thy substance ; Snares attend thy want ;  
 Snares in thy credit ; Snares in thy disgrace ;  
 Snares in thy high estate ; Snares in thy base ;  
 Snares tuck thy bed ; and Snares aitround thy boord ;  
 Snares watch thy thoughts ; and Snares attache thy word ;  
 Snares in thy quiet ; Snares in thy commotion ;  
 Snares in thy diet ; Snares in thy devotion ;  
 Snares lurk in thy resolves ; Snares, in thy doubt ;  
 Snares lie within thy heart, and Snares, without ;  
 Snares are above thy head, and Snares, beneath ;  
 Snares in thy sicknesse ; Snares are in thy death ;  
 O, if these Purlieus be so full of danger,  
 Great God of Harts, the worlds sole sov'reigne Ranger,  
 Preserve thy Deere, and let my soule be blest  
 In thy safe Forrest, where I seeke for rest :  
 Then let the Hell-hounds roare ; I feare no ill ;  
 Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. A M B R O S. Lib. 4 in Cap. 4 Lucæ.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacie of dñe,  
and the beauty of a barlet are the snares of the Devil.

S. A M B R O S. de bono mortis.

Whileſt thou ſeekeft pleasures, thou runnēſt into ſnares for the  
ge of the barlet is the ſnare of the Adulterer.

### SAVANAR.

In eating, he ſets before us Gluttony; In generation, luxury;  
In labour, fluggiſhneſſe; In conuerſing, envy; in governing, co-  
ſcenouſneſſe; In correcting, anger; In honour, pride; In the  
ngt, he eſt evill thoughts; In the mouth, evill words; in action, evill workes; when awake, he moves us to evill actions;  
when aſleepe, to filthy dreames.

### EPIG. 9.

Be ſad, my Heart, Deep dangers wait thy mirth;  
Thy ſoule's way-laid by ſea; by Hell; by earth;  
Hell has her hounds; Earth, ſnares; the Sea, a ſhelfe;  
But moſt of all, my heart, beware thy ſelſe.



Enter not into judgment with thy  
servant for no man living shall be  
iustified in thy sight      Will Simpson

## X.

## PSAL. CXLI. II.

*Enter not into judgement with thy servants,  
for in thy sight shall no man living  
bee justified.*

Iesus.

Justice.

Sinner.

- Ie. Bring forth the prisner, Justice. *Just.* Thy commands  
Are done, just Judge ; See, here the prisner stands.  
lef. What has the prisner done ? Say; what's the cause  
Of his committment ? *Just.* He has broke the lawes  
Of his too gracious God ; conspir'd the death  
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,  
And heapes transgression, Lord, upon transgression :  
lef. How know'ſt thou this ? *Just.* Ev'n by his own confession:  
His sinnes are crying; and they cry'd aloud ;  
They cry'd to heav'n ; they cry'd to heav'n for blood :  
lf. What sayſt thou sinner ? Hast thou ought to plead,  
That sentence should not paſſe ? Hold up thy head,  
And shew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.  
Sin. Ah me ! I dare not : I'm too vile, and base,  
To tread upon thy earth, much more, to lift  
Mine eyes to heav'n ; I need no other shrift  
Than mine owne conscience ; Lord, I must confesse,  
I am no more than dust, and no whit lesse

Than

Than my Inditement stiles me ; Ah, if thou  
Search too severe, with too severe a Brow,  
What Flesh can stand ? I have transg:est thy lawes ;  
My merits plead thy vengeance ; not my cause.

*Just.* Lord shall I strike the blow ? *Ies.* Hold, Justice, stay,  
Sinner, speake on ; what hast thou more to say ?

*Sin.* Vile as I am, and of my selfe abhor'd,  
I am thy handy-worke, thy creature, Lord,  
Stamp't with thy glorious Image, and at first,  
Most like to thee, though now a poore accurst  
Convicted Caitiffe, and degen'rous creature,  
Hete trembling at thy Bar. *Just.* Thy fault's the greatest  
Lord shall I strike the blow ? *Ies.* Hold, Justice, stay,  
Speake, sinner ; hast thou nothing more to say ?

*Sin.* Nothing but *Mercy, Mercy* ; Lord, my state  
Is miserably poore, and desperate ;  
I quite renounce my selfe, the world, and flee  
From Lord to *Iesus*; from thy selfe, to Thee ,

*Just.* Cease thy vaine hopes ; my angry God has vow'd:  
Abused mercy must have blood for blood :  
Shall I yet strike the blow ? *Ies.* Stay, Justice, hold ;  
My bowals yearnc, my fainting blood growves cold,  
To view the trembling wretch ; Me thinks, I spye  
My fathers Image in the prisners eye :

*Just.* I cannot hold. *Ies.* Then turne thy thirsty blade  
Into my sides : let there the wound be made :  
Cheare up, deare soule ; Redeeme thy life with mine :  
My soule shall smart ; My heart shall bleed for thine.

*Sin.* O ground-lesse deepes ! O love beyond degree !  
Th'offended dies, to set th'offender free.

Lord, if I have done that, for which thou mayest damne me ;  
thou hast not lost that, whereby thou mayest save me : Remember  
sweet Jesus, thy Justice against the sinner, but thy benignity  
towards thy Creature : Remember not to proceed against a guilty  
soul, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch : For  
the insolence of the provoker, and behold the misery of the in-  
nocent ; for what is Jesus but a Saviour ?

## A N S E L M.

Have resspell to what thy Sonne hath done for me , and forges  
what my sinnes have done against thee : My flesh hath provoked  
thee to vengeance ; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy : It  
is much that my rebellions have deserved ; but it is more that my  
sinner hath merited .

## E P I C H . 10 .

Mercy of mercies ! He that was my drudge  
is now my Advocate, is now my Judge :  
He suffers, pleads, and sentences, alone ;  
Thee I adore, and yet adore but One.



Let not the water-flood overflow me,  
neither let the deepe swallow me up:  
Ps: 69.15. Will:Simpson sculpsit -

## XI.

## PSAL. LXIX. XV.

*Let not the water-flood over-flow me,  
neither let the deepes swal-  
low me up.*

THE world's a Sea ; my flesh, a ship, that's man'd  
With lab'ring Thoughts ; and steer'd by Reasons hand :  
My heart's the Sea-mans Card, whereby she sailes ;  
My loose Affections are the greater Sailes :  
The Top-saile is my Fancy ; and the Gusts  
That fill these wanton Sheets, are worldly Lusts.  
Pray'r is the Cable, at whose end appeares  
The Anchor Hope, nev'r slipt but in our feares :  
My Will's th'unconstant Pilot, that commands  
The strigging Keele ; my Sinnes are like the Sands :  
Repentance is the Bucket ; and mine Eye  
The Pumpe, unus'd (but in extremes) and dry :  
My conscience is the Plummet, that does preſe  
The deepes, but ſeldom eryes, A fathom leſſe :  
Smooth Calm's security ; The Gulph, despaire ;  
My Freight's Corruption, and this Life's my Fare :  
My ſoule's the Passenger, confus'dly driven  
From feare to fright ; her landing Port, is Heaven.  
My ſeas are stormy, and my Ship does leake ;  
My Saylers rude : My Steersman faint and weake :

My Canvace torne, it flaps from side to side ;  
My Cable's crackt ; my Anchor's slightly ty'd ;  
My Pilot's craz'd ; my shipwrack sands are cloak'd ;  
My Bucket's broken, and my Pump is choak'd ;  
My Calm's deceitfull ; and my Gulph too neare :  
My wares are flubber'd ; and my Fare's too deare :  
My Plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound ;  
**O** shall my Rock-bethreatned Soule be drown'd ?  
Lord still the seas, and shield my ship from harme ;  
Instruct my saylours ; guide my Steersmans Arme ;  
Touch thou my Compasse, and renew my Sails ;  
Send stiffer courage, or send milder gales ;  
Make strong my Cable ; bind my Anchor faster ;  
Direct my Pilot, and be thou his Master ;  
**O**bject the Sands to my more serious view,  
Make sound my Bucket ; bore my Pump anew ;  
New cast my Plummet, make it apt to try  
Where the Rocks lurke, and where the Quicksands lie ;  
**G**uard thou the Gulph, with love ; my Calmes, with Care ;  
Cleanse thou my Freight ; accept my slender Fare ;  
Refresh the sea-sick passenger ; cut short  
His Voyage ; land him in his wished Port :  
Thou, thou, whom winds and stormy seas obey,  
That, through the deeps, gav'it grumbl'n, Isr'ell way,  
Say to my soule, be safe ; and then mine eye  
Shall scorne grim death, although grim death stand by ;  
**O** thou whose strength-reviving Arme did cherish  
Thy sinking **Peter**, at the point to perish,  
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the Wave,  
**I**le come, **I**le come, The voice that calls will save.

S. A M B R O S. Apol. post. pro David. Cap. 3.

The confluence of lusts make a great Tempest, which in this sea  
disturbes the sea; aring soule, that reason cannot governe it.

S. A V G V S T. Soliloq. Cap. 35.

We labour in a boysterous sea: Thou standest upon the shore  
and seekest our dangers: Giue us grace to hold a middle course, be-  
twixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers escaped, we may ar-  
rive at our Port, secure.

#### EPIG. II.

My soule; the seas are rough; and thou a stranger  
In these false coasts; O keep aloofe; there's danger:  
Cast forth thy Plummet; see a rock appeares;  
Thy ship wants sea-roome; Make it with thy teares.



O that thou wouldest protect me in the graue,  
and hide me untill thy furie be past :  
Job 14 Will: Simpson sculps:

## XII.

## IOB XIV. XIII.

*O that thou wouldest bide me in the grave,  
and thou wouldest keepe me secret untill  
thy wrath be past.*

*O Whether shall I flee? what path untrod  
Shall I seeke out, to scape the flaming rod  
Of my offendēd, of my angry God?*

*Where shall I sojourne? What kind sea will hide  
My head from Thunder? where shall I abide,  
Untill his flames be quench'd, or laid aside!*

*What if my feet should take their hasty flight,  
And seeke protection in the shades of night?  
Alas, no shades can blind the God of Light:*

*What, if my soule should take the wings of day,  
And find some desart; if she spring away,  
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they:*

*What if some solid Rock should entertaine  
My frighted soule? Can solid Rocks restraine  
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twaine?*

*Nor Sea, nor Shade, nor Shield, nor Rock, nor Cave,  
Nor silent desarts, nor the sullen grave,  
There flame-ey'd fury meanes to smite, can save.*

The Seas will part ; graves open ; Rocks will split ;  
 The shield will cleave ; the frightened shadowes fly ;  
 Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.

No, no, if sterne-brow'd vengeance meanes to thunder,  
 There is no place above, beneath, nor under,  
 So close, but will unlocke, or rive in sunder.

\*Tis vaine to flee ; 'Tis neither here nor there  
 Can scape that hand untill that hand forbear ;  
 Ah me ! where is he not, that's every where ?

\*Tis vaine to flee ; till gentle mercy shew  
 Her better eye, the farther off we go,  
 The swing of Justice deales the mightier blow :

Th'ingenious child, corrected, does not flie  
 His angry mothers hand, but clings more nigh,  
 And quenches, with his teares, her flaming eye.

Shadowes are faithlesse, and the rockes are false ;  
 No trust in brasie ; no trust in marble wals ;  
 Poore Cotts are ev'n as faire as Princes Hals :

Great God, there is no safety here below ;  
 Thou art my Fortresse, though thou seem'st my foe,  
 'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow :

Thou art my God ; by thee I fall or stand ;  
 Thy Grace hath giv'n me courage to withstand  
 All tortures, but my Conscience, and thy Hand.

I knew thy Justice is thy selfe ; I know,  
 Just God, thy very selte is mercy too ;  
 If not to thee, where? whether should I go ?

Then work thy will ; If passion bid me flee,  
 My Reason shall obey ; my wings shall be  
 Stretcht out no further than from Thee to Thee.

S. A V G V S T. in Psal. 30.

Whethir flic I? To what place can I saely flic? To what mountaine? To what den? To what strong house? What Castle shall I hold? What wals shall hold me? Whethirsoever I go, myselfe followes me: For whatsoever thou fyest, o man, thou mayst, but thy owne Conscience: wheresoever O Lord I go, I finde thee, if angry a Reverger; if appeas'd, a Redemer: What way have I, but to flee from thee, to thee: That thou maist avoid thy God, address thee to thy Lord.

## EPIG. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? Can thy feares command  
No Rocks to shield thee from her thundring hand?  
Know'st thou not where to scape? He tell thee where;  
My soule make cleane thy Conscience; Hide thee there.



*Are not my dayer few? Cease then, and  
let me alone that I may bewayle me a little.*

*Lob . 30 . 20 .*

*will: simpson. sculpsit*

## XIIII.

## IOB X. XX.

*Are not my dayes few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may bewaile my selfe a little.*

MY Glasse is halfe unspent: Forbear t'arrest  
My thriflesie day too soone: My poore request  
that my glasse may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minutus wilbe done  
Without thy help; See, see how swift they run;  
Out not my thred before my thred be spun:

The gaine's not great I purchase by this stay;  
What losse sustain'st thou by so small delay,  
To whom ten thousand yeares are but a day.

My following eye can hardly make a shift  
To count my winged houres; they flie so swift,  
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheelles of hurrying Time do give  
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,  
That I am dead before I seeme to live:

And what's a life? A weary Pilgrimage,  
Whose glory, in one day, doth fill the stage  
With Childhood, Manhood, and decrepit Age.

And what's a Life; the flourishing Array  
Of the proud Summer meadow, which to day  
Weares her greene Plush; and is, to morrow, Hay.

And

And what's a Life ? A blast sustain'd with clothing,  
Maintain'd with food ; retain'd with vile selfe-loathing,  
Then weary of it selfe, again'd to nothing.

Read on this diall, how the shades devoure  
My short-liv'd winters day ; How'r eats up howre ;  
Alas, the total's but from eight to foure.

Behold these Lillies (which thy hands have made)  
Faire copies of my life, and open laid  
'To view) how soone they droop, how soone they fade !

Shade not that diall night will blind too soone ;  
My nonag'd day already points to noone ;  
How simple is my suit ! How small my Boone !

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to while  
The time away, or falsly to beguile  
My thoughts with joy ; Here's nothing worth a smile.

No, no : 'Tis not to please my wanton eares  
With frantick mirth ; I beg but hoyres ; not yeares :  
And what thou giv'st me , I will give to teares.

Draw not that soule which would be rather led ;  
That *Seed* has yet not broke my Serpents head ;  
O shall I die before my sinnes are dead ?

Behold these Rags ; Am I a fitting Guest  
To tast the dainties of thy royll feast,  
With hands and face unwash'd, ungirt, unblest ?

First, let the Iordan streames (that find supplies  
From the deepe fountaine of my heart) arise,  
And cleanse my spots, and cleare my leprous eyes :

I have a world of sinnes to be lamented ;  
I have a sea of teares that must be vented ;  
O spare till then ; and then I die, contented.

S. A V G V S T. lib. 7 de Civit. Dei cap. 10.

The time wherein we live is taken from the space of our life; what remaines is daily made lesse and lesse, insomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a passage to death.

S. G R E G. lib. 9 mor. cap. 44 in Cap. 10 Job.

As moderate afflictions bring teares; so immoderate take away teares; Insomuch that sorrow becomes no sorrow which swalloweth up the mind of the afflicted, takes away the sense of the affliction.

5

### E P I C. 13.

Fear'st thou to go, when such an Arme invites thee?  
Dread'st thou thy loads of sin? or what affrights thee?  
If thou begin to feare, thy feare begins;  
Foole, can he beare thee hence, and not thy sins?



Oh that they were wise, then they would understand this; they would consider their latter end. Deuteronomy 32 · I Payne scul:

## XIV.

## DEUT. XXXII. XXIX.

*that men men were wise, and that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.*

*Flesh.**Spirit.*

What means my sisters eyes so oft to passe  
 Through the long entry of that Optick glasse ?  
 Tell me ; what secret virtue does invite  
 Thy wrinckled eye to such unknownne delight ?  
 It helps the sight ; makes things remote appeare  
 In perfect view ; It drawes the object neare.  
 What sense-delighting objects doest thou spie ?  
 What does that Glasse present before thine eye ?  
 I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,  
 Grim death, even standing at the Glasses end ;  
 His left hand holds a branch of Palme ; his right  
 Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight !  
 And is this all ? does thy Prospective please  
 Th'abused fancy with no shapes but these ?  
 Yes, I behold the dark'ned Sun bereav'n  
 Of all his light, the battlements of heav'n  
 Sweltring in Flames ; the Angell-guarded Sonne  
 Of glory on his high Tribunall Throne ;

I see a Brimstone Sea of boyling Fire,  
 And Fiends, with knotted whips of flaming Wyre,  
 Tort'ring poore soules, that gnash their teeth,in vaine,  
 And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues,for paine;  
 Looke sister, how the queazie-stomack'd Graves  
 Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves  
 Scal'd their consu nelesse bodies, strongly cursing  
 All wombes for bearing, and all paps for nursing:

- ¶.** Can thy distemper'd fancie take delight  
 In view of Tortures ? These are shewes t'affright :  
 Looke in this glasse-Triangular ; looke here,  
 Here's that will ravish eyes. *Sp.* What seest thou there ?
- ¶.** The world in colours ; colours that distaine  
 The cheeks of *Proteus*, or the silken Traine  
 Of *Floras* Nymphs ; such various sorts of hiew,  
 As Sun-confronting *Iris* never knew :  
 Here, if thou please to beautifie a Towne,  
 Thou maist ; or, with a hand, turn't upside downe ;  
 Here, maist thou scant or widen by the measure  
 Of thine owne will ; make short or long, at pleasure :  
 Here maist thou tyre thy fancie , and advize  
 With shewes more apt to please more curious eyes ;
- Sp.** Ah foole ! that dot'st on vaine, on present toyes,  
 And disrespects those true, those future joyes !  
 How strongly are thy thoughts befool'd, Alas,  
 To dote on goods that perish with thy Glasse !  
 Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand !  
 Were they but painted colours, it might stand  
 With painted reason, that they might devote thee ;  
 But things that have no being, to besot thee ?  
 Foresight of future torment is the way  
 To baulk those ills which present joyes bewray ;  
 As thou hast fool'd thy selfe, so now come hither,  
 Break that fond glasse, and let's be wise together.

BONAVENT. de contemptu seculi.

that men would be wise, understand, and foresee : Be wise, know three things : The multitude of those that are to be damned; the few number of those that are to be saved; and the vanity of transitory things : Understand three things ; the multitude of sins, the omission of good things, and the losse of time : Foresee three things, the danger of death, the last judgement, and eternal punishment.

## EPIG. 14.

What soule, no farther yet ? what nev'r commence  
Later in Faith ? Still Batchelour of Sense ?  
Is't insufficiency ? Or what has made thee  
Deslip thy lost degree ? Thy lusts have staid thee.



*My life is spent with grief, & my yeeres  
with sighing. Ps: 30: 10. Wm. sculp:*

## X V.

## PSAL. XXX. X.

*My life is spent with griefe, and my  
yeares with fighing.*

What sullen Starre rul'd my untimely birth,  
That would not lend my dayes one houre of mirth !  
How oft have these bare knees been bent, to gainc  
The slender Almes of one poore smile, in vaine !  
How often, tir'd with the fastidious light,  
Have my faint lips implor'd the shades of night ?  
How often have my nightly Torments praid  
For linging twilight, glutted with the shade !  
Day, worse than night; night, worse than day, appeares ;  
In teares I spend my nights ; my dayes, in teares :  
I moane, unpitti'd ; groane without relieve,  
There is not end, nor measure of my griefe ;  
The smiling flow'r salutes the day ; it growes  
Untouch'd with care ; It neither spins, nor sowes ;  
O that my tedious life were, like this flow'r,  
Or freed from griefe ; or finish'd with an houre :  
Why was I borne ? Why was I borne a man ?  
And why proportion'd by so large a Span ?  
Or why suspended from the common lot,  
And being borne to die, why die I not ?  
Ah me ! why is my sorrow-wasted breath  
Deny'd the easie priviledge of death ?

The branded Slave, that tugs the weary Oare,  
Obtaines the Sabbath of a welcome Shore ;  
His ransom'd stripes are heal'd ; His native soile  
Sweetens the mem'ry of his forreigne toyle :  
But ah ! my sorrowes are not halfe so blest ;  
My labour finds no point ; my paines, no rest :  
I barter sighs for teares ; and teares for Grones,  
Still vainly rolling Sysiphæan stones :  
Thou just Observer of our flying houres,  
That, with thy Adamantine fangs, devoures  
The brazen Monuments of renowned Kings,  
Does thy glasie stand ? Or be thy moulting wings  
Vnapt to flie ? If not, why dost thou spare  
A willing brest ; a brest, that stands so faire ?  
A dying brest, that has but onely breath  
To beg a wound ; and strength, to crave a death :  
O, that the pleased Heav'ns would once dissolve  
These fleshly fetters, that so fast involve  
My hampered soule ; then should my soule be blest  
From all these ills, and wrap her thoughts in rest :  
Till then, my dayes are moneths, my moneths are yeares ;  
My yeares are ages, to be spent in teares :  
My Grief's entayl'd upon my wastfull breath,  
Which no Recov'ry can cut off, but death ;  
Breath drawne in Cottages, pufft out in Thrones,  
Begins, continues, and concludes in Grones.

INNOCENT. de vilitate condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountaine of teares, that I may behale the miserable ingresse of mans condition ; the sinfull progresses of mans conversation, the damnable egresse in mans dissolution ? I will consider with teares, whereof man was made, what man does, and what man is to do : Alas, he is jormed of earib, conceived in finne, borne to punishment ; He does evill things, which are not lawfull ; He does filthy things, which are not decent ; He does vaine things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, Thy life's a debt by Bond, which bears  
A secret date ; The use, is Grones and teares ;  
Dead not ; Vsurious Nature will have all,  
Well the last rest, as the Principall,

N 3



My soule hath coueted to desire thy  
judgement - psal-119 - will songson

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# THE FOVRTH BOOKE.

## I.

### ROM. VII. XXIII.

I see another Law, in my members warring  
against the Law of my mind, & bringing me  
into captivitie to the Law of sin.

O How my will is hurried to and fro,  
And how my unresoly'd resolves do varie !  
O I know not where to fix ; sometimes I goe  
This way; then that; and then the quite contrary:  
I like, dislike ; lament for what I could not ;  
I doe ; undoe ; yet still do what I should not ;  
And at the selfe same instant ; will the Thing I would not.

2  
Thus are my weather-beaten Thoughts opprest  
With th'earth-bred winds of my prodigious will ;  
Thus am I hourely tost from East to West  
Upon the rouling streames of Good and Ill :  
Thus am I driv'n upon these slippery Suddis,  
From reall Ills to false apparent Goods ;  
My life's a troubled sea, compos'd of Ebbs and Floods.

3

The curiouse Penman, having trim'd his Page  
 With the dead language of his dabled Quill,  
 Lets fall a heedlesse drop, then, in a Rage,  
 Cashieres the fruits of his unlucky skill ;  
 Ev'n so my pregnant soule in th'infant bud  
 Of her best thoughts, shewres down a Cole-black flood  
 Of unadvised Ills, and cancels all her Good.

4

Sometimes a sudden flash of sacred heat  
 Warmes my chill soule, and sets my thoughts in frame ;  
 But soone that fire is shouldred from her seat  
 By lustfull Cupids much inferiour flame ;  
 I feele two flames, and yet no flame, entire :  
 Thus are the Mungrill thoughts of mixt desire  
 Consum'd betwixen that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5

Sometimes my trash-disdaining thoughts out-passe  
 The common Period of terrene conceit ;  
 O then, me thinks I scorne the Thing I was,  
 Whilst I stand ravisht at my new Estate :  
 But when th'Icarian wings of my desire  
 Feele but the warmth of their owne native fire,  
 O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

6

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind ;  
 I know the frailty of my fleshly will ;  
 My Passion's Eagle-ey'd, my Judgement, blind ;  
 I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill ;  
 When th'Ostrich wings of my desires shalbe  
 So dull, they cannot mount the least degree,  
 Yet grant my soule desire but of desiring Thee.

S. BERN. Med. 9.

My heart is a vaine heart, a vagabond, and instable heart ;  
 while it is led by its owne judgement, and wanting divine coun-  
 sel, cannot subsist in it selfe, and whilſt it divers wayes seekes  
 ref, finds none, but remaines miserable through labour, and void  
 of peace : It agrees not with it selfe ; it diſſents from it selfe ; it  
 alters resolutions, changes the judgement, frames new thoughts,  
 pulls downe the old, and builds them up againe : It wilſ and wilſ  
 not, and never remaines in the ſame ſtate.

S. A Y E Y S T. de Verb. Apost.

When it would it cannot, because when it might, it would not ;  
 therefore, by an evill will man lost his good power.

## E P I C. I.

My ſoule, how are thy thoughts diſturb'd ! confin'd,  
 Enlarg'd betwixt thy Members, and thy Mind !  
 Fix here, or there ; Thy doubt-depending cause  
 Can nev'r expect one verdict, 'twixt two Lawes.

N 4

1881

EMBLEMES.

Book 4. 100



*Oh that my wayes were directed  
to keepe thy Statutes. Ps. 119. 5.*

*w. Simpson Sculp:*

## II.

## PSAL. CXIX. V.

*O that my wayes were directed to  
keepe thy statutes.*

<sup>1</sup>  
Hus I, the object of the worlds disdaine,  
With Pilgrim-pace, surround the weary earth ;  
only relish what the world counts vaine ;  
Her mirth's my griefe ; her sullen Griefe, my mirth ;  
Her light, my darknesse ; and her Truth, my Error ;  
Her freedome is my Iayle ; and her delight my Terror :

<sup>2</sup>  
Iond earth ! Proportion not my seeming love  
To my long stay ; let not thy thoughts deceive thee ;  
Thou art my Prison, and my Home's above ;  
My life's a Preparation but to leave thee :  
Like one that seeks a doore, I walke about thee,  
With thee I cannot live ; I cannot live without thee.

<sup>3</sup>  
The world's a Lab'inth, whose anfractious wayes  
Are all compos'd of Rubs, and crook'd Meanders ;  
No resting here ; Hee's hurried back that stayes  
A thought ; And he that goes unguided, wanders :  
Her way is dark ; her path untrod, unev'n ;  
So hard's the way from earth ; so hard's the way to Heav'n.  
This

4

This gyring Lab'rinth is betrench'd about  
 On either hand, with streams of sulphurous fire,  
 Stremes closely sliding, erring in and out,  
 But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier ;  
 Where if his footsteps trust their owne Invention,  
**He** fals without redresle, and sinks beyond Deinition.

5

Where shall I seek a Guide ? Where shall I meet  
 Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces ?  
**What** trusty Lanterne will direct my feet  
 To scape the danger of these dang'rous places ?  
 What hopes have I to passe without a Guide ?  
**Where** one gets safly through, a thousand fall beside.

6

An unrequested Starre did gently slide  
 Before the Wisemen, to a greater Light ;  
**Back-sliding Isr'el** found a double Guide ;  
 A Pillar, and a Cloud ; by day , by night :  
 Yet, in my desp'rete dangers, which be farre  
 More great than theirs, I have nor Pillar, Cloud, nor Starre.

7

O, that the pineons of a clipping Dove  
 Would cut my passage, through the empty Ayre ;  
**Mine** eyes being feeld, how would I mount above  
 The reach of danger, and forgotten Care !  
 My backward eyes should nev'r commit that fault,  
 Whose lasting Guilt should build a Monument of Salt.

8

Great God, that art the flowing Spring of Light,  
 Enrich mine eyes with thy resfulgent Ray :  
**Thou** art my Path ; direct my steps aright ;  
 I have no other Light, no other Way :  
 Ile trust my God, and him alone pursue,  
**His** Law shalbe my Path ; his heav'ly Light my Clue.

S. A v g u s t . Soliloq. Cap. 4.

O Lord, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darknesse, error, vanity, nor death: The light, without which there is darknesse, The way, without which there is wandering; The Truth, without which there is errore; Life, without which there is death: Say, Lord, let there be light, and I shall see light, and eschue darknesse; I shall see the way, and avoid wandering; I shall see the truthe, and shun errore; I shall see life, and escape death; Illuminate, O illuminate my blind soule, which sits in darknesse and the shadowe of death, and direct my feet in the way of peace.

## E P I G . 2.

Pilgrim trudge on: What makes thy soule complaine,  
Crownes thy complaint: The way to rest is paine:  
The Road to Resolution lies by doubt:  
The next way Home's the farthest way about.



*Stay my stepps in thy Pathes that  
my feet do not slide. Ps. 17. 5.*

W.M.Sc:

## III.

## PSAL. XVII. V.

*Stay my steps in thy paths, that my feet  
do not slide.*

When ere the Old Exchange of Profit rings  
Her silver Saints-bell of uncertaine gaines,  
merchant soule can stretch both legs and wings :  
How I can run, and take unwearied paines !

The Charmes of Profit are so strong, that I  
Who wanted legs to go, find wings to fly :

2  
time-beguiling Pleasure but advance  
Her lustfull Trump, and blow her bold Alarms,  
how my sportfull soule can frisk and daunce,  
And hug that Syren in her twined Armes !

The sprightly voice of sinew-strengthening Pleasure  
Can lend my bedrid soule both legs and leisure.

3  
blazing Honour chance to fill my veines  
With flattring warmth, and flash of Courtly fire,  
soule can take a pleasure in her paines ;  
My loftie strutting steps disdaine to tire :

My antick knees can turne upon the hinges  
Of Complement, and skrue a thousand Cringes.

4

But when I come to Thee, my God, that art  
 The royall Mine of everlasting Treasure,  
 The reall Honour of my better part,  
 And living Fountaine of eternall pleasure,  
 How nerueleſſe are my limbs ! how faint, and slow !  
 I have nor wings to flie, nor legs to go.

5

So when the ſtreames of ſwift-foot Rhene conway  
 Her upland Riches to the Belgick ſhore ;  
 The idle vefsell slides the watry lay,  
 Without the blaſt, or tug, of wind, or Oare ;  
 Her ſlippry keele divides the ſilver foame  
 With eaſe ; So facile is the way from home.

6

But when the home-bound vefsell turns her ſailes  
 Againſt the breſt of the reſiſting ſtream,  
 O then ſhe ſlugs ; nor Saile, nor Oare prevaines ;  
 The ſtreame is ſturdy, and her Tides extreme :  
 Each ſtroke is loſſe, and ev'ry Tug is vaine ;  
 A Boat-lengths purchase is a League of paine.

7

Great All in All, that art my Reſt, my Home,  
 My way is tedious, and my ſteps are ſlow :  
 Reach forth thy helpfull hand, or bid me come ;  
 I am thy child, O teach thy Child to go :  
 Conjoyne thy ſweet commands to my deſire,  
 And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. A V G V S T. Scr. 15 de Verb. Apost.

Be alwayes displeased at what thou art, if thou desirest to arrive to what thou art not: For where thou hast pleas'd thy selfe, there thou abidest: But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest: Alwayes add, alwayes walks, alwayes proceed; neither standstill, nor go backe, nor deviate: He that stands still, proceeds not; He goes back, that continues not; He deviates, that wilts: He goes better that creepes, in his way, than he that is out of his way.

## E P I C . 3.

are not, my soule, to lose for want of cunning;  
Crepe not; heav'n is not alwayes got by running:  
Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be slow;  
True love will creepe, not having strength to go.



My flesh trembleth for fear of thee: & I am  
afraid of thy judgments. Ps: 119. 120.  
W.M. Sculp:

## IV.

## PSAL. CXIX. CXX.

*My flesh trembleth for feare of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgements.*

Et others boast of Luck : and go their wayes  
With their faire Game ; Know, vengeance seldom playes,  
To be too forward ; but does wisely frame  
Her backward Tables, for an After-Game :  
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot ;  
And, for her owne advantage, hits thee not ;  
But when her pointed Tables are made faire,  
That she be ready for thee, then beware ;  
Then, if a necessary blot be set,  
She hits thee ; wins the Game ; perchance the Set :  
If prosperous Chances make thy Casting high,  
Be wisely temp'rate ; cast a serious eye  
On after-dangers, and keep back thy Game ;  
Too forward seed-times make thy Harvest lame :  
If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,  
Be wisely patient ; let no envious glances  
Repine to view thy Gamester's heape so faire ;  
The hindmost Hound takes oft the doubling Hare :  
The worlds great Dice are false ; sometimes they goe  
Extremely high ; sometimes, extremely low :  
Of all her Gamesters, he that playes the least,  
Lives most at ease ; playes most secure, and best :

The way to win, is to play faire, and swear  
Thy selfe a servant to the Crowsne of Feare :  
Feare is the Primmer of a Gamsters skill ;  
Who feares not Bad, stands most unarm'd to Ill :  
The Ill that's wisely fear'd, is halfe withstood ;  
And feare of Bad is the best foyle to Good :  
True Feare's th' *Elixar*, which, in dayes of old,  
Turn'd leaden Crosles into Crownes of Gold :  
The World's the Tables ; Stakes, Eternall life ;  
The Gamesters, Heav'n and I ; Vnequall strife !  
My Fortunes are my Dice, whereby I frame  
My indisposed Life : This Life's the Game ;  
My sins are sev'rall Blots, the Lookers on  
Are Angels ; and in death, the Game is done :  
Lord, I'm a Bungler, and my Game does grow  
Still more and more unshap'd ; my Dice run low :  
The Stakes are great ; my carelesse Blots are many ;  
And yet, thou paslest by, and hitst not any :  
Thou art too strong ; And I have none to guide me.  
With the least Iogge ; The lookers on deride me ;  
It is a Conquest, undeserving Thee,  
To win a Stake from such a Worme as mee :  
I have no more to lose ; If we persever,  
'Tis lost ; and, that, once lost, I'm lost for ever.  
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too severe,  
And I will play my Game with greater feare ;  
O give me Feare, ere Feare has past her date :  
Whose blot being hit, then feares ; feare's then, too late.

S. B E R N. Ser. 54 in Cant.

There is nothing so effectuall to obtaine Grace, to retaine grace, and to regaine grace, as alwayes to be found before God over-wise, but to feare: Happy art thou if thy heart be replenished with three feares, a feare for received grace, a greater feare wlost Grace, a greatest feare to recover Grace.

S. A V G V S T. super Psalm.

Present feare begets eternall security: Feare God, which is above all, and no need to feare man at all.

F P I C. 4.

Lord shall we grumble, when thy flames do scourge us?  
Our sinnes breath fire; that fire returnes to purge us;  
Lord, what an Alchymist art thou, whose skill  
Transmutes to perfect good, from perfect ill!

O 2

## V.



Turne a way myne eyes least  
they behold wanite - psal. 118 - ws

## V.

## PSAL. CXIX. XXXVII.

*Turne away mine eyes from regarding  
vanitie.*

<sup>1</sup>  
How like to threds of Flaxe  
that touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires !  
How like to yeelding Waxe,  
soule dissolves before these wanton fires !  
The fire, but touch'd ; the flame, but felt,  
Like Flaxe, I burne ; like Waxe, I melt.

<sup>2</sup>  
O how this flesh does draw  
fetter'd soule to that deceitfull fire !  
And how th'eternall Law  
baffled by the law of my desire !  
How truly bad, how seeming good  
Are all the Lawes of Flesh and Blood !

<sup>3</sup>  
O wretched state of Men,  
the height of whose Ambition is to borrow  
What must be paid agen,  
With griping Int'rest of the next dayes sorrow !  
How wild his Thoughts ! How apt to range !  
How apt to varie ! Apt to change !

4

How intricate, and nice  
 Is mans perplexed way to mans desire !  
 Sometimes upon the Ice  
 He slips, and sometimes falleth into the fire ;  
 His progress is extreme and bold,  
 Or very hot, or very cold.

5

The common food, he doth  
 Sustaine his soule-tormenting thoughts withall,  
 Is honey, in his mouth,  
 To night ; and in his heart, to morrow, Gall ;  
 'Tis oftentimes, within an houre,  
 Both very sweet, and very sowre.

6

If sweet *Corinna* smile,  
 A heav'n of Ioy breaks downe into his heart :  
*Corinna* frownes a while ?  
 Hells Torments are but Copies of his Smart :  
 Within a lustfull heart does dwell  
 A seeming Heav'n ; a very Hell.

7

Thus worthlesse, vaine and void  
 Of comfort, are the fruits of earths imployement ;  
 Which ere they be enjoyd,  
 Distract us ; and destroy us in th'enjoyment ;  
 These be the pleasures that are priz'd,  
 When heav'ns cheape pen'worth stands despis'd.

8

Lord, quench these hasty flashes,  
 Which dart as lightning from the thundring skies ;  
 And, ev'ry minut, dashes  
 Against the wanton windowes of mine eyes :  
 Lord, close the Casement, whilst I stand  
 Behind the curtaine of thy Hand.

## S. A V G V S T. Soliloq. Cap.4.

O thou Sonne that illuminates both Heaven and Earth ; Woe unto those eyes which do not behold thee : Woe be unto those eyenes which cannot behold thee : Woe be unto those which turne away their eyos that they will not behold thee : Woe be unto them that turne not away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

## S. C H R Y S. sup. Matth. 19.

What is an evill woman but the enemy of friendship, an unavoidable paine, a necessary mischiefe, a naturall tentation, a desirable calamity, a domestick danger, a delectable inconvenience, whose nature of evill painted over with the colour of good !

## E P I G. 5.

Tis yaine, great God, to close mine eyes from ill,  
When I resolve to keep the old man still :  
My rambling heart must cov'nant first with Thee,  
Or none can passe betwixt mine eyes and me.

## V. I.



If I haue found fauour in thy sight, let:  
my life be giuen me at my petition.  
*Ester. 7.3.*      Will: Simpson sculpit

## VI.

## ESTER VII. III.

I have found favour in thy sight, and if it  
please the King, let my life be given  
me at my petition.

Hou art the great *Affuerus*, whose command  
Doth stretch from Pole to Pole ; The World's thy land ;  
Rebellious *Vashti*'s the corrupted Will,  
Which being cal'd, refuses to fulfill  
Thy just command : *Hester*, whose teares condole  
The razed City's the Regen'rate Soule ;  
Captive maid, whom thou wilt please to grace  
With nuptiall Honour in stout *Vashti*'s place :  
kinsman, whose unbended knee did thwartz  
Proud *Haman* glory, is the Fleshly part :  
The sober *Eunuch*, that recal'd to mind  
The new-built Gibbet (*Haman* had divin'd  
For his owne ruine) fifty Cubits high,  
Lustfull thought-controlling Chastity ;  
Sultring *Haman* is that fleshly lust  
Whose red-hot fury, for a season, must  
Triumph in Pride, and study how to tread  
On *Mordecai*, till royall *Hester* plead :  
Great King, my sent-for *Vashti* will not come ;  
Let the oyle o'th blessed Virgins wombe

Cleanse my poore *Hester*; looke, O looke upon her  
With gracious eyes; and let thy Beames of honour  
So scoure her captive staines, that she may prove  
A holy Object of thy heav'ly love:  
Annoynt her with the Spicknard of thy graces,  
Then try the sweetnesse of her chaste embraces:  
Make her the partner of thy nuptiall Bed,  
And set thy royll Crowne upon her head:  
**I**f then, ambitious *Haman* chance to spend  
His spleene on *Mordecai*, that scornes to bend  
The wilfull stiffencle of his stubbornic knee,  
Or basely crouch to any Lord but Thee;  
If weeping *Hester* shoulde preferre a Grone  
Before the high Tribunall of thy Throne,  
Hold forth thy golden Scepter, and afford  
The gentle Audience of a gracious Lord:  
**A**nd let thy royll *Hester* be possest  
Of halfe thy kingdome, at her deare request:  
Curbe lustfull *Haman*, him, that would disgrace,  
Nay, ravish thy faire Queene before thy face:  
And as proud *Haman* was himselfe ensnar'd  
On that selfe Gibbet, that himselfe prepar'd,  
So nayle my lust, both Punishment, and Guilt  
On that deare Croſſe that mine owne Lusts have built.

S. A V G V S T. in Ep.

O holy Spirit, always inspire me with holy works ; constraine  
me, that I may doe : Counsell me that I may love thee ; Confirm me  
that I may hold thee ; Conserve me that I may not lose thee.

S. A V G V S T. sup. Ioan.

The Spirit rusts where the flesh rests : For as the flesh is now-  
ished with sweet things, the spirit is refreshed with joyre.

Ibid.

Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy Spirit ? Then let thy Spi-  
rit obey thy God : Thou must be govern'd, that thou mayst go-  
ne.

## E P I C . 6.

Of Merc' and Justice is thy Kingdome built ;  
This plagues my Sin ; and that removes my guilt :  
When ere I sue, *Affuerus* like decline  
Thy Scepter; Lord, say, Halfe my kingdome's thine.

## VII.



Come my beloved, let vs goe forth into  
fields, let vs remaine in f. Villages. Cant. 7.ij.  
*w. simpson. sculp:*

## VII.

## CANT. VII. XI.

*Come my beloved, let us goe forth into the fields, and let us remaine in the villages,*

Christ.

Soule.

**C**ome, come, my deare, and let us both retire  
 And whisse the dainties of the fragrant fields :  
 Where warbling *Phil'mel* and the shrill-mouth'd *Quire*  
 Chaunt forth their raptures ; where the Turtle builds  
 Her lonely nest ; and where the new-borne Bryer  
 Breathes forth the sweetnesse that her Aprill yeelds :  
 Come, come, my lovely faire, and let us try  
 These rurall delicates ; where thou and I  
 May melt in private flames, and feare no stander by.

**M**y hearts eternall Toy, in lieu of whom  
 The earth's a blast, and all the world, a Buble ;  
 Our Citi e-mansion is the fairer Home,  
 But Country-sweets are tang'd with lesser Trouble ;  
 Let's try them both, and choose the better ; Come ;  
 A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double :  
 On thy Commands depends my Goe, or Tarie ;  
 Ile stirre with *Martha* ; or Ile stay with *Marie* :  
 Our hearts are firmly fixt, although our pleasures varie.

Chr. Our

**Chr.** Our Countrey-Mansion (<sup>3</sup>situate on high)  
 With various Objects, still renewes delight ;  
 Her arched Roofe's of unstain'd Ivory ;  
 Her wals of fiery-sparkling Chrysolite ;  
 Her pavement is of hardest Porphyry ;  
 Her spacious windowes are all glaz'd with bright  
 And flaming Carbuncles ; no need require  
*Titan's* faint rayes, or *Vulcan's* feebler fire ;  
 And ev'ry Gate's a Pearle ; and ev'ry Pearle, entire.

**Sou.** Foole, that I was ! how were my thoughts deceiv'd !  
 How falsly was my fond conceit possest !  
 I tooke it for an Hermitage, but pav'd  
 And daub'd with neighbring dirt, and thatch'd at best  
 Alas, I nev'r expected more, nor crav'd ;  
 A Turtle hop'd but for a Turtles nest :  
 Come, come, my deare, and let no idle stay  
 Neglect th'advantage of the head-strong day ;  
 How pleasure grates, that feeles the Curb of dull delay !

**Chr.** Come, then my Ioy ; let our divided paces  
 Conduct us to our fairest Territory ;  
**O** there wee'll twine our soules in sweet embraces ;  
**Sou.** And in thine Armes Ile tell my passion story :  
**Chr.** O there Ile crowne thy head with all my Graces ;  
**Sou.** And all those Graces shall reflect thy Glory ;  
**Chr.** O there, Ile feed thee with celestiall Manna ;  
 Ile be thy *Elkanah*. *Soul.* And I, thy *Hanna*.  
**Chr.** Ile sound my Trump of Ioy. **So.** And Ile resound Hosam

S. BERN.

Blessed Contemplation ! The death of vices, and the life of  
vices ! Thee the Law and Prophets admire : Who ever at-  
tained perfection, if not by Thee ! Blessed Solitude, the Maga-  
zine of celestiall Treasure ! by thee things earthly, and transitory,  
are chang'd into heavenly, and eternall.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that Congregation, where  
Martha still complaines of Mary.

## EPIG. 7.

Methanick soule ; thou must not onely doe  
with *Martha* ; but, with *Mary*, ponder too :  
Happy's that house, where these faire sisters vary ;  
at most, when *Martha*'s reconcil'd to *Mary*.

## VIII.



Draw me; we will run after thee because  
of the saviour of thy good oyntments.

Cant. 3.4.

Will: Simpson sculp:

## VIII.

## CANT. I. III.

*Draw me; we will follow after thee by the  
savour of thy Oyntments.*

Hus, like a lump of the corrupted Masse,  
I lie secure; long lost, before I was:  
And like a Block, beneath whose burthen lies  
That undiscover'd Worme that never dies,  
have no will to rouse; I have no pow'r to rise.

Can stinking *Lazarus* compound, or strive  
With deaths entangling Fetteres, and revive?  
Or can the water-buried *Axe* implore  
A hand to raise it? or, it selfe, restore  
And, from her sandy deepes, approach the dry-foot shore?

So hard's the task for sinfull flesh and Blood  
To lend the smallest step to what is Good;  
My God, I cannot move, the least degree;  
Ah! If but onely those that active be  
None should thy glory see, none should thy Glory see.

If the Potter please t'informe the Clay;  
If some strong hand remove the Block away;  
Their lowly fortunes soone are mounted higher,  
That provcs a vessel, which, before, was myre;  
And this, being hewne, may serve for better use than fire.

And if that life-restoring voice command  
 Dead Laz'rus forth ; or that great Prophets hand  
 Should charme the fullen waters, and begin  
 To beckon, or to dart a Stick but in,  
 Dead Laz'rus must revive, and th' Axe must float agin.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all  
 To heare thy voice, or Echo to thy call ;  
 The gloomy Clouds of mine owne Guilt benight me ;  
 Thy glorious beames, nor dainty sweets invite me ;  
 They neither can direct ; nor these at all delight me.

See how my Sin-bemangled body lies,  
 Nor having pow'r, to will ; nor will, to rise !  
 Shine home upon thy Creature, and inspire  
 My livelesse will with thy regen'rate fire ;  
 The first degree to do, is onely to desire.

Give me the pow'r to will ; the will, to doe ;  
 O raise me up, and I will strive to go :  
 Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twist,  
 That have no pow'r but meerly to resist ;  
 O lend me strength to do ; and then command thy Liff,

My Soule's a Clock, whose wheeles (for want of use  
 And winding up, being subject to th' abuse  
 Of eating Rust) wants vigour to fulfill  
 Her twelve houres task, and shew her makers skill ;  
 But idly sleepes unmoov'd, and standeth vainly still.

Great God, it is thy work : and therefore, Good ;  
 If thou be pleas'd to cleane it with thy Blood ;  
 And winde it up with thy soule-mooving kayes,  
 Her busie wheeles shall serve thee all her dayes ;  
 Her Hand shall point thy pow'r ; her Hammer strike thy

ok 4. EMBLEMES.

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S. BERN. Serm. 21 in Cant.

Let us run : let us run, but in the favour of thy Oyntments, nor  
the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatnessse of our  
wyt: we truſt to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies, for  
we run and are willing, it is not in him that wils, nor in  
that runs, but in God that ſheweth mercy : O let thy mercy  
run, and we will run : Thou like a Gyant, runſt by thy own  
wyt; We, unleſſe thy oyntment breath upon us, cannot run.

EPIG. 8.

ooke not, my Watch, being once repair'd, to stand  
expecting motion from thy Makers hand.

Wound thee up, and cleans'd thy Coggs with blood:  
Now thy vwheelles stand still ; thou art not good.

## IX.



*O that thou wert as my Brother, that  
Sucked the Breasts of my Mother. Cant: 8:3*

*w. marshall sculpsit*

## IX.

## CANT. VIII. I.

*that thou wert as my brother, that sucked  
the brests of my mother, I would find thee  
without, and I would kisse thee.*

I

Ome, come my blessed Infant, and immure thee  
Within the Temple of my sacred Armes ;  
mine Armes ; mine Armes shall, then, secure thee  
From *Herods* fury, or the High Priests Harmes ;  
Or if thy danger'd life sustaine a losse,  
My folded Armes shall turne thy dying Crosse.

2

ah, what Savage Tyrant can behold  
The beauty of so sweet a face as this is,  
Id not himselfe, be, by himselfe, controld,  
And change his fury to a thousand kisses ?  
One smile of thine is worth more mines of treasure  
Than there be *Myriads* in the dayes of *Cæsar*.

3

had the *Tetrarch*, as he knew thy birth,  
So knowyne thy Stock ; he had not sought to paddle  
thy deare Blood ; but, prostrate on the earth,  
Had vayld his Crowne before thy royll Cradle,  
And laid the Scepter of his Glory downe,  
And beg'd a heay'ly for an earthly Crownes.

4

Illustrions Babe ! How is thy Handmaid grac'd  
 With a rich Armefull ! How doest thou decline  
 Thy Majestie, that wert, so late, embrac'd  
 In thy great Fathers Armes, and now, in mine ?  
 How humbly gracious art thou, to refresh  
 Me with thy Spirit, and assume my flesh.

5

But must the Treason of a Traitors Haile  
 Abuse the sweetnesse of these rubic lips ?  
 Shall marble-hearted Cruelty assayle  
 These Alabaster sides with knotted whips ?  
 And must these smiling Roses entertaine  
 The Blowes of scorne, and Flurts of base disdaine ?

6

Ah ! must these dainty little sprigs that twine  
 So fast about my neck, be pierc'd and torne  
 With ragged nailes ? And must these Browves resigne  
 Their Crowne of Glory for a Crowne of thorne ?  
 Ah, must this blessed Infant tast the paine  
 Of deaths injurious pangs ? nay worse ; be slaine ?

7

Sweet Babe ! At what deare rates do wretched I  
 Commit a sin ! Lord, ev'ry sin's a dart ;  
 And ev'ry trespass lets a javelin fly ;  
 And ev'ry javelin wounds thy bleeding heart :  
 Pardon, sweet Babe, what I have done amisse,  
 And seale that granted pardon with a kisse.

## BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. I.

O sweet Iesu, I knew not that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy  
sight so delectable, nor thy Attraction so vertuous: For when I  
see thee, I am cleane; when I touch thee, I am chaste; when I  
receive thee, I am a virgin: O most sweet Iesu, thy embraces de-  
file not, but cleanse; thy attraction pollutes not, but sanctifies: O  
Iesu, the fountaine of universall sweetnesse, pardon me, that I be-  
aved so late, that so much sweetnesse is in thy embraces.

## EPIG. 9.

My burthen's greatest: Let not *Atlas* bost:  
Impartiall Reader, judge, which beares the most:  
He beares but Heav'n; My folded Armes sustaine  
Heav'n's Makar; whom heav'ns heav'n cannot containe.

x.



By night on my bed I sought him whom my  
soule loue; I sought him, but I found him not.  
Cant. 3.1. will: simpson sculp't.

## X.

## CANT. III. I.

*In my bed, by night, I sought him, that my  
soule loved ; I sought him, but I  
found him not.*

He learned Cynick, having lost the way  
To honest men, did, in the height of day,  
By Taper-light, divide his steps about  
The peopled Streets, to find this dainty out ;  
But fail'd. The Cynick search'd not where he ought ;  
The thing he sought for was not where he sought :  
The Wisemens taske seem'd harder to be done ,  
The Wisemen did, by Starre-light seeke the Son ,  
And found ; the Wisemen search'd it where they ought ;  
The thing they hop'd to find, was where they sought :  
One seeks his wishes where he shoudl, but then  
Perchance he seeks not as he should, nor when :  
Another searches when he should, but there  
He failes ; not seeking as he should, nor where :  
Whose soule desires the good it wants ; and would  
Obtaine, must seek Where, As, and When he shoule ;  
How often have my wilde Affections led  
My wasted soule to this my widdow'd Bed ,  
To seek my Lover, whom my soule desires !  
I speake not, Cupid, of thy wanton fyres,

Thy

Thy fires are all but dying sparks to mine ;  
 My flames are full of heav'n, and all divine)  
 How often have I sought this Bed, by night,  
 To find that greater, by this lesser light !  
 How oft has my unwitnesst groanes lamented  
 Thy dearest absence ! Ah, how often vented  
 The bitter Tempests of despairing breath,  
 And cast my soule upon the waves of death !  
 How often has my melting heart made choice  
 Of silent teares, (teares lowder than a voice)  
 To plead my griefe, and woo thy absent eare !  
 And yet thou wilt not come ; thou wilt not heare :  
 O is thy wonted love become so cold ?  
 Or do mine eyes not seek thee where they shou'd ?  
 Why do I seek thee, if thou art not here ?  
 Or find thee not, if thou art ev'rywhere ?  
 I see my error ; 'Tis not strange I could not  
 Find out my love ; I sought him where I should no :  
 Thou art not found in downy Beds of easse ;  
 Alas, thy musick strikes on harder keyes :  
 Nor art thou found by that false, feeble light  
 Of Natures Candle; Our Ægyptian night  
 Is more than common darknesse ; nor can we  
 Expect a morning, but what breaks from Thee.  
 Well may my empty Bed bewaile thy losse,  
 When thou art lodg'd upon thy shamefull Crosse :  
 If thou refuse to share a Bed with me ;  
 Wee'l never part, Ile share a Crosse with Thee.

## ANS ELM. in Protolog. Cap. 1.

Lord, if thou art not present, where shall I seeke thee absent ?  
If every where, why do I not see the present ? Thou dwellest in  
light inaccessible ; and where is that inaccessible light ? Or how  
shall I have accessse to light inaccessible ? I beseech thee, Lord,  
teach me to seeke thee, and shew thy selfe to the seeker, because I  
can neither seeke thee, unlesse thou teach me, nor find thee, unlesse  
thou shew thy selfe to me : Let me seeke thee, in desiring thee, and  
desire thee in seeking thee ; Let me finde thee in loving thee, and  
love thee in finding thee.

## EPIG. IO.

Where shouldst thou seek for rest, but in thy Bed ?  
But now thy Rest is gone ; thy Rest is fled :  
'Tis vaine to seeke him there ; My soule, be wise ;  
Go ask thy fineses ; They'l tell thee where he lies.

## X I.



I will rise now & goe about the citie in the  
streets & in the broad wayes I will seeke  
him whom my soule loveth I sought him  
but I found him not Cant: 3 - 2 Will simp son,

## XI.

## CANT. III. II.

I will rise, and go about in the City, and will  
seeke him that my soule loveth : I sought  
him, but I found him not.

<sup>1</sup>  
 O How my disappointed soule's perplext !  
 How restlesse thoughts swarme in my troubled brest !  
 How vainely pleas'd with hopes ; then, crossely vext  
 With feares ! And how, betwixt them both, distrest !  
 What place is left unransack'd ? Oh ! Where, next,  
 Shall I go seek the Author of my Rest ?  
 Of what blest Angell shall my lips enquire  
 The undiscover'd way to that entire  
 And everlasting solace of my hearts desire !

<sup>2</sup>  
 Look how the stricken Hart, that wounded, flies  
 Ov'r hils and dales, and seeks the lower grounds  
 For running streames ; the whil'st his weeping eyes  
 Beg silent mercy from the following Hounds,  
 At length, embost, he droopes, drops downe, and lies  
 Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds :

Ev'n so my gasping soule, dissolv'd in teares,  
 Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafned eares  
 Laye me th'unransom'd Prisoner to my panick feares.

Whore

3

Where have my busie eyes not pry'd ? O where,  
 Of whom hath not my thred-bare tongne demanded ?  
**I** search'd this glorious City ; Hee's not here ;  
**I** sought the Countrey ; She stands empty-handed :  
**I** search'd the Court, He is a stranger there :  
**I** ask'd the land ; Hee's shipp'd : the sea ; hee's landed ;  
**I** climb'd the ayre, my thoughts began to aspire ;  
 But, ah ! the wings of my too bold desire,  
 Soaring too neare the Sun, were sing'd with sacred fire.

4

**I** moov'd the Merchants eare ; alas, but he  
 Knew neither what I said, nor what to say :  
**I** ask'd the Lawyer ; He demands a Fee,  
 And then demurres me with a vaine delay :  
**I** ask'd the Schoole-man ; His advise was free ;  
 But scor'd me out too intricate a way ;  
**I** ask'd the Watch-man (best of all the four)   
 Whose gentle answer could resolve no more ;  
 But that he lately left him at the Temple doore.

5

Thus having sought, and made my great Inquest  
 In ev'ry place, and search'd in ev'ry eare ,  
**I** threw me on my Bed ; but ah ! my rest  
 Was poysон'd with th'extremes of griefe and feare ;  
 Where, looking downe into my troubled brest,  
 The Magazen of wounds, I found him there ;  
 Let others hunt, and show their sportfull Art ;  
 I wish to catch the Hare before she start,  
**As** Potchers use to do ; Heav'ns Form's a troubled heart.

EMBLEMES.

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S. A M B R O S. Lib. 3 de Virg.

Christ is not in the market ; not in the streets : For Christ is  
true ; in the market are stripes : Christ is Justice ; in the mar-  
ket is iniquity : Christ is a Labourer ; in the market is idleness :  
Christ is Charity ; in the market is slander : Christ is Faith ; in  
the market is fraud : Let us not therefore seeke Christ, where we  
cannot find Christ.

S. H I E R O M. Ep. 22 Eustoch.

Iesus is jealous : He will not have thy face seene : Let foolish  
myns ramble abroad ; seeke thou thy Love at home.

EPIG. II.

What lost thy Love ? Will neither Bed nor Board  
entice him ? Not by teares to be implor'd ?  
tis the Ship that mooves, and not the Coast ;  
I feare, I feare, my soule, 'tis thou art lost.

## XII.



Saw yee him whom my soule loveth! It was  
but a little that I passed from them but I found  
Him whom my soule loveth, I held Him and  
would not let him goe. Cant: 3.4. will: sim: sculp:

## XII.

## CANT. III. III.

Have you seene him whom my soule loveth?  
When I had past a little fro them, then I found  
him, I took hold on him, and left him not.

<sup>1</sup> **V**HAT secret corner? What unwonted way  
Has cap'd the ransack of my rambling thoughts?  
The Fox by night, nor the dull Owle, by day,  
Have never search'd those places I have sought.  
Whilst thy lamented absence taught my brest  
The ready Road to Griefe, without request;  
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest:

<sup>2</sup> **W**hat has my unregarded language vented  
The sad Tautologies of lavish passion?  
How often have I languish'd, unlamented!  
How oft have I complain'd without compassion!  
I ask the Citie-Watch; but some deny'd me  
The common streit, whilst others would misguide me;  
Some would debarre me; some, divert me; some, deride me.

<sup>3</sup> **T**hus, how the widow'd Turtle, having lost  
The faithfull partner of her loyall Heart,  
With her feeble wings from Coast to Coast,  
Haunts ev'ry path, thinks ev'ry shade does part

Q

Her

Her absent Love, and her ; At length, unsped,  
She re-betakes her to her lonely Bed,  
And there bewailes her everlasting widow-head ;

4  
So when my soule had progest ev'ry place,  
That love and deare affection could contrive ;  
I threw me on my Couch, resolv'd t' embrace  
A death for him, in whom I ceas'd to live :  
But there injurious Hymen did present  
His Lanskip joyes ; my pickled eyes did venter  
Full stremes of briny teares ; teares never to be spent.

5  
Whilst thus my sorrow-wasting soule was feeding  
Upon the rad'call Humour of her thought,  
Ev'n whilst mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding,  
He that was sought, unfound, was found, unsought ;  
As if the Sun should dart his Orbe of light  
Into the secrets of the black-brow'd night,  
Ev'n so appear'd my Love, my sole, my soules delight.

6  
O how mine eyes, now ravish'd at the sight  
Of my bright Sun, shot flames of equall fire !  
Ah! how my soule, dissolv'd with ov'r-delight,  
To re-enjoy the Crowne of chaste desire !  
How sov'raigne joy depos'd and dispossess'd  
Rebellious griefe ! And how my ravisht brest ---  
But who can presse those heights, that cannot be exprest ?

7  
O how these Armes, these greedy Armes did twine,  
And strongly twist about his yeelding waft !  
The sappy branches of the Thespian vine  
Ney'r cling'd their lese beloved Elme so fast ;  
Boast not thy flames, blind boy, nor feather'd shot ;  
Let Hymens easie snarles be quite forgot :  
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death dissolve our knot.

## ORIG. Hom. 10 in divers.

O most holy Lord, and sweetest Master, how good art thou to those that are of upright heart, and humble spirit ! O how blessed are they that seek thee with a simple heart ! How happy that trust in thee ! It is a most certaine truth, that thou lovest all that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee : For behold thy Love simply sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee : She trusted in thee, and is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, than she expected from thee.

## BED in Cap. 3. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I sought, the more earnestly I held him being found.

## FIG. 12.

What found him out ? Let strong embraces bind him ;  
He'll fly perchance, where teares can never find him :  
New Sins will lose what old Repentance gaines :  
Wisdom not onely gets, but got, retaines.

Q 2

## XII I.



It is good for me to draw neare to y<sup>e</sup> Lord  
I haue put my trust in y<sup>e</sup> Lord God.  
*Ps. 73. 28.* Will Simpson Causlyst

## XIII.

## PSAL. LXXII. XXVIII.

*It is good for me to draw neare to God ; I  
have put my trust in the Lord God.*

**W**Here is that Good, which wise men please to call  
The Chiefest ? Does there any such befall  
Within mans reach ? Or is there such a Good at all ?

If such there be : it neither must expire,  
Nor change ; than which, there can be nothing higher ;  
Such Good must be the utter point of mans desire :

It is the Mark, to which all hearts must tend,  
Can be desired for no other end,  
Then for it selfe ; on which, all other Goods depend :

What may this Exc'lence be ? does it sublitle  
A royall Essence, clouded in the mist  
Of curions Art, or cleare to ev'ry eye that lift ? ;

Or is't a tart Idea, to procure  
An Edge, and keep the practick soule in ure,  
Like that deare Chymick dust, or puzzling Quadrature ?

Where shall I seek this Good ? Where shall I find  
This Cath'licke pleasure, whose extremes may bind  
My thoughts, and fill the gulph of my insatiiate mind ?

Lies it in Treasure ? In full heaps untold ?  
 Does gowty *Mammons* griping hand infold  
 This secret Saint in sacred Shrines of sov'raigne Gold ?

No, no ; she lies not there ; Wealth often sows  
 In keeping ; makes us hers, in seeming ours ;  
 She slides from heav'n indeed, but not in *Dandes* shows.

Lives she in Honour ? No. The royll Crowne  
 Builds up a Creature, and then batters downe :  
 Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a frowne.

In pleasure ? No, Pleasure begins in rage ;  
 Acts the fooles part on earths uncertaine Stage,  
 Begins the Play in Youth ; and Epilogues in Age.

These, these are bastard-goods ; the best of these  
 Torment the soule with pleasing it, and please,  
 Like water gulp'd in Fevers, with deceitfull ease.

Earths flattring dainties are but sweet distresses :  
 Mole-hils performe the mountaines she professes ;  
 Alas, can earth confer more good than earth possesstes ?

Mount, mount my soule ; and let thy thoughts casheire  
 Earths vaine delights, and make their full careire  
 At heav'ns eternall joyes ; stop, stop thy Courser there.

There shall thy soule posseſſe uncarefull Treasure ;  
 There shalt thou swim in never-fading pleasure ;  
 And blaze in Honour farre above the frownes of *Cesar*.

Lord, if my hope dare let her Anchor fall  
 On thee, the chiefest Good, no need to call  
 For earths inferiour trash ; Thou, thou art All in All.

k4 book 4.  
EMBLEMES.

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S. A V G V S T. Soliloq. Cap. 13.

I follow this thing, I pursue that ; but am fill'd with nothing :  
when I found thee, who art that immutable, individued, and  
good, in myselfe, what I obtained, I wanted not ; for what  
obtained not, I grieved not ; with what I was possest, my whole  
soul was satisfied.

S. B E R N. Ser. 9 sup. beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit : let him brag of the burthen of the  
y, let him boast of his Sabbath fasts, and let him glory that he is  
not as other men : but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord,  
and to put my trust in my Lord God.

EPIG. 13.

Let *Boreas* blasts, and *Neptunes* waves be joyn'd,  
Thy *Eolus* commands the waves, the wind :  
Feare not the Rocks or worlds imperious waves :  
Thou climbst a Rock (my soule) a Rock that saves.

Q4

## XIV.



I sat wonder the shadowe of him whom  
I haue desired - Cane = Will faxon  
sculp:

## XIV.

## CANT. II. III.

*sate under his shadow with great delight,  
and his fruit was sweet to my taste.*

¶  
 Qok how the sheep, whose rambling steps doe stray  
 From the safe blessing of her Shepheards eyes  
 Unioone, becomes the unprotected Prey  
 To the wing'd Squidron of beleagring flies ;  
 There, sweltring with the scorching beames of day,  
 She frisks from Bush to Brake ; and wildly flies  
 From her own selfe, ev'n of her selfe affraid ;  
 She shrowds her troubled browes in ev'ry Glade,  
 And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade.

2  
 Ev'n so my wandring Soule, that has digest  
 From her great Shepheard, is the hourelly prey  
 Of all my Sinnes, These vultures in my Brest  
 Gripe my Promethian heart both night and day ;  
 I hunt from place to place, but find no rest ;  
 I know not where to go, nor wwhere to stay :  
 The eye of vengeance burnes ; her flames invade  
 My sweltring Soule : My soule has oft assaid  
 But she can find no shrowd, but she can feele no shade.

3

I sought the Shades of Mirth, to weare away  
 My slow-pac'd houres of soule-consuming griefe ;  
 I search'd the Shades of Sleep, to ease my day  
 Of griping sorrowves with a nights reprise ;  
 I sought the Shades of Death ; thought, there, f'allay  
 My finall torments with a full reliefe ;  
 But Mirth, nor Sleep, nor Death can hide my howres  
 In the false Shades of their deceitfull Bowres ;  
 The first distractes, the next disturbes, the last devoures.

4

Where shall I turne? To whom shall I apply me ?  
 Are there no Streames where a faint soule may wade ?  
 Thy Godhead, I b s v s, are the flames that fry me ;  
 Has thy All-glorious Deity nev'r a Shade,  
 Where I may sit, and vengeance never eye me ?  
 Where I might sit refresht, or unaffraid ?  
 Is there no Comfort? Is there no Refection ?  
 Is there no Covert that will give Protection  
 T'a fainting soule, the subject of thy wraths reflexion ?

5

Looke up, my soule ; advance the lowly stature  
 Of thy sad Thoughtes ; advance thy humble eye :  
 See, here's a Shadow found ; The humane nature  
 Is made th'Umbrella to the Deity,  
 To catch the Sun-beames of thy just Creator ;  
 Beneath this Covert thou maist safely lie :  
 Permit thine eyes to climbe this fruitfull Tree,  
 As quick Zæbus did, and thou shalt see  
 A Cloud of dying flesh betwixt those Beames and thee.

G V I L L. in Cap. 2 Cant.

*Who can endure the fierce rayes of the Sun of Justice? Who  
shall not be consumed by his beames? Therefore the Sun of Justice  
maketh flesh, that through the conjunction of that Sun and this hu-  
mane body, a shadow may be made.*

S. A V G V S T. Med. Cap. 37.

*Lord, let my soule flee from the scorching thoughts of the world  
under the Covert of thy wings, that being refreshed by the modera-  
tion of thy shadow, she may sing merrily, In peace will I lay me  
and rest.*

### E P I C. 14.

*Oh, trech'rous soule, would not thy Pleasures give  
that Lord which made thee living, leave to live?  
Lo, what thy sinnes have done: Thy sinnes have made  
The Sun of Glory now become thy Shade.*

## XV.



How shall we sing the song of  
the Lord in a strange land

## X V.

## PSAL. CXXXVII. IV.

*How shall we sing a song of the Lord  
in a strange land?*

V  
Rge me no more : This Ayry mirth belongs  
To better times : These times are not for songs ;  
The sprightly Twang of the melodious Lute  
Agrees not with my voice : and both unsuit  
My untun'd fortunes : The affected measure  
Of straines that are constrain'd, afford no pleasure ;  
Sick's the Child of mirth : where griefs assaile  
The troubled soule, both voice and fingers faile ;  
As such as ravill out their lavish dayes  
An honourable Ryot, that can raise  
Rejected hearts, and conjure up a Sprite  
Of madnesse by the Magick of delight ;  
At those of Cupids Hospitall that lie  
Patient Patients to a smiling eye,  
That cannot rest, untill vaine hope beguile  
Their flatter'd Torments with a wanton smile ;  
At such redeeme their peace, and salve the wrongs  
Of froward Fortune with their frolick Songs :  
My grief, my griefe's too great for smiling eyes  
To cure, or Counter-charmes to exercise ;  
The Ravens dismall Croakes, the midnight howles  
Of empty Wolves, mixt with the screech of Owles ;

The

The nine sad knowls of a dull Passing Bell,  
With the loud language of a nighly knell,  
And horrid out-cries of revenged Crimes,  
Ioyn'd in a Medley's Musick for these Times ;  
These are no Times to touch the merry string  
Of *Orpheus* ; No, these are no times to sing :  
Can hide-bound Prisners, that have spent their soules  
And famish'd Bodies in the noysome holes  
Of hell-black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,  
Growne hoarse with begging Almes, to warble notes ?  
Can the sad Pilgrim, that has lost his way  
In the vast desart; there, condemn'd a Prey  
To the wild Subject, or his Salvage King ,  
Rouze up his palsey-smitten spir'ts, and sing ?  
Can I a Pilgrim, and a Prisner too,  
(Alas) where I am neither knowne, nor know  
Ought but my Torments, an unransom'd stranger  
In this strange Climat, in a land of danger,  
O, can my voice be pleasant, or my hand,  
Thus made a Prisner to a forreigne land ?  
How can my musick relish in your eares,  
That cannot speake for sobs, nor sing for teares ?  
Ah, if my voice could, *Orpheus*-like, unspell  
My poore *Euridice*, my soule, from hell.  
Of earths misconstru'd Heav'n, O then my brest  
Should warble Ayres, whose Rapsodies should feast  
The eares of Seraphims, and entertaine  
Heav'ns highest Deity with their lofty straine,  
A straine well drencht in the true Thespian Well :  
Till then ; earths Semiquaver, mirth, farewell.

S. A V G V S T. Med. Cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues which are able to  
raise thee in holiness and purity, with excessive sweetnesse and  
terrible exultation! From thence they praise thee, from whence  
rejoyce, because they continually see for what they rejoice,  
what they praise thee: But wee prest downe with this  
body of flesh, farre remov'd from thy countenance in this  
image, and blowne up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily  
see thee: We praise thee by faith; not face to face: but those  
spirituall spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

## EPIG. 15.

I refuse to sing? Said I these times  
Are not for Songs? nor musick for these Climes?  
Was my Errour: Are not Groanes and teares  
harmonious Raptures in th'Almighty's ears?

I.



I charge you, o yee Daughters of Ierusalem  
if yee finde my beloved that yow tell him  
that I am sicke of loue. Can: E.W. Simpson sculpsit

# THE FIFT BOOK.

## I.

### CANT. V. VIII.

*charge you, O daughters of Ierusalem, if  
you find my beloved, that you tell him  
that I am sick of love.*

**Y**ou holy Virgins, that so oft surround  
The Cities Saphyre Wals, whose snowy feet  
Measure the pearly Paths of sacred ground,  
And trace the new Ierus'lems Iasper street ;  
you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd  
With your best wishes ; that enjoy the sweet  
Of all your Hopes ; If ere you chance to spie  
My absent Love, O tell him that I lie  
Deep wounded with the flames, that furnac'd from his ey's

**2**  
charge you, Virgins, as you hope to heare  
The heav'ly Musick of your Lovers voice ;  
charge you by the solemne faith ye beare  
To plighted vowes, and to the loyall choice  
Of your Affections ; or, if ought more deare

R

You

You hold ; by Hymen ; by your marriage joyes,  
 I charge you, tell him, that a flaming dart,  
 Shot from his Eye, hath pierc'd my bleeding heart ;  
 And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart.

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting brest  
 Is scorch'd with flames, and how my soule is pin'd ;  
 Tell him, O tell him, how I lie opprest  
 With the full torment of a troubled mind ;  
 O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest ;  
 But I, in earnest ; Tell him, hee's unkind :  
 But if a discontented frowne appeares  
 Upon his angry Brow, accoast his eares  
 With soft and fewre words, and act the rest in teares.

O tell him, that his crudties deprive  
 My soule, of peace, while peace, in vaine, she seeks ;  
 Tell him, those Damask roses, that did strive,  
 With white, both fade upon my fallow cheeks ;  
 Tell him, no token does proclaime I live,  
 But teares, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden streaks ;  
 Thus if yout piercing words shoule chance to bore  
 His harkning eare, and move a sigh, give ore  
 To speake ; and tell him -- Tell him, that I could no more.

If your elegious breath should hap to rouze  
 A happy teare, close harb'ring in his eye,  
 Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vowes,  
 Which neither I can break, nor He deny ;  
 Bewaile the Torments of his loyall Spouse,  
 That for his sake, would make a sport to die ;  
 O blessed Virgins, how my passion tires  
 Beneath the burthen of her yaine desires !  
 Pleas'n never shot such flames, Earth never felt such fires.

S. A V G V S T. Med. Cap. 40.

*What shall I say? What shall I doe? Whether shall I goe?  
Where shall I seek him? Or when shall I find him? Whom shall  
I ask? Who will tell my beloved that I am sick of love?*

G V L I B L. in Cap. 5. Cant.

*I live; But not I: It is my beloved that lives in me: I love  
my selfe, not with my owne love, but with the love of my beloved,  
that loves me: I love not my selfe in my selfe, but my selfe in him,  
and him in me.*

## E P I G. I.

Grieve not (my soule) nor let thy love waxe faint,  
Weepst thou to lose the cause of thy Complaint?  
Hee'll come; Love nev'r was bound to Times nor Lawnes;  
Till then, thy teares complaine without a Cause.

## II.



*Stay me with Flowers; Comfort me with  
Apples, for I am sick of loue. Cant. 2.5.*

*Will. Marshall sculpsit.*

## II.

## CANT. II. V.

*Stay me with Flowers, and comfort me with  
Apples, for I am sicke with love.*

## I

O Tyrant love ! how does thy sov'reigne pow'r  
Subject poore soules to thy imperious thrall !  
They say, thy Cup's compos'd of sweet and sowre ;  
They say, thy diet's Honey, mixt with Gall ;  
How comes it then to passe, these lips of our  
Still trade in bitter ; taste no sweet at all ?  
O tyrant love ! Shall our perpetuall toyle  
Nev'r find a Sabbath, to refresh, a while,  
Our drooping soules ? Art thou all frowns, and nev'r a smile ?

## 2

You blessed Maids of Honour, that frequent  
The royall Courts of our renown'd I E H O V H ,  
With Flow'rs restore my spirits faint, and spent ;  
O fetch me Apples from Loves fruitfull Grove,  
To coole my palat, and renew my sent,  
For I am sick, for I am sick of Love :  
These, will revive my dry, my wasted pow'rs,  
And they, will sweeten my unsav'ry houres ;  
Refresh me then with Fruit, and comfort me with Flow'rs.

3

O bring me Apples to aswage that fire,  
 Which, Aetna-like, inflames my flaming brest ;  
 Nor is it ev'ry Apple I desire,  
 Nor that which pleases ev'ry Palat best :  
 Tis not the lasting Deuzan I require,  
 Nor yet the red-cheek'd Queening I request ;  
 Nor that which, first, beshrewd the name of wife,  
 Nor that whose beauty caus'd the golden Strift ;  
 No, no, bring me an Apple from the Tree of life.

4

Virgins, tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye  
 With the faire wealth of *Floras Magazine* ;  
 The purple Vy'let, and the pale-fac'd Lilly ;  
 The Pauncy and the Organ Columbine ;  
 The flowring Thyme, the gilt-boule Daffadilly ;  
 The lowly Pinck, the lofty Eglantine :  
 The blushing Rose, the Queene of Flow'rs, and best  
 Of *Floras* beauty ; but, above the rest,  
 Let *Jeſſes* sov'raigne Flow'r perfume my qualming brest.

5

Haste, Virgins, haste ; for I lie weake and faint,  
 Beneath the pangs of love ; why stand ye mute ?  
 As if your silence neithet car'd to grant,  
 Nor yet your language to deny my suit ?  
 No key can lock the doore of my complaint,  
 Vntill I smell this Flow'r, or taste that Fruit ;  
 Go, Virgins, seek this Tree, and search that Bow'r ;  
 O, how my soule shall blesse that happy houre,  
 That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such a Flow' !

G I S T E N. in Cap.2 Cant.Expos.3.

O happy sicknesse ! where the infirmity is not to death, but to  
se, that God may be glorified by it : O happy fever, that pro-  
duces not from a consuming, but a calcining fire ! O happy distem-  
per, wherein the soule relishes no earthly things, but onely favours  
divine nourishment !

S. B E R N. Serm.51 in Cant.

By flowers understand faith ; by fruit, good works : As the  
flower or blossome is before the fruit, so is faith before good works:  
neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without  
faith.

#### E R I C. 2.

Why Apples, O thy soule ? Can they remove  
The Pangs of Griefe, or ease the flames of love ?  
It was that Fruit which gave the first offence ;  
That sent him hither ; that remov'd him hence,

R 4

## III.



*My Beloved is mine and I am his, He  
feedeth among the Lillies. Cant. 2.16.*

Will: Simpson sculp:

## III.

## GANT. II. XVI.

*My beloved is mine, and I am his ; He feedeth among the Lillies.*

1  
 Ev'n like two little bank-dividing brookes,  
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton streames,  
 And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nookes,  
 Meet both at length, in silver-breasted Thames ;  
 Where, in a greater Current they conjoyn :  
 So I my Best-Beloveds am ; so He is mine.

2  
 Ev'n so we met ; and after long pursuit,  
 Ev'n so we joyn'd ; we both became entire ;  
 No need for either to renew a Suit,  
 For I was Flax, and he was Flames of fire :  
 Our firm united soules did more than twine ;  
 So I my Best-Beloveds am ; so He is mine.

3  
 If all those glittering Monarchs that command  
 The servile Quarters of this earthly Ball,  
 Should tender, in Exchange, their shares of land,  
 I would not change my Fortunes for them all :  
 Their wealth is but a Counter to my Coyne ;  
 The world's but theirs ; but my Beloved's mine.

Nay,

Nay, more ; If the faire Thespian Ladies, all  
 Should heap together their diuinier treasure :  
 That Treasure should be deem'd a price too small  
 To buy a minuts Leasfe of halfe my Pleasure ;  
 'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the Nine  
 Can buy my heart from Him ; or His, from being mine.

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can baw  
 My least desires unto the least remove ;  
 Hee's firmly mine by Oath ; I, His, by Vow ;  
 Hee's mine by Faith ; and I am His by Love ;  
 Hee's mine by Water ; I am His, by Wine ;  
 Thus I my Best-Beloveds am ; Thus He is mine.

He is my Altar ; I, his Holy Place ;  
 I am his Guest ; and he, my living Food ;  
 I'm his, by Pœnitence ; He, mine by Grace ;  
 I'm his, by Purchace ; He is mine, by Blood ;  
 Hee's my supporting Elme ; and I, his Vine :  
 Thus I my Best-Beloveds am. Thus He is mine.

He gives me wealth : I give him all my Vowes ;  
 I givē Him songs ; He gives me length of dayes ;  
 With wreathes of Grace he crownes my conq'ring browes ;  
 And I, his Temples, with a Crowne of Praise,  
 Which he accepts as an everlasting signe,  
 That I my Best-Beloveds am ; that He is mine.

S. A V G V S T. Manu. Cap. 24.

O my soule stamp't with the Image of thy God; love him, of whom thou art so much beloved: Bend to him that bowes to thee, like him that seeks thee: Love thy lover, by whose love thou art prevented, being the cause of thy love: Be carefull with those that are carefull, want with those that want; Be cleane with the cleane, and holy with the holy: Choose this friend above all friends, who, when all are taken away, remaines onely faythfull to thee: In the day of thy buriall, when all leave thee, he will not deserue thee, but defend thee from the roaring Lions, prepared for their prey.

## EPIG. 3.

Sing Hymen to my soule: What? lost and found,  
Welcom'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soone, and crownd'!  
He did but climbe the Crosse; and then came downe  
To th' Gates of Hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a Crowne.

## IV.



*I am my beloveds, & his Desire is  
towards mee. Cant: 7.10. W: Simpson  
sc:*

## I.V.

## CANT. VII. X.

I am my Beloveds, and his desire is  
towards me.

## I

Like to the Artick needle, that does guide  
The wandring shadē by his Magnetick pow'r,  
and leaves his silken Gnomon to decide  
The question of the controverted houre,  
first franticks up and downe, from side to side,  
And restlesse beats his christall'd Iv'ry case  
With vaine impatience ; jets from place to place,  
and seeks the bosome of his frozen Bride,  
At length he slacks his motion, and does rest  
At trembling point at his bright Poles beloved Breſt.

## 2

W<sup>n</sup> so my soule, being hurried here and there,  
By ev'ry object that presents delight,  
She would be settled, but she knowes not where ;  
She likes at morning what she loathes at night :  
She bowes to Honour ; then, she lends an eare  
To that sweet Swan-like voice of dying Pleasure,  
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of Treasure ;  
Now flatter'd with false hope ; now, foyl'd with Feare.  
Thus finding all the world's delights to be  
empty toyes, good God, she point's alone to Thee.

But

3

But has the virtu'd Steele a pow'r to move ?  
 Or can the untouch'd Needle point aright ?  
 Or can my wandring Thoughts forbear to rove,  
 Vnguided by the vertue of thy Spirit ?  
 O has my leaden Soule the Art t'improve  
 Her wasted Talent ; and unrais'd, aspire  
 In this sad moulting time of her desire ?  
 Not first belov'd have I the pow'r to love ?  
 I cannot stirre, but as thou please to move me,  
 Nor can my heart returne thee love, vntill thou love me.

4

The still Commandresse of the silent night  
 Borrowes her beames from her bright brothers Eye ;  
 His faire Aspect fils her sharpe hornes with light,  
 If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die ;  
 E v'n so the beames of thy enlightning Sp'rite  
 Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,  
 Inflame my thoughts, and fill my soule with fire,  
 That I am ravisht with a new delight ;  
 But if thou shrowd thy face, my glory fades,  
 And I remaine a *Nothing*, all compos'd of shades.

5

Eternall God, O thou that onely art  
 The sacred Fountaine of eternall light,  
 And blessed Loadstone of my better part,  
 O thou my hearts desire, my soules delight,  
 Reflect upon my soule ; and touch my heart,  
 And then my heart shall prize no good above thee ;  
 And then my soule shall know thee ; knowing, love thee  
 And then my trembling thoughts shall never start  
 From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,  
 Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. A V G V S T. Medi Cap. 25.

If man can love man with so entire affection, that the one can  
leave brooke the others absence; If a Bride can be joyned to her  
Bride-groome with so great an ardency of mind, that for the extre-  
mity of love she can enjoy no rest, not suffering his absence without  
great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought the  
soule whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love the  
true God and glorious Bridegroome?

## EPI. 4.

My soule; thy love is deare; 'Twas thought a good  
And easie pen'worth of thy Sayours Blood:  
But be not proud; All matters rightly scan'd,  
'Twas over-bought: 'Twas sold at second hand.

V.



My Soule melted, when my beloved  
spake. Cant: 5. 6.  
will: Simpson scul:

## V.

## CANT. V. VI.

*My Soule melted whilst my Beloved  
spake.*

Lord, has the feeble voice of flesh and blood  
The pow'r to work thine eares into a flood  
Of melted Mercy ? or the strength, t'unlock  
The gates of Heav'n, and to dissolve a Rock  
Of marble Clouds into a morning show'r ?  
Or has the breath of whining dust the pow'r  
To stop, or snatch a falling Thunderbolt  
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revole  
From resolute Confusion, and instead  
Of Vyals, poure full Blessings on our head ?  
Or shall the wants of famishe Ravens cry,  
And move thy mercy to a quick supply ?  
Or shall the silent suits of drooping flowr's  
Woo thee for drops, and be refresh'd with Showr's ?  
Alas, what marvell then, great G o D, what wonder  
If thy Hell-rouzing voice, that splits in sunder  
The brazen Portals of eternall death,  
What wonder if that life-restoring breath  
Which drag'd me from th' infernall shades of night,  
Should melt my ravish't soule with ore-delight ?  
O can my frozen gutters choose but run,  
That feel the warmth of such a glorious Sun ?

Me thinks his language, like a flaming Arrow,  
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow ;  
Thy flames O Cupid (though the joyfull heart  
Feeles neither tang of griefe, nor feares the smart  
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full desires)  
Are tormentes weight'd with these celestiall fires ;  
Pleasures that ravish in so high a measure,  
That O I languish in excessse of pleasure :  
What ravisht heart, that feeles these melting Joyes,  
Would not despise and loathe the trech'rous Tyses  
Of dunghill earth ! what soule would not be proud  
Of wry-mouth'd scornes, the worst that flesh and bloud  
Had rancor to devise ? Who would not beare  
The worlds derision with a thankfull eare ?  
What palat would refuse full bowles of spight,  
To gaine a minuts tast of such delight ?  
Great spring of light, in whoni there is no shade  
But what my interposed sinnes have made,  
Whose marroy-melting Fires admit no screene  
But what my owne rebellions put betweene  
Their precious flames, and my obdurate eare ;  
Disperse these plague-distilling Clouds, and cleare  
My mungy Soule into a glorious day ;  
Transplant this screene, remoove this Barre away ;  
Then, then my fluent soule shall feele the fires  
Of thy sweete voice, and my dissolv'd desires  
Shall turne a sov'raigne Balsome, to make whole  
Those wounds my sinnes inflicted on thy soule.

S. AVGVST. Soliloq. Cap. 34.

*What fire is this that so warmes my heart? What light is this  
so enlightens my soule! O fire, that alwayes burnest, and ne-  
vagest out, kindle me: O light, which ever shinest, and art  
ever darkned, illuminate me: O that I had my heat from thee,  
thy holy fire! How sweetly doest thou burns! How secretly doest  
thou shine! How desiderably doest thou inflame me!*

BONAVENT. Stim. amoris Cap. 8.

*It makes God man; and man, God; things temporall,  
tenall, mortall, immortall; it makes an enemy a friend, a  
servant, a Son: vile things, glorious; cold hearts fiery, and hard  
things liquid.*

F P I C. 5.

*My soule; Thy gold is true; but full of drosse;  
Thy SAVIOVRS breath refines thee with some losse;  
his gentle Fornace makes thee pure as true;  
Thou must be melted, ere th'art cast anew.*

## V I.



Whom haue I in heaven but thee, & what  
desire I on earth in respect of thee. Ps. 73<sup>22</sup>

W. S. sc:

## VI.

## PSAL. LXXIII. XXV.

*Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? and what  
desire I on earth in respect of Thee?*

<sup>1</sup> Love (and have some cause to love) the earth ;  
She is my Makers Creature ; therefore Good :  
She is my Mother ; for she gave me birth ;  
She is my tender Nurse ; she gives me food :  
But what's a Creature, Lord, compar'd with Thee ?  
Or what's my mother, or my nurse to me ?

<sup>2</sup> I love the Ayre ; her dainty sweets refresh  
My drooping soule, and to new sweets invite me ;  
Her shrill-mouth'd Quire sustaine me with their flesh,  
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me :  
But what's the Ayre, or all the sweets that she  
Can blesse my soule withall, compar'd to Thee ?

<sup>3</sup> I love the Sea ; She is my fellow-Creature ;  
My carefull Purveyor ; She provides me stote ;  
She wals me round ; She makes my diet greater ;  
She wafts my treasure from a forreigne shore ;  
But Lord of Oceans, when compar'd with thee,  
What is the Ocean, or her wealth, to me?

4

To heav'ns high City I direct my Journey,  
Whose spangled Suburbs enterkaine mine eye ;  
Mine Eye, by Contemplations great Atturney,  
Transcends the Christall pavement of the sky ;  
But vhat is heav'n, great God, compar'd to Thee ?  
Without Thy presence Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

5

Without Thy presence Earth gives no Refection ;  
Without Thy presence, Sea affords no treasure ;  
Without Thy presence Ayre's a rank Infection ;  
Without Thy presence Heav'n it selfe's no pleasure ,  
If not possest, if not enjoy'd in Thee,  
What's Earth, or Sea, or Ayre, or Heav'n to me ?

6

The highest Honours that the world can boast  
Are subjects farre too low for my desire ;  
The brightest beames of glory art (at most)  
But dying sparkles of thy living fire :  
The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be  
But nightly Glow-wormes, if compar'd to Thee.

7

Without Thy presence, wealth are Bags of Cares ;  
Wisdom, but Folly ; Joy, disquiet sadnesse ;  
Friendship is Treason, and Delights are snares ;  
Pleasures but paine ; and mirth, but pleasing Madnesse ;  
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,  
Nor have they being, when compar'd with Thee.

8

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I ?  
Not having Thee, what have my labours got ?  
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I ?  
And having Thee alone what have I not ?  
I wish nor Sea, nor Land, nor would I be  
Possest of Heav'n, Heav'n unpossest of Thee.

## BONAVENT. Cap. i. Soliloq.

Alas my God, now I understand (but blush to confess) that the beauty of thy Creatures have deceived mine eyes ; and I have not deserved that thou art more amiable than all thy creatures, to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty ; For who hath adorned the heavens with Starres ? Who hath stored the ayre with fowle ? the waters, with fish ? the earth, with plants and flowers ? But what are all these, but a small part of divine beauty.

S, C H R Y S. Hom. 5 in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, because I have Christ ; Having therefore all things in Him, I seek no other reward, for he is the uniyerſall Reward.

## EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,  
And scorne this drosse within him ; that, without him,  
Cast up (my soule) thy clearer eye ; Behold.  
If thou be fully melted : There's the Mold.

## VII.



*Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with  
Mosech: es to haue my habitation among the tents  
of Cedar: Psal: 120. 4. will: simpson: sculpsit.*

## VII.

## PSAL. CXX. V.

*Woe is to me ! that I remaine in Mesbech,  
and d'well in the Tents of Kedar.*

IS Natures course dissolv'd ? Does Times glasse stand ?  
Or has some frolick heart set back the hand  
Of Fates perpetuall Clock ? Wil't never strike ?  
Is crazy Time growne lazy, faint, or sick  
With very Age ? Or has that great Purroyall  
Of Adamantine sisters late made tryall  
Of some new Trade ? Shall mortall hearts grow old  
In sorrow ? Shall my weary Armes infold  
And underprop my panting sides for ever ?  
Is there no charitable hand will sever  
My well-spun Thred, that my imprison'd soule  
May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole  
Of dungeon flesh ? O shall I, shall I never  
Be ransom'd, but remaine a slave for ever ?  
It is the Lot of man but once to die,  
But ere that death, how many deaths have I ?  
What humane madnesse makes the world affraid  
To entertaine heav'ns joy ? because conveigh'd  
By th'hand of death ? Will nakednesse refuse  
Rich change of robes, because the man's not spruise  
That brought them ? Or will Poverty send back  
Full bags of gold, because the bringer's black ?

Life is a Bubble, blowne with whining breaths,  
 Fil'd with the torments of a thousand deaths ;  
 Which, being prickt by death (while death deprives  
 One life) presents the soule a thousand lives :  
 Of frantick mortall, how has earth bewitch'd  
 Thy Bedlam soule, which has so fondly pitch'd  
 Upon her false delights ! Delights, that cease  
 Before enjoyment finds a time to please ;  
 Her fickle joyes breed doubtfull feares ; her feares  
 Bring hopefull Griefes ; her griefes weep fearfull teares,  
 Teares coyne deceitfull hopes ; hopes, carefull doubt,  
 And surly p̄ission justles passion out :  
 To day, we pamper with a full repast  
 Of lavish mirth ; at night, we weepe as fast :  
 To night we swim in wealth, and lend ; To morrow,  
 We sink in want, and find no friend to borrow :  
 In what a Climat does my soule reside !  
 Where pale-fac'd Murther, the first-borne of pride,  
 Sets up her kingdome in the very similes,  
 And plighted faiths of men-lil' Crocadiles ;  
 A land, where each embroyred Sattin word  
 Is lin'd with Fraud ; where Mars his lawleſſe ſword  
 Exiles Astræas Balance ; where that hand  
 Now ſlayes his brother, that new-fow'd his land :  
 O that my dayes of bondage would expire  
 In this lewd Soyle ! Lord, how my Soule's on fire  
 To be diſſolv'd ! that I might once obtaine  
 These long'd for joyes, long'd for, ſo oft, in vaine !  
 If Moses-like, I may not live poſſeſt  
 Of this faire land ; L O R D, let me ſee't, at leaſt.

## S. A V G V S T. Soliloq. Cap. 2.

My life is a fraile life; a corruptible life; A life, which the more increas'es, the more decreases: The farther it goes, the nearer it comes to death: A deceitfull life, and like a shadow; full of the snares of death: Now I rejoice; now I languish; now I flourish; now infirme; now I live, and straight I die; now I seeme happy, alwayes miserable, now I laugh, now I weepe: Thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing continues an houre in one state: O Joy above Joy, exceeding all Joy, without which there is no Joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwels in thee?

## E P I C . 7 .

Art thou so weake? O canst thou not digest  
An houre of travell for a night of Rest?  
Cheare up, my soule; call home thy spir'ts, and beare  
One bad Good-Friday; Full-mouth'd Easter's neare.

## VIII.



O wretched Man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this Death?

Rom: 7. 24.

Will Simpson sculp.

## VIII.

## ROM. VII. XXIV.

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

B  
Behold thy darling, which thy lustfull care  
Bampers; for which thy restlesse thoughts prepare  
Such early Cates; For whom thy bubbling brew  
So often sweats, and bankrupt eyes do owe  
Such midnight scores to Nature, for whose sake  
Base earth is Sainted, the Infernall Lake  
Vnfear'd; the Crowne of Glory poorely rated;  
Thy G o D neglected, and thy brother hated:  
Behold thy darling, whom thy soule affects  
So dearely; whom thy fond Indulgence decks  
And puppets up in soft, in silken weeds:  
Behold thy darling, whom thy fondnesse feeds  
With farre-fetch'd delicates, the deare-bought gaines  
Of ill-spent Time, the price of halfe thy paines:  
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by Thee,  
Derides thy nakednesse; and, when most free,  
Proclaiimes her lover, slave; and, being fed  
Most full, then strikes th'indulgent Feeder dead:  
What meanst thou thus, my poore deluded soule,  
To love so fondly? Can the burning Cole  
Of thy Affection last without the fuell  
Of counter-love? Is thy Compere so cruell,

And

And thou so kind, to love unlov'd againe ?  
 Canst thou sow favours, and thus reape disdain ?  
 Remember, O remember thou art borne  
 Of royall blood ; remember, thou art sworne  
 A Maid of Honour in the Court of Heav'n ;  
 Remember what a costly price was giv'n  
 To ransome thee from slav'ry thou wert in ;  
 And wilt thou now, my soule, turne slave agin ?  
 The Son and Heire to Heav'n's triune I E H O V E  
 Would faine become a Suitor for thy Love,  
 And offers for thy dow'r, his Fathers Throne,  
 To sit, for Seraphims to gaze upon ;  
 Hee'l give thee Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, and Things  
 Transcending farre the Majesty of Kings.  
 And wilt thou prostrate to the odious charmes  
 Of this base Scullion ? Shall his hollow Armes  
 Hugg thy soft sides ? Shall these course hands untie  
 The sacred Zone of thy Virginitie ?  
 For shame, degen'rous soule, let thy desire  
 Be quickned upwith more heroick fire ;  
 Be wisely proud ; let thy ambitious eye  
 Read nobler objects ; let thy thoughts desie  
 Such am'rous basenesse ; Let thy soule disdainc  
 Th' ignoble profers of so base a Swaine ;  
 Or if thy vowes be past, and Himens bands  
 Have ceremonyed your unequall hands,  
 Annull, at least avoid thy lawlesse Act  
 With insufficiency, or a Präcontract :  
 Or if the Act be good, yet maist thou plead  
 A second Freedome ; for the flesh is dead.

How I am joyned to this body, I know not ; which when it is  
althfull, provokes me to warre, and being damaged by warre,  
fests me with griete ; which I both love as a fellow-servant,  
and hate as an utter enemy ; It is a pleasant Foe, and a perfidious friend : O strange Conjunction and Alienation ! What I  
are I embrace, and what I love I am afraid of ; Before I make  
warre, I am reconcil'd ; Before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.

## EPIC. 8.

What need that House be daub'd with flesh and blood ?  
Hang'd round with silks and gold ; repair'd with food ?  
Cost idly spent ! That cost does but prolong  
Thy thralldome ; Foole, thou mak'st thy Layle too strong.

## IX.



I am in a freight betwixt two having a  
Desire to Depart & to be w<sup>th</sup> Christ ..  
Phil: 1. 23. Will: Simpson. Sculpsit.

## IX.

## PHIL. I. XXIII.

*I am in a streight betwene two, having a de-  
fire to be dissolv'd, and to be with Christ.*

*1*  
 What meant our carefull parents so to weare,  
 And lavish out their ill expended houres,  
 To purchase for us largs possessions, here,  
 Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours ?  
 What meant they, ah what meant they to indure  
 Such loads of needlesse labour, to procure,  
 And make that thing our own, which was our own too sure.

*2*  
 What meane these liv'ries and possessive kayes ?  
 What meane these bargaines, and these needlesse sales ?  
 What need these jealous, these suspitious wayes  
 Of law-devis'd, and law-dissolv'd entailles ?  
 No need to sweat for gold ; wherewith, to buy  
 Estates of high-priz'd land ; no need to tie  
 Earth to their heires, were they but clog'd with earth as I.

*3*  
 O were their soules but clog'd with earth, as I,  
 They would not purchase with so salt an Itch ;  
 They would not take, of Almes, what now they buy ;  
 Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich :

TThey

They would not take such paines, project and prog,  
To charge their shoulders with so great a log ;  
Who has the greater lands, has but the greater clog.

4

I cannot do an act which earth disdaines not ;  
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not ;  
I cannot speake a word which earth prophanes not ;  
I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not ;  
If I but offer up an early groane,  
Or spread my wings to heav'ns long long'd for Thron  
She darkens my complaints, and drags my Offring downe.

5

Ev'n like the Hawlk, (whose keepers wary hands  
Have made a prisner to her wethring stock)  
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,  
Makes a rank Bate from her forsaken Block,  
But her too faithfull Leash does soone restraine  
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vaine ;  
It gives her loynes a twitch, and tugs her back againe.

6

So, when my soule directs her better eye  
To heav'ns bright Pallace (where my treasure lies)  
I spread my willing wings, but cannot flic,  
Earth hales me downe, I cannot, cannot rise ;  
When I but strive to mount the least degree,  
Earth gives a jerk, and foiles me on my knee ;  
L o R D , how my soule is rackt, betwixt the world and Th-

7

Great G o D , I spread my feeble wings, in vaine ;  
In vaine I offer my extended hands ;  
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chaine ;  
I cannot come till thou release my Bands :  
Which if thott please to break, and then supply  
My wings with spirit, th'Eagle shall not flic  
A pitch that's half so faire, nor half so swift as I.

BONAVENT. Cap. 1. Soliloq.

Ab fwoet Iesus, pierce the marrow of my soule with the healthfull shafts of thy love, that it may truly burne, and melt, and languish with the onely desire of thee ; that it may desire to be dissolved, and to be with thee : Let it it hunger alone for the bread of life ; let it thirst after thee, the spring and fountaine of eternall light, the streame of true pleasure : let it always desire thee, seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee.

## EPIG. 9.

What will thy shackles neither loose, nor break ?  
Are they too strong ? or is thy Arme too weake ?  
Art will prevaile where knotty strength denies,  
My soule ; there's *Aqua fortis* in thine eyes.

## X.



Bring my soule out of Prison that I may praise  
thy Name = Ps: 142.7. will simpson sculpsit

## X.

## PSAL. CXLII. VII.

*Bring my soule out of prison, that I may  
praise thy Name.*

MY Soule is like a Bird ; my Flesh, the Cage ;  
 Wherein, she weares her weary Pilgrimage  
 Of hours as few as evill, daily fed  
 With sacred Wine, and Sacramentall Bread ;  
 The keyes that locks her in, and lets her out,  
 Are Birth, and Death ; 'twixt both, she hopps about  
 From perch to perch ; from Sense to Reason ; then,  
 From higher Reason, doyyne to Sense agen :  
 From Sense she climbes to Faith ; where, for a season,  
 She sits and sings ; then, down againe to Reason ;  
 From Reason, back to Faith ; and straight, from thence  
 She rudely flutteres to the Perch of Sense ;  
 From Sense, to Hope ; then hopps from Hope to Doubt ;  
 From Doubt, to dull Despaire ; there, seeks about  
 For desp'rate Freedome ; and at ev'ry Grate,  
 She wildly thrusts, and begs th'untimely date  
 Of unexpired thralldome, to release  
 Th'afflicted Captive, that can find no peace :  
 Thus am I coop'd within this fleshly Cage,  
 Iweare my youth, and waft my weary Age,  
 Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chaunt  
 Heav'ns praises forth, in sighs and sad complaint :

Whilst happier birds can spread their nimble wing  
From Shrubs to Cedars, and there chirp and sing,  
In choice of raptures, the harmonious story  
Of mans Redemption and his Makers Glory:  
You glorious Martyrs; you illustrious Troopes,  
That once were cloyster'd in your fleshly Coopes,  
As fast as I, what Reth'rick had your tongues?  
What dextrous Art had your Elegiak Songs?  
What *Paul*-like pow'r had your admir'd devotion?  
What shackle-breaking Faith infus'd such motion  
To your strong Pray'rs, that could obtaine the boone  
To be inlarg'd, to be uncag'd so soone?  
When I(poore I)can sing my daily teares,  
Grown old in Bondage, and can find no eares:  
You great partakers of eternall Glory,  
That with your heav'n-prevailing Oratory,  
Releas'd your soules from your terrestriall Cage,  
Permit the passion of my holy Rage  
To recommend my sorrowes (dearely knowne  
To you, in dayes of old; and, once, your owne)  
To your best thoughts, (but oh 't does not befit ye  
To moove our pray'rs; you love and joy; not pitie:  
Great L O R D of soules, to whom should prisners flie,  
But Thee? Thou hadst thy Cage, as well as I:  
And, for my sake, thy pleasure was to know  
The sorrowes that it brought, and feltst them too;  
O set me free, and I will spend those dayes,  
Which now I waſt in begging, in Thy praise.

A N S E L M. in Protolog. Cap. 1.

O miserable condition of mankinde, that has lost that for which he was created ! Alas ! What has hee left ? And what has hee found ? He has lost happinesse for which he was made, and found misery for which he was not made : What is gone ? and what is left ? That thing is gone, without which bee is unhappy ; that thing is left, by which he is miserable : O wretched men ! From whence are we expell'd ? To what are we impell'd ? Whence are we throwne ? And whether are we burried ? From our home into banishment ; from the sight of God into our own blindnesse ; from the pleasure of immortality to the bitternesse of death : Miserable change ? From how great a good, to how great an evill ? Ah me ; What have I enterpriz'd ? What have I done ? Whither did I goe ? Whither am I come ?

## E P I C. 10.

Pauls Midnight voice prevail'd ; his musicks thunder  
Unhing'd the prison doores ; split bolts in sunder :  
And fist thou here ? and hang'st the feeble wing ?  
And whin'it to be enlarg'd ? Soule, learne to sing.

## XI.



As the Hart panteth after the waterbrooks,  
So panteth my soule after thee o Lord.  
Will: Simpson. Sculpsit

## X I.

## PSAL. XLII. I.

*As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks,  
so panteth my soule after thee O God.*

1

H ow shall my tongue expresse that halowy'd fire  
 Which heav'n has kindled in my ravish't heart !  
 What Muse shall I invoke, that will inspire  
 My lowly Quill to act a lofty part !  
 What Art shall I devise t'expresse desire,  
 Too intricate to be exprest by Art !  
 Let all the nine be silent ; I refuse  
 Their aid in this high task, for they abuse  
 The flames of Love too much : Assist me Davids Muse,

2

Not as the thirsty soyle desires soft shewres,  
 To quicken and refresh her Embrion graine ;  
 Nor as the drooping Crests of fading flowres  
 Request the bounty of a morning Raine,  
 Do I desire my G o d : These, in few hours,  
 Re-wish, what late their wishes did obtaine,  
 But as the swift-foot Hart does, wounded, flie  
 To th' much desired stremes, ev'n so do I  
 Pant after Thee, my G o d, whom I must find, or die.

Before

3  
Before a Pack of deep-mouth'd Lusts I flee ;

O, they have singled out my panting heart,  
And wanton *Cupid*, sitting in a Tree,

Hath pierc'd my bosome with a flaming dart ;  
My soule being spent, for refuge, seeks to Thee,

But cannot find where Thou my refuge art :

Like as the swift-foot Hart does, wounded, flie

To the desired streames, ev'n so do I

Pant after Thee, my G o d, whom I must find, or die.

## 4

At length, by flight, I over-went the Pack ;

Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound ;  
The blood, that follow'd, left a purple track,

Which brought a Serpent, but in shape, a Hound ;  
We strove ; He bit me ; but thou brak'st his back,

I left him grov'ling on th'envenom'd ground ;

But as the Serpent-bitten Hart does flie

To the long-long'd for streames, ev'n so did I  
Pant after Thee, my G o d, whom I must find or die.

## 5

If lust should chace my soule, made swift by fright,

Thou art the streames whereto my soule is bound :  
Or if a Iav'lin wound my sides, in flight,

Thou art the Balsom that must cure my wound :

If poysone chance t'infest my soule, in fight,

Thou art the Treacle that must make me sound ;

Ev'n as the wounded Hart, embost, does flie

To th' streames extremely long'd for, so do I

Pant after Thee, my G o d, whom I must find, or die.

CYRIL. lib. 5 in Ioh. Cap. 10.

O precious water, which quenches the noysome thirst of this world, that scoures all the staines of sinners; that waters the earth of our soules with heavenly showers, and brings backe the thirsty heart of man to his onely God!

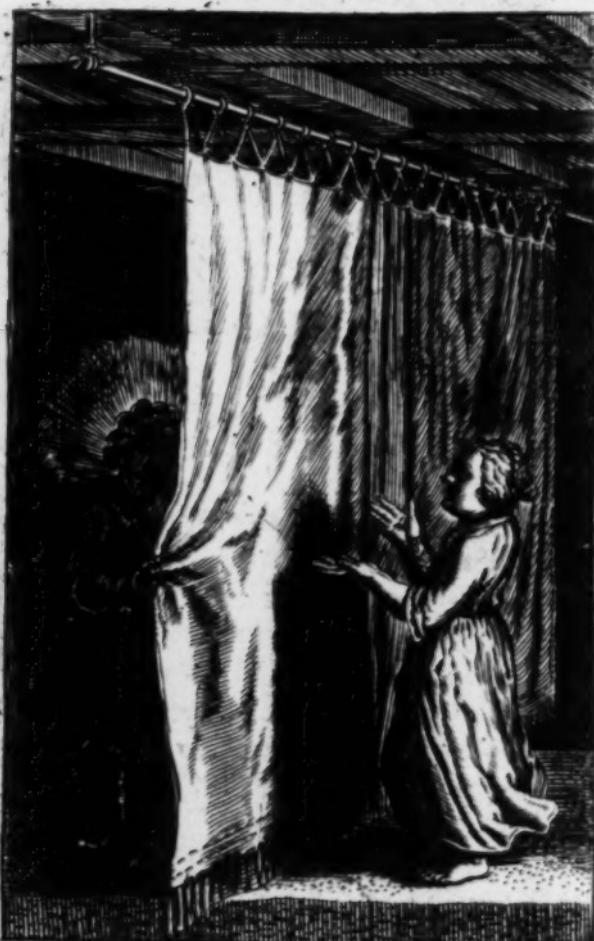
S. AVGVS T. Soliloq. 35.

O fountaine of life, and veine of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and tast the waters of thy sweetnesse, that I may behold thy vertue, and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streames of thy mercy? Lord, I thirst: Thou art the spring of life, satisfie me; I thirst, Lord, I thirst after thee the living God.

## EPIG. II.

The Arrow-smitten Hart, deep wounded, flies  
To th' Springs with water in his weeping eyes:  
Heav'n is thy Spring: If Sathan's fiery dart  
Pierce thy faint sides; do so, my wounded Hart.

## XII.



When shall I come and appeare before  
the Lord Ps : 92 . 2 . w.m. sculp:

## XII.

## PSAL. XLII. II.

*When shall I come and appear  
before God?*

VVhat is my soule the better to be tinde  
With holy fire? What boots it to be coyned  
With heav'ns own stamp? What vantage can there be  
To soules of heav'n-descended Pedegree,  
More than to Beasts, that grovell? Are not they  
Fed by th' Almighties hand? and, ev'ry day,  
Fill'd with His Blessing too? Do they not see  
G o d in His creatures, as direct as we?  
Do they not tast Thee? heare Thee? nay, what Sense  
Is not partaker of Thine Excellence?  
What more do we? Alas, what serves our reason,  
But, like dark lanthornes, to accomplish Treason  
With greater closenesse? It affords no light,  
Brings Thee no nearer to our purblind sight;  
No pleasure rises up the least degree,  
Great G o d, but in the clearer view of Thee:  
What priv'ledge more than Sense, has Reason than?  
What vantage is it to be borne a man?  
How often has my patience built, (deare L o r d)  
Vaine Tow'rs of Hope upon Thy gracious Word!  
How often has Thy Hope-reviving Grace  
Woo'd my suspitious eyes to seek Thy face!

How

How often has thy hope-reviving Grace  
 Woo'd my suspitious eyes to seek Thy face !  
 How often have I sought Thee ? Oh how long  
 Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue  
 Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could nev'r obtaine ;  
 In vaine I seek Thee, and I beg in vaine :  
 If it be high presumption to behold  
 Thy face, why didst Thou make mine eyes so bold  
 To seek it ? If that object be too bright  
 For mans Aspect, why did thy lips invite  
 Mine eye t'expect it ? If it might be seene,  
 Why is this envious curtaine drawne betweene  
 My darkned eye and it ? O tell me, why  
 Thou dost command the thing Thou dost deny ?  
 Why dost thou give me so unpriz'd a treasure,  
 And then deny'st my greedy soule the pleasure  
 To view thy gift ? Alas, that gift is void,  
 And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd :  
 If those refulgent Beames of heav'ns great light  
 Guild not the day, what is the day, but night ?  
 The drouzie Shepheard sleeps ; flowres droop and fade ;  
 The Birds are sullen, and the Beast is sad ;  
 But if bright *Titan* dart his golden Ray,  
 And, with his riches, glorifie the day,  
 The jolly Shepheard pipes ; Flowres freshly spring ;  
 The beast growes gamesome, and the birds they sing :  
 Thou art my Sun, great *GOD*, O when shall I  
 View the full bearnes of thy Meridian eye ?  
 Draw, draw this fleshly curtaine, that denies  
 The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes ;  
 Or give me Faith ; and, by the eye of Grace,  
 I shall behold Thee, though not face to face.

S. A V G V S T. in Psal. 39.

*Who created all things is better than all things ; who beautified all things is more beauifull than all things : who made strength is stronger than all things : who made great things is greater than all things : Whatsoever thou lovest he is that to bee : Learne to love the workman in his worke ; the Creator in his creature : Let not that which was made by Him poſſeſſe thee, leſt thou lose Him by whom thy ſelfe was made.*

S. A V G V S T. Med. Cap. 37.

*O thou moſt ſweet, moſt gracious, moſt amiable, moſt faire, when ſhall I ſee Thee ? when ſhall I be ſatiſfied with Thy beauty ? When wilt thou lead me from this darke dungeon, that I may confeſſe thy name ?*

E P I C. 12.

*How art thou shaded in this vale of night,  
Behind thy Curtaine flesh ? Thou ſeſt no light,  
But what thy Pride does challenge as her owne ;  
Thy Fleſh is high : Soule, take this Curtaine downe.*

## XIII.



*Oh if I had the wings of a Dove for then I  
would fly away, & be at rest. Ps: 55. 6*

*w. Simpson sc:*

## XIII.

## PSAL. LV. VI.

*O that I had the wings of a Dove, for then I  
would flee away and be at rest.*

1

**A**nd am I sworne a dunghill slave for ever  
To earths base drudg'ry ? Shall I never find  
A night of Rest ? Shall my Indentures never  
Be cancel'd ? Did injurious nature bind  
My soule earths Prentice, with no Clause, to leave her ?  
No day of freedome ? Must I ever grinde ?  
**O** that I had the pineons of a Dove  
That I might quit my Bands, and sore above,  
And powre my just Complaints before the great I E H O V N !

2

How happy are the Doves, that have the pow'r,  
When ere they please, to spread their ayry wings !  
Or cloud-dividing Eagles, that can tow'r  
Above the Sent of these inferiour things !  
How happy is the Lark, that ev'ry howre,  
Leaves earth, and then for joy, mounts up and sings !  
Had my dull soule but wings as well as they,  
How I would spring from earth, and clip away,  
As wise *Astrea* did, and scorne this ball of Clay !

V

3

O how my soule would spurne this Ball of Clay,  
 And loath the dainties of earths painfull pleasure ?  
 O how I'de laugh to see men night and day,  
 Turmoyle, to gaine that Trash they call their treasure !  
 O how I'de smile to see what plots they lay  
 To catch a blast, or owne a smile from Cæsar !  
 Had I the pineons of a mounting Dove,  
 How I would sore and sing, and hate the Love  
 Of transitory Toyes, and feed on Joyes above !

4

There should I find that everlasting Pleasure,  
 Which Change removes not, & which Chance prevents not ;  
 There should I find that everlasting Treasure,  
 Which force deprives not, fortune dis-augments not ;  
 There should I find that everlasting Cæsar,  
 Whose hand recals not, and whose heart repents not :  
 Had I the pineons of a clipping Dove,  
 How I would climbe the skies, and hate the Love  
 Of transitory Toyes, and joy in Things above !

5

No rank-mouth'd slander, there, shall give offence,  
 Or blast our blooming names, as here they due ;  
 No liver-scalding Lust shall, there, incense  
 Our boyling veines : There is no Cupids Bow :  
 L o r d , give my soule the milk-white Innocence  
 Of Doves, and I shall have their pineons too :  
 Had I the pineons of a sprightly Dove,  
 How I would quit this earth, and sore above, (HOV.  
 And heav'ns blest kingdome find, with heav'ns blest King I

S. A V G V S T. in Psal. 138.

*What wings should I desire but the two precepts of love, on  
which the Law and the Prophets depend? O if I could obtaine  
these wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of  
thy Justice to the face of thy Mercy: Let us find those wings by  
love which we have lost by lust.*

S. A V G V S T. in Psal. 76.

*Let us cast off whatsoever binders, entangles or burthenes our  
sight until we attaine that which satisfies; beyond which no-  
thing is; beneath which, all things are; of which, all things are.*

EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wishing soule, didst ever trie  
How fast the wings of Red-crost Faith can flie?  
Why beg'st thou then the pineons of a Dove?  
Faiths wings are swifter, but the swiftest, Love.

## XIV.



How amiable are thy Tabernacles o Lord  
of Hosts my Soule longeth, yea euen  
fainteth for the courts of the Lord:

Ps. 84.1

Will: Marshall. Sculp.

## XIV.

## PSAL. LXXXIV. I.

*How amiable are thy Tabernacles  
O God of Hosts:*

Ancient of dayes, to whom all times are Now,  
Before whose Glory, Seraphims do bow  
Their blushing Cheeks, and vale their blemisht faces ;  
That, uncontaind, at once, doft fill all places,  
How glorious, O how farre beyond the height  
Of puzzled Quils, or the obtuse conceit  
Of flesh and Blood, or the too flat reports  
Of mortall tongues, are thy expreflesse Courts !  
Whose glory to paint forth with greater Art,  
Ravish my Fancy, and inspire my heart,  
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me  
For shewing Sense, what Faith alone should see.

Ten thousand Millions, and ten thousand more  
Of Angell-measur'd leagues from th'Easterne shore  
Of dungeon earth this glorious Palace stands,  
Before whose pearly gates, ten thousand Bands  
Of armed Angels wait, to entertaine  
Those purged soules, for whom the Lamb was slaine,  
Whose guiltlesse death, and voluntary yeelding  
Of whose giv'n life gave this brave Court her building ;  
The lukewarme Blood of this deare Lamb being spilt,  
To Rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built ;

And what dropt downe in cold and gelid gore,  
Did turne rich Saphyrs, and impav'd her floore :  
The brighter flames, that from his eyc-balls ray'd,  
Grew Chrysolites, whereof her wals were made ;  
The milder glaunces sparkled on the Ground,  
And grunsild ev'ry doore with Diamond :  
But, dying, darted upwards, and did fixe  
A Battlement of purest Sardonix :  
Her streets with burnisht Gold are paved round ;  
Starres lie like pebbles scattered on the ground :  
Pearle, mixt with Onyx, and the Iaspe stone,  
Made gravil'd Causwayes to be trampled on :  
There shinenē no Sun by day ; no Moone, by night ;  
The Pallace glory is the Pallace light :  
There is no time to measure motion by,  
There, time is swallow'd with Eternity ;  
Wry-mouth'd disdaine, and corner-haunting lust,  
And twy-faced Fraud ; and beetle-brow'd Distrust ;  
Soule-boylng Rage ; and trouble-state sedition ;  
And giddy doubt ; and goggle-ey'd suspition ;  
And lumpish sorrow, and degen'rous feare  
Are banisht thence, and death's a stranger there :  
But simple love, and sempiternall joyes,  
Whose sweetnesse neither gluts, nor fulnesse cloyes ;  
Where face to face, our ravisht eye shall see  
Great E L O H I M, that glorious One in Three,  
And Three in One, and, seeing Him, shall blesse Him,  
And blessing, love Him ; and, in love, possesse Him :  
Here stay, my soule, and rayish in relation :  
Thy words being spent ; spend now, in Contemplation.

## S. G R E G. in Psal. 7 paenitent.

Sweet Iesus, the Word of the Father, the brightnesse of pater-nall glory, whom Angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that, led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed City, where day is eternall, where there is certaine security, and secure eterni-ty, and eternall peace, and peacefull happinesse, and happy sweet-nesse, and sweet pleasure; where thou O God with the Father and the holy Spirit livest and raignest world without end.

Ibid.

There is light without darknesse; Joy without griefe; desire without punishment; love without sadnesse; satiety without loathing; safety without feare; health without disease; and life without deaſh.

## EPIC. 14.

My soule, pry not too nearely; The Complexion  
Of Solis bright face is seen, but by Reflexion:  
But wouldest thou know what's heav'n? Ile tell thee what;  
Think what thou canſt not think, and Heav'n is that.

V 4

## X V.



Make hast my Beloved, and be Thow like  
to a Roe, or to a yong Hart upon the  
Mountaines of Spices. Cant: 8. 14. will: sm: sc:

## XV.

## CANT. VIII. XIV.

*Make haste my Beloved, and be like the Roe  
or the young Hart upon the Moun-  
taines of Spices.*

GO, gentle Tyrant, goe ; thy flames do pierce  
My soule too deep ; thy flames are too too fierce :  
My marrow melts, my fainting Spirits fry  
Ith' torrid Zone of thy Meridian Eye ;  
Awaway, awaway : Thy sweets are too perfuming ;  
Turne, turne thy face ; Thy fires are too consuming :  
Haft hence ; and let thy winged steps out-goe  
The frightened Roe-buck, and his flying Roe :  
But wilt thou leave me then ? O thou that art  
Life of my Soule, Soule of my dying heart,  
Without the sweet Aspect of whose faire Eyes,  
My soule does languish, and her solace dies ;  
Art thou so easly woo'd ? So apt to heare  
The frantick language of my foolish feare ?  
Leave, leave me not ; nor turne thy beauty from me,  
Looke, looke npon me, though thine eyes ov'rcome me.  
O how they wound ! But, how my wounds content me !  
How sweetly these delightfull paines torment me !  
How I am tortur'd in excessive measure  
Of pleasing cruelties too cruell pleasure !

Turne,

Turne, turne away ; remove thy scorching beames ;

I languish with these bitter-sweet extreames ;

Hast then, and let thy winged steps out-goe

The flying Roe-buck, and his frighted Roe,

Turne back, my deare ; O let my ravisht eye

Once more behold thy face before thou flic :

What ? shall we part without a mutuall kisse ?

O who can leave so sweet a face as this ?

Looke full upon me ; for my soule desires

To turne a holy Martyr in those fires :

O leave me not, nor turne thy beauty from me ;

Looke, looke upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.

If thou becloud the Sun-shine of thine eye,

I freeze to death ; and if it shine, I frie ;

Which like a Fever, that my soule has got,

Makes me to burne too cold, or freeze too hot :

Alas, I cannot beare so sweet a smart,

Not canst thou be lessē glorious than thou art :

Hast then, and let thy winged steps out-goe

The frighted Roe-buck, and his flying Roe,

But goe not farre beyond the reach of breath ;

Too large a distance makes another death :

My youth is in her Spring ; Autumnall vowes

Will make me riper for so sweet a Spouse,

When after-times have burnish'd my desire,

Ile shoot thee flames for flames, and fir e for fire.

O leave me not, 'nor turne thy beauty from me ;

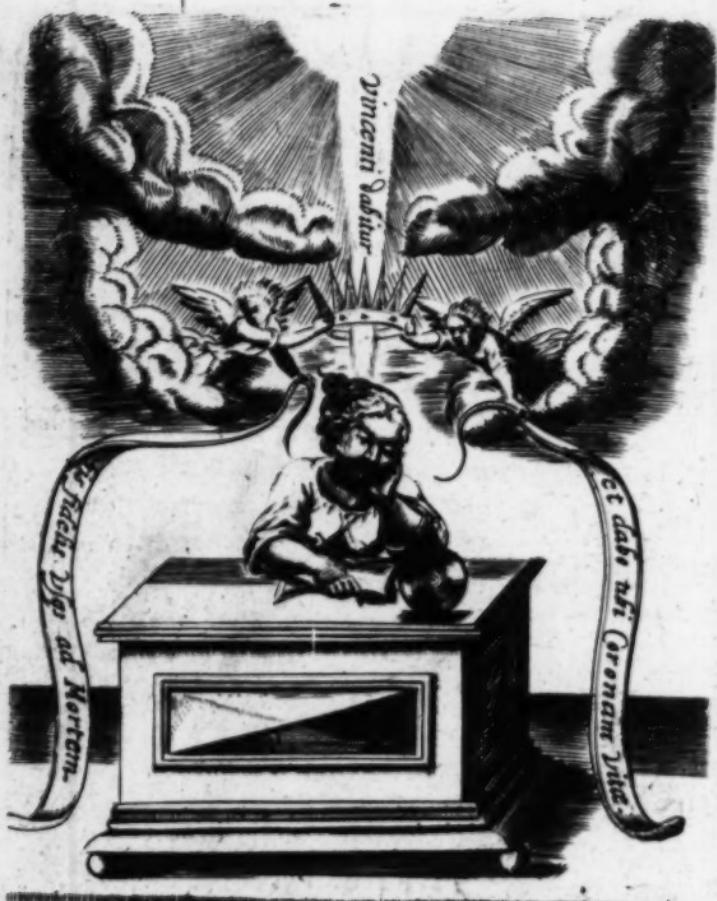
Looke, looke upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.

Author scall Paradisi. Tom. 9. Aug. Cap. 8.

Feare not O Bride, nor despaire ; Thinke not thy selfe contemnd, if thy Bridegroome withdraw his face awhile : All things co-operate for the best : Both from his absence, and his presence thou gainest light : He comes to thee, and he goes from thee ; He comes, to make thee consolate ; He goes, to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puffe thee up : He comes, that thy languishing soule may be comforted ; He goes ; lest his familiarity should be contemned ; and, being absent, to be more desired ; and being desired, to be more earnestly sought ; and being long sought, to be more acceptably found.

## F P 8. 15.

My soule, sinnes monster, whom, with greater ease  
Ten thousand fold, thy G o d could make than please :  
What wouldst thou have ? Nor please d with Sun, nor shade ?  
Heav'n knowes not what to make of what He made.



Fidesq; Coronat ad aras.  
will: marshall sculps:

## THE FAREWELL.

## REVEL. II. X.

*Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give  
tbee the crowne of life.*

B E faithfull? L O R D, what's that?  
 Believe: 'Tis easie to Believe; But what?  
 That He whom thy hard heart has wounded,  
 And whom thy scorne has spit upon,  
 Has paid thy Fine, and has compounded  
 For those foule deeds thy hands have done.  
 Believe, that He whose gentle palmes  
 Thy needle-pointed Sinnes have na'l'd,  
 Have borne thy slavish load (of Almes)  
 And made supply where thou haft fail'd:  
 Did ever mis'ry find so strange Relief?  
 It is a Love too strong for mans Belief.

2  
 Believe that He whose side  
 Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, di'd,  
 To save thy guilty soule from dying  
 Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence  
 There w<sup>s</sup> no scape, there was no flying,  
 But through his dearest bloods expence:  
 Believe, this dying Friend requires  
 No other thanks for all his paine;

But ev'n the truth of weake desires,  
 And for his love, but love againe ;  
 Did ever mis'ry find so true a Friend ?  
 It is a love too vast to comprehend.

## 3

With Floods of teares baptize  
 And drench these dry, these unregen'rare eyes ;  
 L O R D, whet my dull, my blunt belief,  
 And break this fleshly rock in sunder,  
 That from this heart, this hell of griefe  
 May spring a Heav'n of love and wonder :  
 O, if thy mercies will remove  
 And melt this lead from my belief,  
 My griefe will then refine my love,  
 My love will then refresh my griefe :  
 Then weepe mine eyes as He has bled ; vouchsafe  
 To drop for ev'ry drop an Epitaph.

## 4

But is the Crowne of Glory  
 The wages of a lamentable Story ?  
 Or can so great a purchase rise  
 From a salt Humour ? Can mine eye  
 Run fast enough t'obtaine this Prize ?  
 If so, L O R D, who's so mad to die ?  
 Thy Teares are Trifles ; Thou must doe :  
 Alas, I cannot ; Then endeavour :  
 I will : But will a tugg or two  
 Suffice the turne ? Thou must persever :  
 Ile strive till death ; And shall my feeble strife  
 Be crown'd ? Ile crowne it with a Crowne of life.

## 5

But is there such a dearth,  
 That thou must buy what is thy due by birth ?

He whom Thy hands did forme of dust,  
And gave him breath upon Condition,  
To love his great Creator, must  
He now be thine, by Composition ?  
Art thou a gracious G o D, and mild,  
Or head-strong man rebellious rather ?  
O, man's a base rebellious Child,  
And thou a very gracious Father :

The Gift is Thine ; we strive ; Thou crown'st our strife ;  
Thou giv'st us Faith ; and Faith, a Crowsne of Life.

THE ENDS

THE END



AD  
MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ  
REGEM.

Anagramma quadruplex.

E<sup>st</sup> Ortu Charus, Largus, Via, Norma, Columna,  
Tuta Salus, Vires, Cor (Anglii); <sup>3</sup> Sic sua caue  
Regna MA RO pius, ac Majorius ornat ACHILLES.

1. CAROLUS STEVARTIUS ANGLORUM MONARCHA.  
2. CAROLUS STEUARTIUS. 3. CAROLUS primus STEVARTIUS  
Angliae et Scotiae Monarcha. 4. CAROLUS STEWARDIUS.

CAROLE, sepositi <sup>4</sup> Sol charus & arduus Orbis,  
Splendida Britannum Gloria, Pacis Honos,  
Deliciæ Imperij, Decus Cœvi, Gemma Regentum,  
Laus Vatum, Charitum Gratia, Cura DEI,  
Cujus ab unius Requies stat nostra Quietæ,  
Lacra, Luero; Vitâ, Vita; Salute, Salus;

QUARLESIAS merito dignare Favore Camenæ,  
Hoc Regem tantum, quantus es Ipse, decet;  
Eripe (quid TIBI non facile est?) scrobc Semen egenæ,  
Da pingui infigi nobile Semen humo;  
Res Regem, Reginen, Regionem, Religionem,  
Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat:

*Insere Eum Sulco aurato, & Seget aurea susget  
Ingenij, Applausus sancta Theatrica dabunt:  
Hæc mea sunt, sed non mea tantum Vota, nec Vnus  
Hoc petit, unanimis Turba sat ampla sumus;  
Credimus, eveniat, nec Spe lactemur inani;  
Macte Britannigenum Maxime, clarus Ayis,  
Clarior Imperio, Musis clarissimus, ito,  
Olina & idem spatium Laudis, ut Orbis, erit:  
Annus, non Annos Tibi, R E X, optamus; at Annus  
Hic (si nostra valent Vota) Platonis erit:  
Vive, præi meritis Augustum; Nestora, Séclis;  
Nervam, Laude; Numam, Pace, Favore, Titum;  
Et longum foelix sis Præfule, Plebe, Senatu,  
Iure, Magistratu, Milite, Classe, Scholis:  
Sic Hyberna Chelys, sic Lilia terna, Leones  
Sic quatuor semper, R E X, tria Regna, beent:  
Sic Séclis maneat Nomen, sic terminet Æquor  
Imperium; Terras, Laus; Animusq; Polos.*

*Sit Tibi pro Scenâ, Mundus; pro Lampade, Phæbus;  
Pro Solio, Cælum: Sit Diadema Deus.*

*Sic humillimus precarun*

*EDWARDUS BENLOYES.*





Xunc, viuens age quod cupias in morte peractum.

# QVARLEIS.

Postico appendo Corollam.

Præli iterum prodis pictus Fuligine? Quidn?  
M o m b? placere Mihi est displicuisse Tibi.  
Sin ita Q V A R L V S ait, nunquam mibi tarpiter hirtis  
Post vitiata Metris Virgo Papyrus erit.

Tam Pietati, quam Personæ.

S Emper Spectator tantum Nünquam Actor? Quælia  
Satq; superq; datum est, jam cape Lingua vices.  
Prodeo. Q V A R L E, faera deens immortale Thalia,  
Dum perago tecum plura, sed apta, vaca,  
Disticha, Amice, petens, tantum si peena tulisti,  
Ne pete, multa feres; Ne lege, &c idem eris:  
In autem hæc placeant, lege cuncta placentia lard,  
Si minus, Equis Te cogit, ut multa legas?  
Et transire Tibi, Mihi scribere plurima, nonne  
Curta Poësi: exit, si modò multa legas?  
Quid legeres? Nam Te laudabo, Librumq; Gas eis  
Et Liber hic Laudissit Tibi, Tuq; Libra  
Quisquæ dñsta videns, favas: Infantia Musæ est  
Floru egena, carens Schære, nuda. Troq;  
Et meliora vestim; sicut meliora volenda,  
Et mihi posse dabit, Qui tribi valle dedit.

Quicquid vult fieri, quod serd fit, Ille volendo  
Incipit, & qui sic perficit, Ille facit.  
Scribimus huc Animi, non Atribus ; est pia Messis,  
Vult pius esse pij Messis Amoris Amor.  
Has Tibi Primitas Me reddere jussit Amori,  
Qui Mihi Te junxit, Me Tibi jungit, Amor.  
¶ Castali ergo licet mihi penè exaruit Humor,  
Nostra nec Aenys Labra rigantur Aqui :  
Attamen irrumpo, & Scatobras persecutor, ut undans  
Pegasus Alveolo divite Vena meet.  
Ah unum effluorem Vene prædi vitis undis,  
Fons inconsumptis ceu fluit uber aquis !  
Ah Helicon rapido nostrum riget amne Labellam !  
Imò Helicon totus Musa sit, esse cupit :  
Imò Helicone vel exhausto currentia pleno  
Carmina diffundam Gurgite. Navis eat :  
Vela, meus Genius ; Tu, Sydera ; Carmina, Remi ;  
Nauta, Poeta ; Salum, Venus ; Poema, Ratius  
Quæ timer Oceani Monstrum irratibile, Linguam ;  
Sæpè Rates parvas hac Echenem habet.  
Qui sed Apes, Undasq; timer, Spinalsq; Roseti,  
Non Mel, non Pisces, non feret Ille Rosas.  
Ergo modò audendum, Aëridam sulcabimus Aequor ;  
Aequor Amor, tua Lass unda sit, aura Favor,  
Sit pro Nave Manus chartacea per Fretum currens,  
Penetrat in hoc Laudum Fluminè Remus adeat.  
¶ Naumachiam indico Mare Atramentale per terrans,  
Ista rudit Musa Lis, & Amori erit.  
Sit mea Musa Pugil, Pugio, Stylus, Ensis, Acumen ;  
Arcus, Spes ; sit Amor Dextra, Sagitta, Fides.  
Metrica collatis ineamus Pralia Muli,  
Viatrix Laurigeru Musa triumphet Equi.  
Carmine quid Tecum certeta s certemus Amore ?  
In charo charum Pectore Pectus eris.  
Fons, Metra, Religio, Nexus, D E V S, Amor Amoris ;  
Sanctius hoc sancto Fædere Fædus erit ?  
En Duo, non Duo sunt, Unus non Vnus, at Vnus  
Est duo, dum Duo sunt unus, & Alter idem.  
Quam mihi dulce mori Tecum, quam vivere dulce,  
Dulce mihi Tecum vivere, dulce mori.  
Quid Tu Me ergo paras, Ego quid Te vincere s Si Tu  
Sis Ego, simq; Ego Tu, Victor Uterq; sumus.  
Ipse tuam Palmam Tibi præripis, optime Vatum,  
Pennaq; Pugna Tibi, Pugnaq; Palma Tibi.

et Pappi, & Pappeis, & Apollinis ambiat arboris  
Remdet Honor, Nomen Gloria, Feme Tubam.  
Sisq; coronatus Lauroq; Auroq; POETIS  
Virtute empta est Laus Laudis, Honoris Honos.  
Roma olim Nemo Templum penetravit Herari,  
Cui non Virtutu Tenua pulla force.  
Si Virtus, si Dia Fides, Pietasq; coronent,  
Quis Virtute, Fide, Quis Pietate prior ?  
Clari Alios decorans Tituli, quos Ipse decoras ?  
Virtuti ut cedit Stemma, ita Stemma Tibi,  
Verba Parens Virtus, Fortuna Noverca ; tuiq;  
Pars melior, peior, Mens, Status, undat, eger.  
Cur Pedes spic, & Eques Frater ? Fortuna Poete  
Cur lusca invidit ? Dura negavit opes ?  
Q V A R L E citu Sortem ; Sors, præmia; Præmia, mentem;  
Mens, musam; Musæ, Carmina; Carmen, Opes.  
Pauper an esse potes, cuiq; ANTUM Patria debet ?  
Hæc referet Meritis Dona sat ampla tuis :  
(Proh ! Quid reddetur ? D E V S (Hunc si dixeris solum,  
Omnia dista putas) Es, Honor, Imperium.)  
¶ Magna fuit quondam sacri Reverentia Vatis,  
Premia Quiq; suis Versibus æqua tulit.  
Quondam ! Fors sub Rege Numâ, sub Consule Bruto,  
Ex quo Carminibus rarus habetur Honos.  
Fauta sub Augusto Q V A R L V M Lucina dedisset ?  
Dotibus Ingenij, jure dedisset Opes.  
Nostra autem non descendit, sed ducidit Ætas,  
Laudem ferre parant, Æra referre negant.  
¶ Quid? \* Diva E L S A B E T H A Thaleia Deabus, amica Anag;  
His Matrona fuit, larga Patrona fuit  
Cui nec opus Status, satis est statuisse stupenda  
Virtutu paßim tot Monumenta fuū.  
Quid? Fuit Odarum Fautorq; Authorq; I A C O B V S,  
Quàm Psalmista dedit Davidicale Melos !  
C A R O L E succidis, VATUM Britonumq; PATRONVS,  
Et Lumen, Culmen, Culmen Honoris ades:  
Regna IACOBVS, \* Agros \* HENRICVS, CAROLVS Oras  
Iungitis; exultent Fædere, Pace, Fide.  
T E Lyra mulcet, amatq; Leo, servantq; Leones,  
Lilia utrisq; Rosis Te recreare student.  
Multæ Corona gadit Pedibus, Tibi ridet Olympus,  
Quaq; viam carpis Laetum Orbis ovat;  
Quot Loca Tu visis Tibi tot facis aurea Regna.  
Tam ſpatioſa Locis, quam ſpecioſa Thronis.

Ag: Ebor: &  
Lancastrien.  
Chronogram:  
Is Daſ ro-  
ſiſ VNI-  
NEM. Anno  
Dom. 1485  
Regn 33.

CAROLE, Tu MAGNO MAJOR, Tu MAXIMA. Oca  
Quam MAGNUM Deus est grandius esse. PI V.M.  
Dum Calogenitus placet spitate Proprietatis  
Spargis & Officis Praemia justa pisi.  
¶ Nonne Metra haec tua videt, audit, & estimat. Ecce  
Quod cecinisse, Labori quod trahisse, Pudor;  
Scilicet Adriacu prudens cum Plebe Schismatis  
\* Zechinos \* VATI bis modo mille dedit.  
Effert Quae mediò Capitum Equestris, vidimus Urbis,  
Nostra quod hanc Verba Muta salutet, habet.  
¶ Maria Roma jactet, Veneta Urbi dum Martis surgit:  
Marcus enim maior Maris Patronus adevit.  
Pondere stat, statuit Aeneas, Alio volat Una per Orbem,  
Pro Solido Huic Liquidum, pro Solidoq; Solum,  
Portu, Portu, Ager, Equus, Equus, Regis Aix, Portu, Clavis,  
Menia; Portu, Corpora, Corda, Omnes:  
Cui Galea est Littera, Mors, Palma, Galba, Triumphus.  
Roma quod est, fuitq; quae modò fuit, quod erat.  
TV! Tibi vel Reges, Clives facis, Una Regimur  
Reclivis, Quae Terra, Quae dominoris Aquila.  
Adria Cui Calam est, Mentei Veneriq; subvenies,  
Quaeq; Domus fixa est Stella, Plana Ratibus.  
Quisq; Senator in hoc Dux est venerandus Olympo.  
Iupiter, & Dux es maxime, Iuno Iberis.  
Ingenij atq; Animis non est Vigor actior usquam:  
O si METROPOLIS nostra teneret idem  
Ingenium, gratumq; Animam MAIORA CANENTI!  
Vix caperent Lindes mille Thauras tenuis.  
¶ NYMPHA, Vir & triplicis REGNI florantis Ocelli,  
Clara, antiqua, nitens, diversa, amena, potens;  
Dudum Europea inter celeberrima Nymphas  
VIRGO, sed enixa PRINCIPPE, ita PARENS;  
Imperij regale Docet, Microcosmos Honorum,  
Seu dare vis Terra, seu dare Tunc Mari:  
Quid Tagus, aut Hermus, fert Palladiumq; per Undas  
Plenè congestum novimus hec ritas.  
Sedile deliciis Edur India praebet, & Auroum,  
(India ditando lassa Ministris Togo)  
Ægyptus Calantos, Babylon Autea, Sibene  
Thura, Palestinius Baliam, Tareq; Equos,  
Æta Corinthus, arabi Straceum, Corsica Gemmas,  
Ida Metalla, Saturn Gargan, Creta Merum;  
Sit Verona ferax, hyperosa Lurens, Roma  
Mantigena, Urbs Venetum Gemma, Pissos potens,  
Splendida

\* Aureolus  
apud Vener.  
\* Sannazar.

Splendida solentes akes *Pianissima Civitas*  
Quoruhi infunt AL 115 singula, juncta T 113  
Legibus æquus, beata Fide, concordibus Amis  
Blanda, Peregrinis hospita, larga Pija,  
Floridæ Pœch, Sku vetus, ebria Mercibus, undans  
Quæstibus, exultans Princeps, Cive potens,  
Clara Viris, spadlosa Vijs, argentea Lymphis,  
Aureola Emporis, Gémmea Dilectis,  
Vribam A pex, Procerumq; Altrix, Decorumq; Creatrix,  
Insele Amor, Thamis, Splendor, Opumq; Tumos,  
Regia Consilio, Oceani Regina, Cathedra  
Imperij, spléndens Fascibus, Orbis Honor,  
Omnibus ilustris, Pama Stupor, unius Phoenix,  
Apta Salo, Celo grata, benigna Sôlo.  
Si Terratum Orbis quaquâ patet Anhulus esset,  
Europa illius Gemma Docusq; foret;  
Annulus Europe spacio Britannia, Sedem  
Londinum inq; Palæ tet speciosa tehet.  
Thamis, & Thamis generatis, & Iudea Terpens  
Aula ubi regalis quilibet utra Domus?  
Dum T E, Regnator Fluviam, miratur Alumnæ,  
Sæpè retardatis lene refluxit Aquæ.  
Lucunda omnigenum subrides Muhæ Divum,  
Hic, mea quo spatio Musa triompher, habet:  
Sit Jove Creta potens, sicut clari ab Apollina Delphs,  
Et Veneta Vrbs, Veneris Nomine nota, mices;  
Hic, pia Iura Themis, variasq; Minerva dat Artes,  
Herbida Prata, Dras, Cænula Nau, Aquas;  
Mercibus omnigenis, & Bellis apta gerendis,  
Filia Mercurij, Pallade digna Soror;  
Quæq; Puella Charta, Mars Civis, superer Ipsa  
Rex meus, & Iuno Regia Nupta, nitet.  
Mole novâ exultas, traheris majoribus Astris,  
In toto nullis Orbe Secunda manet.  
Multæ volens transmico: nec ultra quæte, nec Vrbem,  
Verum Orbem in tanta Mole videre puta.  
Heus Peregrine Tibi patet Vrbs, intrato, quid hæres?  
Vrbs hæc in Orbis adeſt. Orbis an Orbis Hera?  
Nescio Quam dicam, minor est Vox omnis, at Ipsa  
Se bene LONDINVM dicere sola potest:  
Ad summum: dōcis favet Astris inclita, nec nou  
QVARLE, modo est Meritis grata futura tuis.  
Sed, memor unde abil, redéo. En in Honore POETÆ.  
Tempus erat: Tibi dant Præmia; Tempus erit.

S Macie Vir elaphi commendatissime Sæcli  
Nostræ E S S E X I A C I, lede Pyrope SOL II  
(Terra refæta Bonis orat omnibus, effluit inde  
Quicquid habet Tellus, quicquid & æquor habet.)  
Scande triumphales, merkissime Q V A R L E, Quadrigas;  
Cœlica sublimem dat tibi Musa locum.  
Ingenium Superis, Tibi mens contermina Cœlis,  
Anglica ita Angelicum Pagina spirat opus.  
PR I N C I P E T V solus dignus præstante, nec ullus  
FRANCISCI PRINCIPS dignior ore canit.  
Cui totus se Helicon, totusq; recludit Apollo,  
Quem sibi Pierides Spemq; Metumq; putant;  
Quem non Bilbilicus Vates Epigrammate vincit,  
Carminis Heroi nec gravitate Mare,  
Quiq; Anacronstei ludis facundior Odis,  
Flaccus Pindaricos dividis aure Melos,  
Dignaq; Peligno qui Carmina Vate profundis,  
Cuncta Vnus Cunctos qui super Vnus ades.  
Omnes pone simul, quid vis, simul omnibus adde,  
Adde etiam post hæc addita, cuncta potes.  
Flumineus Næso es, numerosus Horatius, altus  
Virgilius, lepidus Bilbilianus Olor.  
Tam meat in facilis genialis Gratia Versu,  
Tam nitido suavis Carmine Vena fluit,  
Tam sacra divinæ stelle scit Gloria Lingua;  
Huic nihil invictum, quod modo vellet, erat.  
Odi Ego difficiles salebras, inainabile Carmen,  
Aonio tintillum Nectarare Carmen amo,  
Hic nihil hirsutum, nihil hæc mediocre Minerva  
Sed quod amet, stupeat Lector Apollo, dabit.  
Ecquis in adversam Vates descendet Arenam?  
Quisquis es, o Phœbus sis licet, Ipse veni.  
Omnia Musarum fausto pede Regna subiisti:  
Quis sperare sibi tanta Trophæa queat?  
¶ Mitto Tibi auratum Calatum, namq; aurea scribis,  
Infectum; quò sit Cuspis, Acumen habes.  
Quid data lux Phœbos Ponto, undæ robora, Sylvæ?  
Littori, arena Polo, sydera gramen, Humo?  
Quid vel Aristeo Mel missum Vina, Lyao?  
Triptolemo, Fruges Penna, Metrumq; Tibi?  
¶ Post triumphe sacris redimitus Tempora Plumis;  
Gloria Te merito magna, nec una manet.  
Quotidiè accrescit. Juveni Pellew, opinor,  
Si plus vixisset, viveret Ille minus.

Maxime

Maxime major eris MAGNO; Huic Ne Fama penit  
Vita perit. Nonne hoc Nemortare mori?

Tu FRANCISCVS eris seros celebrandus in Annos.

Dum fluet à sacro Pregatis unda Iugo,

Dumq; erit, Orbis honos, Aqua, Tellus, Ignis, & Aura,

Cumq; Euro Zephyrus, cumq; Aquilone Natus,

Dumq; erit, Aethris honos, Sol, Luna, Planeta, Bootes,

Cumq; Eos Aethon, cum Pyriente Phlegon,

Et dum Magniloquum cantabit Roma Maronem,

Nunquam Britannia excidet Ille suis.

Ingenium & Carmen FRANCISCI viver honorum,

Carmen  
retrog.

Vivet dum mundo Carmen, & Ingenium:

Non moritur, poteritve mori, cui Fama perorat,

Laus loquitur, redoleat Fructus, abundat Honor.

Hic Musam, Hunc celebrem Illa facit, totumq; per Osibem,

Non habet Illa sibi, non habet Ille parem.

¶ Docta triumphantes circundent Tempora Laurus,

Rhedaq; inauratis Te vehat alba Rotis.

DIVA Tibi omnipotens, cusa, effigiata, rotunda

Serviat, & Cornu divite fundat opes.

Quidni Sacrificem, liceat, Tibi, simq; Sacerdos,

Victima sint Versus, Ara, Cor, Igne, Amor.

Pone Aras, accende Foros, cade Victima, Mulse

Quarlesie Versu, Corde, & Amore litem.

Adjuro Te, FAMA, Nepotibus omnia nartes,

Notior ut toto nullus in orbe foret.

¶ In Libro quæ prima tuo laudemvè secunda?

Singula Prima Libro, nulla Secunda tuo.

Sic ornas, sic texis Opus, Res, Verba, Decorem,

Haud scio, quid prius, aut post, mediumvè canam.

Quod ferat angusto Musarum limite pressus?

En Labyrinthus adest, & Labor istu inest.

Sculptilibus Documenta, Metrisq; Soluta manitas,

Ore Lepos, Animo est Gratia, Corde Fides;

Sic Animam CHRISTO affigis, sacra Biblia sacris

Patribus, & Lyricis das Epigramma tuis.

Enucleata patent, Te Extispice, Biblia: Textus

Non Consensus adest, si modò Sensus abest.

Quid Sensus ratione carens? Rasio fidei expers?

Quid sine amore Fidei? aut Amor absq; DEO?

Ah DEVS! aut nullo flagret mihi Pectus Amore,

Aut solo flagret Pectus Amore tui!

¶ Scisq; DVM, notumq; doces, doctumq; vereris;

Praxis alit Cultum, quod canis, Author agis.

Digna

Digna legi fons, fatus & dignissima scribi,  
Página nec minùs est, quam Tibi Vite probab.  
Miseret Verus potius, Vicarvè, vel Ambo,  
Dum facienda notas, dñmq; oeanda facis?  
Quisquis agit tuendō, aut suadet agendo, beatus  
Ille: beatissim Tu, quod utrumq; Tibi  
Tu meditanda facis, meditari agenda, simulq;  
Quia facienda doceas, hac factanda doceas:  
Dum scribis facienda, doctesq; probanda, Poētis  
Scripta probant doctum Te tua, Fačia probuna.  
¶ Rhetor non Rheiōr, meliorvè Poēta Poēta,  
Qui non culta magis, quam pia Corda facis,  
Est Tibi Vita, D E V S; Pietas, Læx; Gloria, CHRISTVS;  
Ius colis, Affectus supprimis, Aeta regis.  
En penè insculpta est media Prudentia Fronti  
Si tanta est Frontis, quanta ea Meritis erit!  
Virtutem Genio, Genium Virtutibus ornas;  
Te colit ipse D E V S, dum colis Iuſ/ D E V M;  
Quiq; D E V M; verum vero cumulat Honore,  
Hunc vero cumulat verus Honore D E V S.  
Dignum Re Carmen, Res carmine digna prebatur,  
Optima Materies, optimæ & artis opus.  
Nemo Metrum potiore Metro, Numerosvè præxit  
Nemo Materiæ nobiliore tuor.  
Materies o Ingenio dignissima taneo!  
O dignum tantâ Materie Ingenium!  
¶ Dulcia, Leſſer, amas? Nihil hic, nisi dulcis; Leſſer  
Dulcia postponens Vtile queris? adest!  
Si vel utrumq; velis? Liber hic tibi præstat utrumq;  
Dulcia queris? habes? Vtile queris? habes.  
Dulcia sic miscent austero Sacchara Bacche,  
Suadent illa verus suavius ire Menupi.  
¶ Vis ergo omnigeno Carthœfia plena Lytro?  
Vr̄q; tuis spument singula Vina Cadist  
Massico, Cacada, Cresica, Rhœsica, Chia, Balvera?  
An tua, Rhene, placent? Mons an atenca tua?  
Carilenum pleno libero hic licet Orie Lycum.  
Quare agedum; ealeat Vena repletis Mero:  
Falle Diem, strue Serta, Scyphum cape, singere Nardo,  
Si Tibi Cura MERI, si Tibi Cura MERI.  
Quid Sed opus Meri sicut hoc, non Veneri. Abundat  
Copia Lactu adest, copia Mellu inest.  
Navus enim Veneri per amena Rosara, Patramq;  
Hic, illuc libans, mellis Doma legas.

Gulius.

Sic

Sic per odorificos eratq; apud undiq; Campos  
Convehit in proprios flores Melga Faver.  
Tale Mel ipsa suis nunquam dedit Nybla Colonis,  
Tale nec Enza suis, tale nec Enza suis.  
Vincitur ipsa fari Formarix dedalac: Labra  
Illic, hic sacro Viscera melle fluunt,  
Non ibi Mel sine Cerá, hie hic sincera Voluptas,  
Mellea Musa merum Melq; merumq; Merum.  
¶ Nectar Craceas spumantes, L. E C I O R, anhelasi  
Hujus in Eloquio Nectaris unda salit;  
Fundit Is etherei plena Dulcedine Guttas,  
Gratiis omnigeno Nectaris, Mella, Mera.  
Emoriar, si non hic Dulcor iste dicit Artus;  
Ebria nectareo Gaudia Fonte secent.  
¶ Cura salutiferum est ad Vitæ accedere Fontem;  
Hic Fons est, à quo Vita, Salusq; fluunt.  
Ista Scaturigo placeat præ mille Scaturibis,  
Ex quā Besbes de profiliit Humor Aquæ.  
Dulcè Fluens Liquor iste Fibris infunditor ipsius.  
Ut Tibi viva sacræ Vena resuluet Aquæ;  
Vnde hac exiliens Potabile spumat in Aurum,  
Vnde replere Sitim, non satiare potes.  
Quod Tagus a urinâ dat Aquâ minorescit ademptum  
HIC mihi quo plus dat, plus scatet inde Sibi.  
¶ Ambitiosa Gula est, si Cordi Tibi Phasis Alix,  
Ostrea, Salmo, Lupus, Sturio, Mullus, Elops, &c.  
Pro Mensâ, hic Liber est; pro Mappâ, hic alba Paganus;  
Condimenta, Sales; Carmina sacra, Dapes;  
Pro Patinis, Pictiure, & sunt pro Carne, Campane,  
Et Quadratis quadrant hic Nauneri invomersi.  
Hic Manna, Ambrosia hic celestibus illita succis,  
Omnis in hac Escâ est Escâ, Sapore Sapor.  
Hic Mihi Se totum dat C H R I S T V S, &c omnia Secum;  
Quæ Mare, quæ Tellus, quæ vel Olympus habet:  
Quorum etsi solis non pauca absuntimus horis,  
Non fugit ulla Fames, non fugit ulla Sitis.  
O quando hac nostram saturabit Copia Mentem!  
Quando dabit plenas hac mihi Mensâ Dapes!  
¶ Quisquis ades Lector, fias Scriptor, amicorum  
Hoc Opus Affectus provocet ergo tuos.  
Haec tenus humano Sapientia pangitur Ore,  
Nunc verò humana pingitur illa Manu:  
Ut dubites, docto animaq; demitere recisa  
Æra Stylo, an docta Scripta notata Manu,

Vitas.

Pingendo

Pingendo docet hic Scriptus, pingitq; docendos;

Atq; Animum gemina faleinat arte tuum;

Vt si non poterit Virtus nisi visa placere,

Plus oculis poterit picta placere tuis.

(Picta & scriptra foret tua Lau, si Pictor Apelles,

Et simul Ille tuus Scriptor Apollo foret.)

Vivida Chriftianus varias Emblematu Rhythmis

Cedat Apelleo picta colore Utens.

O quam multa docet paucis Emblema! rerum

Aspectu informant Signa polita Caput.

¶ Vis Hominumq; D e 1q; Oculis speciosus habent

Temet ad hoc Speculum respice, singe, lava.

Celestes oculos Speculum celeste requiri;

Et videt incasum, qui sine Monte videt.

Consulto suquam saturentur Lumina visu,

Vsq; frequens Oculos pascat Imago tuos.

Quo magis atq; magis Memet juvat usq; tueri,

Hoc minus & vanus sic, minusq; levis.

¶ Quisquis ades, tacita quæ venit ab Icone vocem

Hauri, etiam Surdis possit Imago loqui.

O quam Te semper memorem, FRANCISC E! Figuras

Mutas facundas qui facis arte tua!

¶ Marmora det maculola Chios, liventia Lesbos.

Alba Paros, nigra Lybi, versicolora Thasos,

Picturata Paphos, guttataq; Thebæ auro,

Angue & Ophites, ac Vngue nötatus Onyx:

Marmora Apostolicu præbes excisa Fodinus,

Illustrata mihi Palladiu arte tuz,

¶ Picta triumphalem Sol nubila lunet in Arcum,

Proferat illustres Pavos superbus opes:

Si Color, & variæ Lux Iride Lumina pascant,

Lux hæc est melior Luce, Colore Color.

Hic mate Sapphiri viridans, hic purpura & ignis,

Sive Amethyste tuus, sive Pyrope tuus.

Scintillans proprio stellat Carbunculus Igne,

Adq; superna sacrum Sydera monstrat iter,

Fulgor hic Argensi radios perstringit, & Aurig,

Quantum lucefcis, Lux mea, Luce Libri!

Quippe Liber Sol est, sunt Sydera Metra: perennæ

Lux, precor, in nostro luceat ista polo.

Exultate novum Mundo lucescere Solem,

Cujus Luce Dies ingeminata stupet:

Qui Iubar accendit, cuius per devia claro

Lumine Virtutis semita recta patet.

Pet duodena meat Sol & there Signa; sed hic Sol  
Per quindena (Ieo signa sit) Astra meat.  
Phabe, quid ignis, Fons Luminis, oculis Axes;  
Splendet an hac nova lux clarior Igne tuo?  
Imo quidem splendet Lux hac præclarior; ffs  
Vmbra Corporibus, Mentibus Iste fugat.  
Sole cadente nigrum fuscatur nox linda Mundum;  
At Radios hic Sol post sua Fata dabit;  
Qui si dignetur Radijs lustrare Favoris,  
Nesciet Eclipsin Cynthia nostra pati.  
¶ An Litus, Cybaras, Psalteria, Cymbal, Conchas,  
Organa, Nubla, Lyrae, Tympana, Sistra, Tubas,  
Mixtaq; cum Fidibus, Testudinibus sonoris  
Cornua, Sambuci, Barbata, Plectra, Ubeles?  
Lector, an atberios instillari auribus Hymnos,  
Angelorumque DEO concinuisse Medos?  
(Affiduc quorum alta sonant Temeraria plauso)  
Istanè, an illa velis? En Tibi malle tuum?  
Bis Puer, & Fungis Fungus magis omnibus, Orbis  
Cymbala, præ Cantu Calite, si quis amas.  
¶ Seu numeris celebrem sublimibus apicat IO BVM,  
Commodat anglicis seu SALOMONA Lyris,  
Seu sacra IIRM-1:IA deflet Lamenta Prophetæ,  
Seu mage COETICOLO gelta referte velut  
Seria seu pangis pia, vermiculata Lepore,  
Sive Emblematicum, Vir pie, magis opus,  
Seu blando faciles demulces pollice Chordas,  
Seu sine felle Iocos, non sine melle Sales,  
Seu sit Epos melicum, seu sit mediitus Tambur,  
Sive Elegeia sagax, sive Epigramma lequax,  
Seu numeros, numeris seu verba soluta profundis,  
Tu, quod utramq; Aurem in ulceat, Author habes.  
¶ Cum rudibus ferreteret aquis' Mare mulcet ARION,  
Huic Psalme Delphin Vector amicus erat:  
Hic mare sit Mandus, Caelum Tibi portus, & aura  
CHRISTVS, quiq; vehat, Mori Tibi Delphini erit.  
Te sequar, & sacræ Fidibus numerose Camœnæ,  
Cordis, ut auscultent Te, freta pulsâ silent.  
Te veniente tumet, Te decedente recedit  
Castalius: Arbitrio statq; fluitq; tuo.  
ORPHEA, Fama refert, Pisces, Volucrosq; Feraq;  
Infernumque Canem conciliasse Lyra.  
TV potes exanimes Voces animare Lepore,  
Languidiq; altisomis tollere Verba modia.

Mariab.

Voces

Voca, Chely, Modalis, Sirens, Organa, Phalena  
Vicilli, atq; Trium quatuor sunt, Unus habet.  
Bruta Orphea, Sek a Amphion, Delphinus Arion  
Ducat. Sint illis singula, juncta Tibi,  
Saxa, Feras, Pisces moveant Tres, dum regis *Vox*  
Dira, cruenta, fessa, Tannara, Monstra, Viros.  
Dulcisonis plenus Numeus fons Pectora lenis,  
Dirum Animum placet, Corda eructa regit:  
Languentes relevas, Relevatus erigis, Ipsos  
Erectos Idem perfidis, Haec beat.  
¶ Cantat, & ascendi, Vox sydera mulcerit *Amen*,  
T v super Astras serens Laude, es. *Amen*, *P E V M.*  
En Nemus exurdant Philosophi, & Academi ovantes  
Gutturis, mulcerentes Adra blanditiae:  
Dant sine Mente Sonos, illicet ore silvia fundatoz,  
Carmen at *Astra* nunc luvium Ipsi caris.  
Quas non Delicias, ecclieibus ebrie gemitis,  
Quas non Letitas, *T Y R A V I V A*, creas!  
Dulcis Iuo quies, numerosa Pedine Linguis  
Corda loquens, tories oblitus facta quies.  
Deliquere *Paqua* mihi langorem Spiritus, hoc hoc  
Deliquere, Animus, Deliquere mea.  
Ah rapis hinc mihi Cor Concavatum, his mihi raptum  
Requiesce, Harmonia, sic simul ire placet,  
Sic simul *Aenys* Afflatus opto sedirez,  
Exitus ah, felix *M. Remus*, iuvat / inuenientibus enim  
Hic, illuc, Absens, Præfoni, etiamq; Iacensq;,  
Ferre, referre Grada, pte, nec esse hebor.  
¶ Te *Cheles* ergo canas, ecclias *Lori*, Buccina clangas,  
Te sonet aurata *Blanda*, *Tibi* *A. L. A. Jude*,  
*Barbiton* & *Psalta* resonet, Te ad *Carmis Nemis*,  
*V R A N D A* deciam percutiente *Cheles*,  
Et stupore duplii reserat *Nemu* oronia *Nemo*,  
Tuq; Echo latet associanda *Choris*,  
Sic *Calum*, atq; *Salum*, atq; *Salm* quatinus, ovant  
Laudes *Salum*, *Salum* *Voce*, *Canore* *Salum*.  
Eternum fileas qui nunc filas *Improbabis ipsa*  
Cum Maria, & *Tomam*, sydens visa loqui.  
¶ Succina, Thura, Cedrus, Opobalsama Naribus optat,  
Styracem Ladanum, Balsam, Narda, Crocum?  
Myrram, & adoratis, alioz suadentia Lignis,  
Mixtæq; Muscas, Cinnam, grata Nuce?  
Quicquid Arabi, Senys, scrunt, & odorifer *Iudex*,  
Quzq; Hispana nova, Puppa ab Orbe subit.

Odoratis.

Spica

*Spica Ciliata* pius Calamus, & *Aroma Libellula*; Qualis in hoc tegitur Co<sup>le</sup>te Tharu odor!  
*Tharu* Precum redolēt mihi Cor, *Myrrha*, Dolorem,  
Qui pia vōta facit, *Tharu* dedit Ille D E O.  
*Tharu*, *aurum*, & *Myrrham* Fidei offert; C H R I S T E P i e t e,  
Sulcipe R E X *Aurum*, *Myrrham* H O M O, *Thara* D E V S.  
Fundit odorifero pretiosa Opobalsama Nimbō,  
Elysium sacro fragrat odore Nemus.  
*Thus* cumulat Casjs, *Croca Nardus*, Balsama *Myrra*, Ebria odore babit Nari, & haurit opes,  
Nil, nisi *Neclarem* pluit iſlis Nubibus Imber,  
Nil, nisi & *Ambrosias* ventilarat aura Dapes.  
¶ *Expetis* oīnigenis gemmantem Floribus *Hortum*,  
Suavis ubi vernalis F L O R A profundit Opes,  
Quando novo Zephyro, genialis, sceta Marito  
Florum Reginas parturit a lma Rosas,  
Reginas R o s a s, & Florum Lilia Reges,  
Quz roseo, ambrosio & Rcre, & Odore fragrant?  
Ambigeres, quēis datnē Rosas, A V R O R A Ruborem,  
An capit, Ardet ita hac Purpura, Veris honos.  
Quid Color hic, vel Odor si infesto Cortice Vincus  
Aetrias remex non queat ire Vias?  
Quid sibi subridet brevis illa Diecula Formz,  
Si spreta auricomæ Spina marita Rose &  
Vix satia & apta mutu! Ibi quam bene convenit Istud,  
Vno nata fui, visa, vieta Die.  
Hic, R O S A perpetui Veru, Maḡ perennis,  
Author \*Dorothea efflat ab ore Rosas.  
¶ Si varii placeant uno de Steinmate Fructus,  
Albaq; Narissi, flavaq; Texta Croci,  
R i smeru, & Tyrios imitata Papavera Coccois,  
Et Calbe aureola, Phœbiæ equa q; Comæ,  
Fronde nitens, & Flore comans, Fructuq; triumphans  
En Arbor, Gemmæ verniculata, præt  
Floribus Argentum, Aurum Pomis, Fronde Smaragdos;  
Hic, quz Dodonam vicerat, Arbor adest,  
Quam mulcent Auro, firmat Sol, educat Imber:  
Fructu fructu, Flo flore, colore Color  
Gratior hic omni. Paradisi en cœlū Hortum!  
Hesperidum, pereat, quod Draco servat Agris,  
Quicquid & Hespicio Chloris lepidissima Campo,  
Quicquid & Alcinos, Flora, Pomona tenent;  
Quēis permulsa Domus, iucundo rident Odore:  
Quam melior subito hic flamine spirat Odor!

Lege Vitz  
S. Doroth,

I Croce cum Nardo, & ac Trifoli, &c.  
Hic mihi Calixta, Croce, Nardus, & Iru erit.  
Has mihi posco Rosas, huc Mala, huc Lilia posco,  
Nescia Marcoris Lilia, Mala, Rosas.  
Vix Flores, Ellas, Seges, Autumnus & Uvas  
Præbet, &c., Vno, Anima Flora, Seges, Vva mea.  
¶ CAM BRIGIA, alma Parva, cum Te spectaret in Herba,  
Quos olim Flores, huc, alt, Nerha dabit!  
Conspicat Tyris Violas producit in Offre,  
Huc dabit, induitas Murice, Virga Rosas.  
En Viole, ecco Rose; superalii Fructibus Annos,  
Floribus, Hebdomadas, Seminibus & Dics.  
Proh quid Odo! Lux qualis! at Ol \_\_\_\_\_ que Musæ meni!  
Balsama, Gemma, Lyra sum precciosa minus?  
Hic Oculi, hic Menstruabat, trahor Aurius, hæc est  
Bella Tabella Oculi, Ora Meli, Auro Melos.  
Elysium Tempore Tibi, L E G T O R, & aurea Lingoz  
Germina in exiguum lecia Pælatum habes.  
Carpè Puer Flores, Virgo tibi necte Corollas,  
Seminat, & spargit qua line Fine metas.  
¶ F L O R A venuſ, sed casta veni, comitata Campanis,  
Ferte hue, huc Veru ſi quis amenat Hohos.  
Flora ferat Violas, Serpylla Cybēri, Adonis  
Cypræ, Narcissum Chloru, Ialya Rosas.  
Huc tihæc Moto Matri, Vaccinio Iberi,  
Et Viola tinctus Sarmasa, & Anglia Ross.  
Flores Quis, Manu proprios tondendo, & ovantes  
Huc simili plenos Flore referto sinus.  
Ploriferis latz Charites rite Canistris,  
Pars Thyma, Pars Tulipas, Pars Milleloben habens  
Calliope, Clio, Euterpe, Polyhymnia, Palus,  
Terpsichore, Utene, Suada, Thalia, Chorus,  
(Mira vides, at vera vides, & Pallada, & Ipsas  
Vndenis Nympbae flate novem Pedibus)  
Cinctus & omniq[ue] genis hue Tempora Floribus adiſ  
PHOE BE, omnes Matri, Luce, Calore fovent;  
Junge Hederam Lauri, Myrtum subiecte Ligustrum,  
Alba verecundia Lilia pingue Ross;  
His redimi Casus Omnipotentis; adornet AMICI  
Laur, Hedera, Mirto texta Coronæ Comat.  
¶ Vos qui Mellifluz collitis sacra Numiha Suade,  
Hic parvo omnigenas ære paratis Opes;  
Dives hic Astræum Gensuarium depluit Imbrex,  
An magno hoc statu Minucie Minus erit?

Non habet meum **P**retium, superiusq; **L**ibelle<sup>s</sup>  
**B**artoli five **mos**, five **G**alatius **tuos**,  
Et prodesse potest, si delectare **L**ege*n*os;  
Non sapio, aut **E**tas, si sapio, illa sapit.  
¶ Non subit **E**rrorem, Critice mendacia Lingua  
Forè subibit, adess **L**ividus, — **E**ritis abest.  
**A**nnipotes **P**ietatis erant qui **I**nsignia credentes  
Hac meruisse legi, nec menuisse legi;  
**T**riuicium in Segestes Quisquis **Z**embla spargit  
Ne pereat, **s**apias; ni sapias, percos;  
**I**nvidioso **S**ENEX, Capite ut diu, Ore **L**yxus,  
Remigibus genitus, sed moadd factus Equus,  
**Q**VARLO asper, **B**oris **M**EC **N**AS — **D**ies salve  
**M**EC **N**AS, alvus edite Re-mingitis!  
Imita Te luctu Spes, Quid seabis **O**PTIME? Crises  
Netere, Grecari pergit, — sponte fluent,  
Hoc, velut in Speculo, **T**ETOTVM conspice Versus  
Sic erit hic aliquid quod placeat, **T**IBI, **T**V;  
Parce Olo, & Lychnos, **T**EMBT fine Luce tuans.  
Hoc satis. Ali de TB vello filiere. Satis est.  
Dic precor at fides (& vera fatere Precium).  
Quid Libro possis carpere **M**OMBI — Tares.  
¶ **B**ibliopola, Libri **Q**VARLVSI si proditur **A**uthor,  
Omnis in hoc **V**ATUM Nomine Fama niter;  
Præferat **A**uthor fac tantum Pagina Nomen;  
Mox operis **L**ector Quilibet esse volet.  
Felicit quen Divini pia cura **L**ibelli  
Tangit, & obsecsum Nocte Dieq; teher,  
Qui scrutans **P**recipia DEI se obclitas int illis,  
Et nihil, Hac extra quod mediteatur, habet:  
Hunc lege(namq; *Tibi* seritur metiturq;) *l*uventur,  
Perlege, Opus quamvis sit breve, Multa sapit,  
Hunc relege, hanc Animo sceli, Factisq; **L**ibellum  
Exprime. Plus Librum est degere, quam legere.  
Fundere Aquas, legere est; De Flumine? **L**umine? **F**onte?  
Fronte; ita, non alter vult **L**iber iste legi.  
Mira loqui, sed vera licebit; **H**IC omnia legit  
¶ Qui primo in Libri **L**uminis **P**OE~~N~~IT<sup>VI</sup>IT.  
¶ **L**assa **M**ansu, nec **T**empus adest, flant **P**raela; **P**OESIS  
Non ornanda igitur, sed peragenda Mihi.  
Quo~~d~~ Metra cruda petunt **E**lego Pede? **VP**apyrus  
Nobiliore manet consocianda **S**tylo.  
**V**eribus ah nimijs mea **S**epia recepta; firmantur  
Metra metra, **P**ini fine, Modusq; modo.

tandem QUINTVS adess ACTVS: Venient date; nullum  
Cum Scelus est nimium, præter amissum, menum.  
Scribere Religio hæc Postuȝ, vel cibica cogit.  
(Si modo quis cogit, quod cupit Ipse, potest.)  
Non Landem, Veniam, Meritum, non Caraminatio.  
Tam mihi velle sat est, quam bona posse dare.  
Symbola, Arba, Tropus, M-B-TR A, M-ru, Amoris, Honori.  
Conseruo LECTORI Hac, Cor TIBI, Meȝ, TVIS.  
¶ QVARLE vale, vigeas: Sis TE felicior IPSO.  
Funus, non Finis, sed Tibi Funus erit:  
Fat Ea, quæ mortens, vis facta fuisse: sed AVTHOR.  
Non Monitor egens, Hæc agit, agit, ager.  
(Quid pro fit totum turrare posse vel Orbem?  
Lactura est Anima & facienda sua?)  
Pælix qui DOMINO dñm detur vivere, vivus;  
Et DOMINO morari, cum venit Horamens.  
Cygnorius nivis Tibi sint ad Tempora Plumæ:  
Sed maneat medijs Quæ rosæw Nivibus.  
Verg Hyeme in medijs, Sit Maius Mensis Decembri,  
Sitq; triplex Etas, Sit tamen IPS E Bipet.  
CVI sine Nocte Diem, Utram sine Morte, Quietem.  
Det sine Fine DIES, VITA, QVI Eoq; DEUS.  
Non ut ME redames, sed TE patiaris aman,  
Hanc nostri Messam Summa Labora habet.  
¶ Plura quidem vellent, sed detur velle facienti,  
Pondereq; oppresso, posse silendo loqui.  
Hæc facta atq; super. DILECTO Nil super optem;  
Nil superest, faciasq; quod superest, Taceam.  
Dum stupeo, sacro. Satis HVNC dixisse putandum,  
SE Quicunq; satis dicere posse, negat.

E: illoz.

MUSA Pediægra iacet, Recubatq; POEMA Podagr: :  
Constabunt, siam LECTOR, ut AVTHOR, adess

Anagr.

## BENEVOLUS.

Imprimatur hæc: Carmina una cum Emblema-  
tibus Quarlesij. GUILIELM. HAYWOOD.